



*Apollo & Pan inspir'd by Cupid,  
giving birth to Music & Poetry*



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giving birth to Music & Poetry*



THE  
TEMPLE OF APOLLO  
*being a Selection of the best Poems,  
from the most Esteem'd Authors.*

— Consisting of —

ODES.....	DESCRIPTIONS.....
ECLOGUES.....	FABLES.....
ELEGIES.....	EPITAPHS.....
INSCRIPTIONS.....	HYMNS.....
PASTORALS.....	TALES.....

INVOCATIONS &c.

By WILLIAM HODGSON, M.D.



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## PREFACE.

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OF the powers of HARMONY in ameliorating the native ruggedness of the human heart, and freighting it with the rich cargo of VIRTUE, BENEVOLENCE, and JUSTICE, mankind have long since, very deservedly, acknowledged the pre-eminence; nor has the human mind, in its progress hitherto, discovered any science which so efficaciously operates to the civilization of nations, and the promotion of man's HAPPINESS, the great end of his being.

Indeed, if we examine closely, we shall find that it has ever been from the introduction of POETRY and MUSIC, both deriving their beauty and even their existence from HARMONY, their common parent, that man has, by degrees, emerged from the savage and isolated state in which he was originally found; that it is by the cultivation of this delightful science, that we see him formed into extensive societies, highly polished and daily improving his condition; acquiring GENTLENESS and HUMANITY in proportion as his soul becomes attuned to, and he approximates a perfect knowledge of its true principles.

It is not difficult to account for the superior influence of HARMONY; it has been judiciously observed by an illustrious author, BAYLE, "*that the passions determine men to act.*" HARMONY, therefore, by applying directly to the passions, turns those who experience its dulcet operation towards PHILANTHROPY, and fires their souls with an

ardent desire of augmenting the FELICITY of their fellow creatures.

In support of the great benefits resulting to mankind, from the adoption of this charming soother of human sorrows, we may quote both ancient and modern testimony. Such power did the ancients ascribe to HARMONY, that they have fabulously represented ORPHEUS, who was a great professor of the harmonic art, as moving to sympathy ferocious beasts, and AMPHION, as giving even stones animation by his melody: LINUS is said to have polished human nature, and inspired savages with a thirst for knowledge by his POETIC SKILL; and an English author of great celebrity has emphatically said,

“ Music hath charms to sooth the savage breast,  
“ To soften rocks and bend the knotted oak.”

What then can be better calculated to conduct the mind of youth to the blissful paths of MERCY and COMMISERATION than POETRY? What more suited to sweeten the laborious hours of industry? Or when can care relax its brow with more advantage to society than in its Elysian fields?

If, therefore, POETRY be desirable, and that it is few will, I believe, deny, who can contemplate without ecstacy the innumerable beauties of that luxuriant garden, into which our countrymen have so amply transplanted, from the hot-beds of their fertile and exuberant imagination, the choicest flowers, the richest flavoured fruits, and the most delightful evergreens, where they form a magnificent and imperishable TEMPLE to APOLLO, in which the tuneful nine will hold their court, until the scythe of time shall have shorn the last of mortals: for it may be truly said to resemble the bower of ADAM, thus charmingly described by MILTON in his inimitable poem of PARADISE LOST.

" The roof  
 " Of thickest covert was inwoven shade  
 " Laurel and myrtle, and what higher grew  
 " Of firm and fragrant leaf; on either side  
 " Acanthus, and each odorous bushy shrub,  
 " Fenc'd up the verdant wall; each beaut'ous flow'r  
 " Iris all hues, roses and jessamin  
 " Rear'd high their flourish'd heads between, and wrought  
 " Mosaic; under foot the violet,  
 " Crocus, and Hyacinth, with rich inlay  
 " Broider'd the ground, more colour'd than with stone  
 " Of costliest emblem."

It is from this happy retreat, that the EDITOR has ventured to form the *bouquet* which he presents for the gratification of those, who may not have an opportunity of rambling at leisure through these delectable regions, where the shepherd's song wakens the soul to love, and TRUTH and VIRTUE stand displayed in all their native simplicity, inviting care-worn mortals to join their festive band.

He is fully satisfied that he can claim no merit either from the exquisite beauty of their colours, the vernal verdure of their foliage, or the delicious odours which they diffuse, and that among such a throng of sweets it could not be difficult to fix upon those which would at once delight the eye and charm the senses; yet he trusts that he shall not be deemed wholly undeserving encouragement for the selection he has made; since it is possible by an happy arrangement of the most beautiful flowers to set off the peculiar excellencies of each to advantage—A fine picture, by a judicious blending of its tints, becomes still more striking. He also trusts that the fastidious critic will not be inclined to throw aside his nossegay, if tempted by their fragrance he has now and then added a floweret, culled from the delightful avenues which lead to the poetic garden, merely because they have not yet passed the ordeal that can, alone, place them in its rich parterres. The ranunculus itself grows wild in the meadow, and the convolvulus decorates the bank on the road-side.

The success that has attended his endeavours must remain with an impartial public to decide; but he can with truth affirm, that his great aim has been to join the useful with the agreeable, to excite in the bosom of his readers a sympathy for their species, and to invite them to the practice of VIRTUE.

Under this conviction of the purity of his own motives, he ventures to deprecate the censure of those who may think the means he has taken inadequate to the end proposed; mankind having long since conceded, that to have meant well is at least to merit success, although a deficiency of talent, or an erroneous judgment, may disable us from obtaining it; and this appears to have been the opinion of the celebrated ADDISON when in his fine play of CATO he makes PORTIUS say:

“ ’Tis not in mortals to command success,  
“ But we’ll do more, *Sempronius*, we’ll deserve it.”

As to typographical execution, it cannot suffer by a comparison with any publications of the present day, being printed on an entire new type, cast expressly for the purpose by that ingenious artist MR. CASLON; and its price must certainly be allowed to render it the cheapest collection of the kind.

Upon the whole, therefore, he indulges the hope, that it will be found an instructive and entertaining POCKET COMPANION, equally acceptable to the traveller, and the social circle assembled round the friendly fire-side; and also, that it may not be thought an unwelcome recreation to juvenile minds, in as much, as while it unbends them from more severe studies, it will form their style, and give them a correct idea of those beauties which so eminently adorn our ENGLISH POETS.

*The Editor.*



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THE  
*TEMPLE OF APOLLO.*

---

POVERTY.

O POVERTY! thou source of human art,  
Thou great inspirer of the poet's song!  
In vain APOLLO dictates, and the Nine  
Attend in vain, unless thy mighty hand  
Direct the tuneful lyre. Without thy aid  
The canvas breathes no longer. Music's charms,  
Uninfluenc'd by thee, forget to please:  
Thou giv'st the organ sound; by thee the flute  
Breathes harmony; the tuneful viol owns  
Thy pow'rful touch. The warbling voice is thine:  
Thou gav'st to Nicolini every grace,  
And every charm to Farinelli's song.  
By thee the lawyer pleads. The soldier's arm  
Is nerv'd by thee. Thy pow'r the gownman feels,  
And, urg'd by thee, unfolds heav'n's mystic truths.  
The haughty fair, that swells with proud disdain,  
And smiles at mischiefs which her eyes have made,  
Thou humblest to submit and blest mankind.

Hail, pow'r omnipotent! me uninvok'd  
Thou deign'st to visit, far, alas! unfit  
To bear thy awful presence. O, retire!  
At distance let me view thee; lest too nigh,  
I sink beneath the terrors of thy face.

## MAY.

**E**THEREAL daughter of the lusty spring,  
 And sweet Favonius, ever gentle MAY!  
 Shall I, unblam'd, presume of thee to sing,  
 And with thy living colours gild my lay?  
 Thy genial spirit mantles in my brain;  
 My numbers languish in a softer vein:  
 I pant, too emulous, to flow in Spenser's strain.  
 Say, mild Aurora of the blooming year,  
 With storms when winter blackens nature's face;  
 When whirling winds the howling forest tear,  
 And shake the solid mountains from their base:  
 Say, what refulgent chambers of the sky  
 Veil thy beloved glories from the eye,  
 For which the nations pine, and earth's fair children  
 die?

Where Leda's twins, forth from their diamond tow'r,  
 Alternate o'er the night their beams divide;  
 In light embosom'd, happy, and secure  
 From winter rage, thou choos'est to abide.  
 Blest residence! for, there, as poets tell,  
 The pow'rs of poetry and wisdom dwell;  
 Apollo wakes the arts; the muses strike the shell.

Certes o'er Rhedicyna's laurell'd mead,  
 (For ever spread, ye laurels, green and new!)  
 The brother stars their gracious nurture shed,  
 And secret blessings of poetic dew.

They bathe their horses in the learned flood,  
 With flame recruited for the ethereal road,  
 And deem fair Isis' swans fair as their father god.

No sooner APRIL, trimm'd with garlands gay,  
 Rains fragrance o'er the world, and kindly show'rs;  
 But, in the eastern pride of beauty, MAY,  
 To gladden earth, forsakes her heav'nly bow'rs,  
 Restoring nature from her palsy'd state.  
 APRIL, retire; no longer nature wait;  
 Soon may she issue from the morning's golden gate.



Come, bounteous MAY! in fulness of thy might,  
 Lead briskly on the mirth-infusing hours,  
 All-recent from the bosom of delight,  
 With nectar nurtur'd; and involv'd in flow'rs:  
 By spring's sweet blush; by nature's teeming womb;  
 By Hebe's dimply smile; by Flora's bloom;  
 By Venus' self (for Venus' self demands thee) come!

By the warm sighs, in dewy even-tide,  
 Of melting maidens in the woodbine groves,  
 To pity loosen'd, soften'd down from pride;  
 By billing turtles, and by cooing doves;  
 By the youth's plainings stealing on the air,  
 (For youths will plain, though yielding be the fair)  
 Hither to bless the maidens and the youths repair.

With dew bespangled, by the hawthorn buds,  
 With freshness breathing, by the daisy'd plains,  
 By the mix'd music of the warbling woods,  
 And jovial roundelays of nymphs and swains;  
 In thy full energy, and rich array,  
 Delight of earth and heaven! O blessed MAY!  
 From heav'n descend to earth: on earth vouchsafe  
 to stay.

She comes!—a filken camus, em'ral'd-green,  
 Gracefully loose, adown her shoulders flows,  
 (Fit to enfold the limbs of Paphos' Queen)  
 And with the labours of the needle glows,  
 Purled by nature's hand! the amorous air  
 And musky western breezes fast repair,  
 Her mantle proud to swell, and wanton with her  
 hair.

Her hair (but rather threads of light it seems)  
 With the gay honours of the spring entwin'd,  
 Copious, unbound, in nectar'd ringlets streams,  
 Floats glitt'ring on the sun, and scents the wind,  
 Love-sick with odours!—Now to order roll'd,  
 It melts upon her bosom's dainty mould,  
 Or, curling round her waste, disparts its wavy gold.

Young circling roses, blushing round them throw  
 The sweet abundance of their purple rays,  
 And lilies, dipp'd in fragrance, freshly blow,  
 With blended beauties in her angel face.  
 The humid radiance beaming from her eyes  
 The air and seas illumines, the earth and skies;  
 And open, when she smiles, the sweets of Paradise.

On Zephyr's wing the laughing goddess view,  
 Distilling balm. She cleaves the buxom air,  
 Attended by the silver-footed dew,  
 The ravages of winter to repair.  
 She gives her naked bosom to the gales,  
 Her naked bosom down the ether fails;  
 Her bosom breathes delight; her breath the spring  
 exhales.

All as the phoenix in Arabian skies,  
 New-burnish'd from his spicy funeral pyres,  
 At large, in roseal undulation flies;  
 His plumage dazzles and the gazer tires:  
 Around their king the plummy nations wait,  
 Attend his triumph, and augment his state:  
 He tow'ring, claps his wings, and wins th' ethereal  
 height.

So round this phoenix of the gaudy year,  
 A thousand, nay, ten thousand sports and smiles,  
 Fluttering in gold, along the hemisphere,  
 Her praises chaunt: her praises glad the isles.  
 Conscious of her approach (to deck her bow'rs)  
 Earth from her fruitful lap and bosom pours  
 A waste of springing sweets, and voluntary flow'rs.

Narcissus fair, in snowy velvet gown'd;  
 Ah foolish! still to love the fountain-brim:  
 Sweet hyacinth, by Phœbus erst bemoan'd;  
 And tulip, flaring in her powder'd trim.  
 Whate'er, Armida, in thy gardens blew;  
 Whate'er the sun inhales, or sips the dew;  
 Whate'er compose the chaplet on IANTHES' brow

He who undaz'd can wander o'er her face,

May gaze upon the solar blaze at noon!—

What more than female sweetness and a grace

Peculiar! save, IANTHE, thine alone,

Ineffable effusion of the day!

So very much the same, that lovers say,

MAY IS IANTHE; or the dear IANTHE, MAY.

So far as doth the harbinger of day

The lesser lamps of night in sheen excel;

So far in sweetness and in beauty MAY,

Above all other months, doth bear the bell;

So far as MAY doth other months exceed,

So far in virtue and in goodlihead,

Above all other nymphs, IANTHE bears the meed.

Welcome! as to a youthful poet, wine,

To fire his fancy and enlarge his soul:

He weaves the laurel-chaplet with the vine,

And grows immortal as he drains the bowl.

Welcome! as beauty to the love-sick swain,

For which he long had sigh'd, but sigh'd in vain;

He darts into her arms; quick vanishes his pain.

The drowsy elements, arouz'd by thee,

Roll to harmonious measures, active all!

Earth, water, air, and fire, with feeling glee,

Exult to celebrate thy festival.

Fire glows intenser; softer blows the air,

More smooth the waters flow; earth smiles more fair:

Earth, water, air, and fire, thy glad'ning impulse share.

What boundless tides of splendour o'er the skies,

O'erflowing brightness! stream their golden rays!

Heav'n's azure kindles with the varying dyes,

Reflects the glory, and returns the blaze.

Air whitens; wide the tracts of ether been

With colours damask'd rich, and goodly sheen,

And all above is blue, and all below is green.

At thy approach, the wild waves' loud uproar  
 And foaming surges of the mad'ning main,  
 Forget to heave their mountains to the shore;  
 Diffus'd into the level of the plain.  
 For thee, the halcyon builds her summer's nest;  
 For thee, the ocean smooths her troubled breast,  
 Gay from thy placid smiles, in thy own purple drest.  
 Have ye not seen, in gentle even-tide,  
 When Jupiter the earth had richly shower'd,  
 Striding the clouds, a bow dispredden wide,  
 As if with light inwove, and gayly flower'd  
 With bright variety of blending dyes?  
 White, purple, yellow, melt along the skies,  
 Alternate colours sink, alternate colours rise.  
 The earth's embroidery then have ye ey'd,  
 And smile of blossoms, yellow, purple, white;  
 Their vernal-tinctur'd leaves, luxurious, dy'd  
 In Flora's liv'ry, painted by the light.  
 Lights' painted children in the breezes play,  
 Lay out their dewy blossoms to the ray,  
 Their soft enamel spread, and beautify the day.  
 From the wide altar of the foodful earth  
 The flow'rs, the herbs, the plants, their incense  
 roll;  
 The orchards swell the ruby-tinctur'd birth;  
 The vermil gardens breathe the spicy soul.  
 Grateful to MAY, the nectar-spirit flies,  
 The wafted clouds of lavish'd odours rise,  
 The zephyr's balmy burthen, worthy of the skies.  
 The bee, the golden daughter of the spring,  
 From mead to mead, in wanton labour, roves,  
 And loads its little thigh, or gilds its wing  
 With all the essence of the flushing groves:  
 Extracts the aromatic soul of flow'rs,  
 And, humming in delight, its waxen bowers  
 Fills with the luscious spoils, and lives ambrosial  
 hours.

Touch'd by thee, MAY, the flocks and lusty droves,  
 That low in pastures, or on mountains bleat,  
 Revive their frolics and renew their loves,  
 Stung to the marrow with a generous heat.  
 The stately courser, bounding o'er the plain,  
 Shakes to the winds the honours of his mane,  
 (High-arch'd his neck) and, snuffing, hopes the  
 dappled train.

The æreal songsters sooth the list'ning groves :  
 The mellow thrush, the ouzle sweet'y shrill,  
 And little linnet, celebrate their loves  
 In hawthorn valley, or on tufted hill ;  
 The soaring lark, the lowly nightingale,  
 A thorn her pillow, trills her doleful tale,  
 And melancholy music dies along the dale.

This gay exuberance of gorgeous spring,  
 The gilded mountain and the herbag'd vale,  
 The woods that blossom, and the birds that sing,  
 The murmuring fountain, and the breathing dale :  
 The dale, the fountains, birds and woods delight,  
 The vales, the mountains, and the spring invite,  
 Yet, unadorn'd by MAY, no longer charm the sight.

When nature laughs around; shall man alone,  
 Thy image, hang (ah me!) the sickly head ?  
 When nature sings, shall nature's glory groan,  
 And languish for the pittance poor of bread ?  
 O may the man that shall his image scorn,  
 Alive, be ground with hunger, most forlorn,  
 Die unanell'd, and dead, by dogs and kites be torn.

Curs'd may he be (as if he were not so).  
 Nay doubly curs'd be such a breast of steel,  
 Which never melted at another's woe,  
 Nor tenderness of bowels knew to feel.  
 His heart is black as hell, in flowing store  
 Who hears the needy crying at his door,  
 Who hears them cry, ne recks; but suffers them  
 be poor.

But blest, O more than doubly blest be he!

Let honour crown him and eternal rest,  
Whose bosom, the sweet fount of charity,  
Flows out to nourish innocence distressed.

His ear is open to the widow's cries,  
His hand the orphan's cheek of sorrow dries;  
Like mercy's self he looks on want with pity's eyes.

In this blest season, pregnant with delight,  
Ne may the boding owl with screeches wound  
The solemn silence of the quiet night,

Ne croaking raven, with unhallow'd sound,  
Ne damned ghost affray with deadly yell  
The waking lover, rais'd by mighty spell,  
To pale the stars, till Hesper shine it back to hell.

Ne witches rifle gibbets, by the moon,  
(With horror winking, trembling all with fear)  
Of many a clinking chain, and canker'd bone:  
Nor imp in visionary shape appear,  
To blast the thriving verdure of the plain;  
Ne let hobgoblin, ne the ponk, profane  
With shadowy glare the light, and mad the burbling  
brain.

Yet fairy-elves (so ancient custom's will)  
The green-gown'd fairy-elves, by starry sheen,  
May gambol or in valley or on hill,  
And leave their footsteps on the circled green.  
Full lightly trip it, dapper MAB, around;  
Full featly, OB'RON, thou, o'er grass-turf bound:  
MAB brushes off no dew-drops, OB'RON prints no  
ground.

Ne bloody rumours violate the ear,  
Of cities sack'd, and kingdoms desolate,  
With plague or sword, with pestilence or war;  
Ne rueful murder stain thy era-date;  
Ne shameless calumny, for fell despight,  
The foulest fiend that e'er blasphem'd the light,  
At lovely lady rail, nor grin at courteous knight.



Ne wailing in our streets nor fields be heard,  
 Ne voice of misery assault the heart ;  
 Ne fatherless from table be debar'd ;  
 Ne piteous tear from eye of sorrow start ;  
 But plenty, pour thyself into the bowl  
 Of bounty-head ; may never want controul  
 That good—good-honest man, who feeds the famish'd  
 soul.

Now let the trumpet's martial thunders sleep ;  
 The viol wake alone, and tender flute :  
 The Phrygian lyre with sprightly fingers sweep,  
 And, Erato, dissolve the Lydian lute.  
 Yet Clio frets, and burns, with honest pain,  
 To rouse and animate the martial strain,  
 While British banners flame o'er many a purpled  
 plain.

Through kind infusion of cœlestial pow'r,  
 The dullard earth, MAY quick'neth with delight :  
 Full suddenly the seeds of joy recure  
 Elastic spring, and force within empight.  
 If senseless elements invigorate prove  
 By genial MAY and heavy matter move,  
 Shall shepherdesses cease, shall shepherds fail to love.

Ye shepherdesses, in a goodly round,  
 Purpled with health, as in the greenwood shade,  
 Incontinent ye thump the echoing ground  
 And defftly lead the dance along the glade ;  
 (O may no show'rs your merry-makes affray !)  
 Hail at the op'ning, at the closing day,  
 All hail, ye bonnibells, to your own season, MAY.

Nor ye absent yourselves, ye shepherd-swains,  
 But lend to dance and song the lib'ral MAY,  
 And while in jocund ranks you beat the plains,  
 Your flocks shall nibble and your lambkins play,  
 Frisking in glee. To MAY your garlands bring,  
 And ever and anon her praises sing :  
 The woods shall echo MAY, with MAY the vallies ring.

Your May-pole deck with flow'ry coronal;  
 Sprinkle the flow'ry coronal with wine;  
 And in the nimble footed galliard, all,  
 Shepherds and shepherdesses, lively join.  
 Hither from village sweet and hamlet fair,  
 From bordering cot and distant glen repair,  
 Let youth indulge its sports, to eld bequeath its care.

Ye wanton dryads and light-tripping fawns,  
 Ye jolly satyrs, full of lusted,  
 And ye that haunt the hills, the brooks, the lawns,  
 O come! with rural chaplets gay dispread:  
 With heel so nimble wear the springing grafs,  
 To shrilling bagpipe, or to tinkling bras;  
 Or foot it to the reed: Pan pipes himself apace.

In this soft season, when creation smil'd,  
 A quivering splendour on the ocean hung,  
 And from the fruitful froth, his fairest child,  
 The queen of bliss and beauty, Venus sprung.  
 The dolphins gambol o'er the wat'ry way,  
 Carol the naiades, while the tritons play,  
 And all the sea-green sisters bless the holiday.

In honour of her natal-month, the queen  
 Of bliss and beauty, consecrates her hours,  
 Fresh as her cheek, and as her brow serene,  
 To buxom ladies, and their paramours.  
 Love tips with golden alchemy his dart;  
 With rapt'rous anguish, with an honey'd smart  
 Eye languishes on eye, and heart dissolves on heart.

A softly-swelling hill, with myrtles crown'd,  
 (Myrtles to Venus algaes sacred been)  
 Hight Acidale, the fairest spot on ground,  
 Forever fragrant and forever green,  
 O'erlooks the windings of a shady vale,  
 By beauty form'd for amorous regale.  
 Was ever hill so sweet, as sweetest Acidale?

All down the sides, the sides profuse of flow'rs,  
 An hundred rills, in shining mazes, flow

Through mossy grotto's amaranthine bow'rs,  
 And form a laughing flood in vale below :  
 Where oft their limbs the loves and graces bay  
 (When summer sheds insufferable day) [play.  
 And sport, and dive, and flounce in wantonness of

No noise o'ercomes the silence of the shades,  
 Save short-breath'd vows, the dear excess of joy ;  
 Or harmless giggle of the youths and maids,  
 Who yield obeisance to the Cyprian boy :  
 Or lute, soft-sighing in the passing gale ;  
 Or fountain, gurgling down the sacred vale,  
 Or hymn to beauty's queen, or lover's tender tale.

Here Venus revels, here maintains her court,  
 In light festivity and gladsome game :  
 The young and gay, in frolic troops resort,  
 Withouten censure and withouten blame.  
 In pleasure sleep'd, and dancing in delight,  
 Night steals upon the day, and day on night :  
 Each knight, his lady loves ; each lady, loves her  
 knight.

Where lives the man (if such a man there be)  
 In idle wilderness or desert drear,  
 To beauty's sacred pow'r an enemy ?  
 Let foul fiends harrow him ; I'll drop no tear.  
 I deem that carl, by beauty's pow'r unmov'd,  
 Hated of heav'n, of none but hell approv'd.  
 O may he never love, O never be belov'd !

Hard is his heart, unmelted by thee, MAY !  
 Unconscious of love's nectar-tickling string,  
 And, unrelenting, cold to beauty's ray ;  
 Beauty the mother and the child of spring !  
 Beauty and wit declare the sexes even ;  
 Beauty to woman, wit to man is giv'n ;  
 Neither the slime of earth, but each the fire of heav'n.

Alliance sweet ! let beauty, wit approve,  
 As flow'rs to sunshine ope the ready breast :  
 Wit beauty loves, and nothing else can love :  
 The best alone is grateful to the best.

Perfection has no other parallel !  
 Can light with darkness, doves with ravens dwell ?  
 As soon perdie, shall heav'n communion hold with hell.

I sing to you, who love alone for love :

For gold the beauteous fools (O fools beware !)  
 Can win ; though brighter wit shall never move :

But folly is to wit the certain cure.

Curs'd be the men (or be they young or old),  
 Curs'd be the women, who themselves have sold  
 To the detested bed for lucre base of gold.

Not Julia such : she higher honour deem'd

To languish in the Sulmo poet's arms,  
 Than, by the potentates of earth esteem'd,  
 To give to sceptres and to crowns her charms.

Not Laura such : in sweet Vauclusa's vale  
 She listen'd to her Petrarch's amorous tale.  
 But did poor Colin Clout o'er Rosalind prevail ?

Howe'er that be ; in Acidalian shade,  
 Embracing Julia, Ovid melts the day :  
 Nor dreams of banishment his loves invade ;  
 Encircled in eternity of MAY.

Here Petrarch with his Laura, soft reclin'd  
 On violets, gives sorrow to the wind :  
 And Colin Clout pipes to the yielding Rosalind.

Pipe on, thou sweetest of th' Arcadian train,  
 That e'er with tuneful breath inform'd the quill :  
 Pipe on, of lovers the most loving swain !

Of bliss and melody, O take thy fill !  
 Ne envy I, if dear IANTHE smile,  
 Though low my numbers, and though rude my style ;  
 Ne quit for Acidale, fair Albion's happy isle.

Come then, IANTHE ! milder than the spring,  
 And grateful as the rosy month of MAY,  
 O come ; the birds the hymn of nature sing,  
 Inchanting wild, from every bush and spray :  
 Swell the green gems and teem along the vine,  
 A fragrant promise of the future wine,  
 The spirits to exalt, the genius to refine !

Let us our steps direct where father Thames,  
In silver windings draws his humid train,  
And pours, where'er he rolls his naval stream,  
Pomp on the city, plenty o'er the plain.  
Or by the banks of Isis shall we stray,  
(Ah! why so long from Isis' banks away!)  
Where thousand damsels dance, and thousand  
shepherds play.

Or choose you rather Theron's calm retreat,  
Embosom'd, Surrey, in thy verdant vale,  
At once the muses and the graces seat!  
There gently listen to my faithful tale.  
Along the dew-bright parterres let us rove,  
Or taste the odours of the mazy-grove:  
Hark how the turtles coo: I languish too with love.

Amid the pleasaunce of Arcadian scenes,  
Love steals his silent arrows on my breast;  
Nor falls of water, nor enamell'd greens,  
Can sooth my anguish, or invite to rest.  
You, dear IANTHE, you alone impart  
Balm to my wounds, and cordial to my smart:  
The apple of my eye, the life-blood of my heart.  
With line of silk, with hook of barbed steel,  
Beneath this oaken umbrage let us lay,  
And from the water's crystal bosom steal  
Upon the grassy bank the finny prey:  
The perch, with purple-speckled manifold;  
The eel, in silver labyrinth self roll'd,  
And carp, all-burnish'd o'er with drops of scaly  
gold.

Or shall the meads invite, with Iris' hues  
And nature's pencil gay diversify'd,  
(For now the sun has lick'd away the dews)  
Fair flushing and bedeck'd like virgin bride?  
Thither (for they invite us), we'll repair,  
Collect and weave (whate'er is sweet and fair)  
A posy for thy breast, a garland for thy hair.

Fair is the lily, clad in balmy snow ;

Sweet is the rose, of spring the smiling eye ;

Nipt by the winds, their heads the lilies bow ;

Cropt by the hand, the roses fade and die.

Though now in pride of youth and beauty drest,

O think, IANTHE, cruel time lays waste

The roses of the cheek, the lilies of the breast.

Weep not ; but, rather taught by this, improve

The present freshness of thy springing prime :

Bestow thy graces on the god of love,

Too precious for the wither'd arms of time.

In chaste endearments, innocently gay,

IANTHE ! now,—now love thy spring away ;

Ere cold October blasts despoil the bloom of MAY.

Now up the chalky mazes of yon hill,

With grateful diligence, we wind our way ,

What op'ning scenes our ravish'd senses fill,

And, wide, their rural luxury display !

Woods, dales, and flocks, and herds, and cots, and  
spires,

Villa's of learned clerks, and gentle squires ;

The villa of a friend the eye-sight never tires.

If e'er to thee and Venus, MAY, I strung

The gladfome lyre, when livelood swell'd my veins

And Eden's nymphs and Isis' damsels sung

In tender elegy, and pastoral strains ,

Collect and shed thyself on Theron's bow'rs,

O green his gardens, O perfume his flow'rs,

Obless his morning walks and sooth his ev'ning hours.

Long, Theron, with thy Annabell enjoy

The walks of nature, still to virtue kind,

For sacred solitude can never cloy

The wisdom of an uncorrupted mind !

O very long may Hymen's golden chain

To earth confine you and the rural reign ;

Then soar, at length, to Heaven ! nor pray, O muse,  
in vain.



Where'er the muses haunt, or poets muse,  
 In solitary silence sweetly tir'd,  
 Unloose thy bosom, MAY! thy stores effuse,  
 Thy vernal stores, by poets most desir'd,  
 Of living fountain, of the woodbind shade,  
 Of Philomela, warbling from the glade.  
 Thy bounty, in his verse, shall *certainly* be repaid.

On Twit'nam bow'rs (Aonian-Twit'nam bow'rs)!

Thy softest plenitude of beauties shed,  
 Thick as the winter stars, or summer flow'rs;  
 Albe the tuneful master (ah!) be dead.

To Colin next he taught my youth to sing,  
 My reed to warble, to resound my string:  
 The king of shepherd's he, of poet's he the king.

Hail, happy scenes, where joy wou'd choose to dwell;  
 Hail, golden days, which Saturn deems his own;  
 Hail music, which the muses scant excel;  
 Hail flowrets, not unworthy Venus' crown.

Ye linnets, larks, ye thrushes, nightingales;  
 Ye hills, ye plains, ye groves, ye streams, ye vales,  
 Ye ever happy scenes! all you, your poet hails.

All hail to thee, O MAY! the crown of all!

The recompence and glory of my song:  
 Ne small the recompence, ne glory small,  
 If gentle ladies, and the tuneful-throng,  
 With lover's-myrtle, and with poet's-bay,  
 Fairly bedight, approve the simple lay,  
 And think on THOMALIN whene'er they hail thee,

MAY!

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### SEVEN AGES OF MAN.

**A**LL the world's a stage,  
 And all the men and women merely players:  
 They have their exits, and their entrances;  
 And one man in his time plays many parts,  
 His acts being seven Ages.—At first, the INFANT,

Mewling and puking in the nurse's arms :  
 And then, the whining SCHOOL-BOY with his fatchel,  
 And shining morning-face, creeping like snail  
 Unwillingly to school : And then, the LOVER ;  
 Sighing like Furnace, with a woeful ballad  
 Made to his mistress' eye-brow : Then, the SOLDIER ;  
 Full of strange oaths, and bearded like the pard,  
 Jealous in honour, sudden and quick in quarrel ;  
 Seeking the bubble reputation  
 Even in the cannon's mouth : And then, the JUSTICE ;  
 In fair round belly, with good capon lin'd,  
 With eyes severe, and beard of formal cut,  
 Full of wise saws and modern instances,  
 And so he plays his part : The sixth age shifts  
 Into the lean and slipper'd PANTALOON ,  
 With spectacles on's nose, and pouch on's side ;  
 His youthful hose well sav'd, a world too wide  
 For his shrunk shank ; and his big manly voice,  
 Turning again toward childish treble, pipes  
 And whistles in his sound : Last scene of all,  
 That ends this strange eventful history,  
 Is second CHILDISHNESS, and mere oblivion ;  
 Sans teeth, sans eyes, sans taste, sans every thing.

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### THE DYING INDIAN.

ON yonder lake I spread the sail no more !  
 Vigour, and youth, and active-days are past—  
 Relentless demons urge me to that shore,  
 On whose black forests all the dead are cast.  
 Ye solemn train, prepare the fun'ral song,  
 For I must go, to shades below,  
 Where all is strange, and all is new ;  
 Sad companion to the airy throng ;  
 What solitary streams,  
 In dull and dreary dreams,  
 All melancholy must I rove along ?

To what strange lands must SHALUM take his way?

Groves of the dead departed mortals trace!

No deer along those gloomy forests stray,

Nor huntsmen there take pleasure in the chase;

But all are empty unsubstantial shades,

That ramble through those visionary glades;

No spongy fruits from verdant trees depend;

But sickly orchards there

Do fruits as sickly bear,

And apples a consumptive visage shew.

And wither'd hangs the hurtle-berry blue.

Ah me! what mischiefs on the dead attend!

Wand'ring a stranger to the shores below,

Where shall I brook or real fountain find?

Lazy and sad deluding waters flow.

Such is the picture in my boding mind!

Fine tales indeed they tell

Of shades and purling rills,

Where our dead fathers dwell,

Beyond the Western Hills;

But when did ghost return his state to shew;

Or who can promise half the tale is true?

I, too, must be a fleeting ghost—no more—

None—none but shadows to those mansions go;

I leave my woods, I leave my Huron shore,

For emptier groves below!

Ye charming solitudes,

Ye tall ascending woods,

Ye glassy lakes, ye cool and prattling streams,

Whose aspect still was sweet,

Whether the sun did greet,

Or the pale moon embrac'd you with her beams,

Adieu to all!

To all that charmed me while I strayed,

The winding stream, the dark sequester'd shade,

Adieu all triumph here!

Adieu the mountain's lofty swell,

Adieu, thou little verdant hill,

And seas, and stars, and skies—farewell,

For some remoter sphere!

Perplex'd with doubts, and tortur'd with despair,  
 Why so dejected at this hapless sleep?  
 Nature, at least, these ruins may repair,  
 When death's long dream is o'er, and she forgets  
 to weep.  
 Some real world once more may be assign'd,  
 Some new-born mansion for th' immortal mind!—  
 Farewell, sweet lake; farewell surrounding woods;  
 To other groves, through midnight glooms I stray,  
 Beyond the mountains, and beyond the floods,  
 Beyond the Huron bay!  
 Prepare the hollow tomb, and place me low,  
 My trusty bow and arrows by my side,  
 The cheerful bottle and the ven'son store;  
 For long the journey is that I must go,  
 Without a partner, and without a guide!—  
 Ah! I shall come no more!—  
 He spoke, and bid th' attending mourners weep—  
 Then clos'd his eyes, and sunk to endless sleep!

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### INGRATITUDE.

#### A SONG.

**B**LLOW, blow, thou winter wind,  
 Thou art not so unkind  
 As man's ingratitude:  
 Thy tooth is not so keen,  
 Because thou art not seen,  
 Although thy breath be rude.  
 Heigh ho! sing, heigh ho! unto the green holly:  
 Most friendship is feigning, most loving mere folly:  
 Then, heigh ho, the holly!  
 This life is most jolly.  
 Freeze, freeze, thou bitter sky,  
 Thou dost not bite so nigh  
 As benefits forgot:  
 Though thou the waters warp,  
 Thy sting is not so sharp  
 As friend remember'd not.

Heigh ho! sing, heigh ho! unto the green holly:  
 Most friendship is feigning, most loving mere folly:  
 Then, heigh ho, the holly!  
 This life is most jolly.

### FRIENDSHIP.

**Y**ES, happy youths! on Cadmus' fedy side  
 You feel each joy that friendship can divide,  
 Each realm of science and of art explore,  
 And with the ancient blend the modern lore,  
 Studious alone to learn whate'er may tend  
 To raise the genius, or the heart to mend;  
 Now pleas'd along the cloister'd walks you rove,  
 And trace the verdant mazes of the grove,  
 Where social oft and oft alone ye choose  
 To catch the zephyr, and to court the muse;  
 Meantime at me (while all devoid of art  
 These lines give back the image of my heart)  
 At me the pow'r that comes, or soon or late,  
 Or aims, or seems to aim, the dart of fate;  
 From you remote, methinks alone I stand,  
 Like some sad exile in a desert land,  
 Around no friends their lenient care to join  
 In mutual warmth, and mix their heart with mine.  
 Or real pains, or those which fancy raise,  
 For ever blot the sunshine of my days;  
 To sickness still, and still to grief, a prey,  
 Health turns from me her rosy face away.

Just Heav'n! what sin, ere life begins to bloom,  
 Devotes my head untimely to the tomb?  
 Did ere this hand against a brother's life  
 Drug the dire bowl, or point the murd'rous knife?  
 Did e'er this tongue the slanderer's tale proclaim,  
 Or madly violate my Maker's name?  
 Did e'er this heart betray a friend or foe,  
 Or know a thought but all the world might know?  
 As yet just started from the lists of time  
 My growing years have scarcely told their prime,

Useless as yet through life I've idly run,  
No pleasures tasted, and few duties done.  
Ah! who, ere Autumn's mellowing suns appear  
Would pluck the promise of the vernal year?  
Or ere the grapes their purple hue betray,  
Tear the crude cluster from the mourning spray?  
Stern pow'r of fate! whose ebon sceptre rules  
The Stygian deserts and Cimmerian pools,  
Forbear, nor rashly smite my youthful heart,  
A victim yet unworthy of thy dart;  
Ah! stay till age shall blast my with'ring face,  
Shake in my head, and falter in my pace;  
Then aim the shaft, then meditate the blow,  
And to the dead my willing shade shall go.

How weak is man to reason's judging eye!  
Born in this moment, in the next we die;  
Part mortal clay, and part ethereal fire,  
Too proud to creep, to humble to aspire.  
In vain our plans of happiness we raise;  
Pain is our lot, and patience is our praise:  
Wealth, lineage, honours, conquest, or a throne,  
Are what the wise would fear to call their own.  
Health is at best a vain precarious thing,  
And fair-fac'd youth is ever on the wing:  
Tis like the stream aside whose wat'ry bed  
Some blooming plant exalts his flow'ry head,  
Nurs'd by the wave the spreading branches rise,  
Shade all the ground, and flourish to the skies;  
The waves the while beneath in secret flow,  
And undermine the hollow bank below;  
Wide and more wide the waters urge their way,  
Bare all the roots, and on their fibres prey;  
Too late the plant bewails his foolish pride,  
And sinks untimely in the whelming tide.

But why repine? Does life deserve my sigh?  
Few will lament my loss whene'er I die.  
For those, the wretches I despise or hate,  
I neither envy or regard their fate.  
For me, whene'er all-conquering death shall spread  
His wings around my unrepining head,



I care not : though this face be seen no more,  
 The world will pass as cheerful as before.  
 Bright as before the day-star will appear,  
 The fields as verdant, and the skies as clear ;  
 Nor storms nor comets will my doom declare,  
 Nor signs on earth, nor portents in the air ;  
 Unknown and silent will depart my breath,  
 Nor nature e'er take notice of my death.  
 Yet some there are (ere spent my vital days)  
 Within whose breasts I wish my tomb to raise :  
 Lov'd in my life, lamented in my end,  
 Their praise would crown me as their precepts mend :  
 To them may these fond lines my name endear,  
 Not from the poet, but the friend sincere.

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### THE BEGGAR'S PETITION.

**PITY** the sorrows of a poor old man !  
 Whose trembling limbs have borne him to your  
 door ;  
 Whose days are dwindled to the shortest span ;  
 Oh ! give relief—and Heav'n will bless your store.  
 These tatter'd clothes my poverty bespeak ;  
 These hoary locks proclaim my lengthen'd years ;  
 And many a furrow in my grief-worn cheek  
 Has been the channel to a stream of tears.  
 Yon house, erected on the rising ground,  
 With tempting aspect drew me from my road ;  
 For plenty there a residence has found,  
 And grandeur a magnificent abode.  
 (Hard is the fate of the infirm and poor !)  
 Here, as I crav'd a morsel of their bread,  
 A pamper'd menial forc'd me from the door,  
 To seek a shelter in an humbler shed.  
 Oh ! take me to your hospitable dome !  
 Keen blows the wind, and piercing is the cold !  
 Short is my passage to the friendly tomb,  
 For I am poor, and miserably old.

Should I reveal the source of every grief,  
 If soft humanity e'er touch'd your breast,  
 Your hands would not withhold the kind relief,  
 And tears of pity could not be repress.

Heav'n sends misfortunes—why should we repine?  
 'Tis Heav'n has brought me to the state you see:  
 And your condition may be soon like mine—  
 The child of sorrow—and of misery.

A little farm was my paternal lot,  
 Then, like the lark, I sprightly hail'd the morn;  
 But ah! oppression forc'd me from my cot,  
 My cattle dy'd, and blighted was my corn.

My daughter—once the comfort of my age!  
 Lur'd by a villain from her native home,  
 Is cast abandon'd on the world's wide-stage,  
 And doom'd in scanty poverty to roam.

My tender wife—sweet soother of my care!  
 Struck with sad anguish at the stern decree,  
 Fell—ling'ring fell, a victim to despair,  
 And left the world to wretchedness and me.

Pity the sorrows of a poor old man!  
 Whose trembling limbs have borne him to your  
 door;  
 Whose days are dwindled to the shortest span;  
 Oh! give relief—and Heav'n will bless your store.

### THE BULWARKS OF SOCIETY.

WHAT constitutes a state?  
 Not high-raised battlement, or labour'd mound,  
 Thick wall or moated gate;  
 Not cities proud with spires and turrets crown'd;  
 Not bays and broad arm'd ports,  
 Where, laughing at the storm, rich navies ride;  
 Not starr'd and spangled courts,  
 Where low-brow'd baseness wafts perfume to pride;

No :—MEN, high-minded MEN,  
 With powers as far above dull brutes endued  
 In forest, brake, or den,  
 As beasts excel cold rocks and brambles rude ;  
 Men who their DUTIES know,  
 But know their RIGHTS, and knowing, dare maintain,  
 Prevent the long-aim'd blow,  
 And crush the tyrant while they rend the chain ;  
*These* constitute a state,  
 And sovereign LAW, *that states collected will,*  
 O'er thrones and globes elate,  
 Sits empress, crowning good, repressing ill ;  
 Smit by her sacred frown,  
 The fiend OPPRESSION, like a vapour sinks,  
 And e'en the all-dazzling crown  
 Hides his faint rays, and at her bidding shrinks.

### ELEGY

WRITTEN IN A COUNTRY CHURCH YARD.

THE curfew tolls the knell of parting day,  
 The lowing herd wind slowly o'er the lea,  
 The plowman homeward plods his weary way,  
 And leaves the world to darkness and to me.  
 Now fades the glimmering landscape on the sight,  
 And all the air a solemn stillness holds,  
 Save where the beetle wheels his droning flight,  
 And drowsy tinklings lull the distant folds ;  
 Save that, from yonder ivy-mantled tower,  
 The moping owl does to the moon complain  
 Of such, as, wandering near her secret bower,  
 Molest her ancient solitary reign.  
 Beneath those rugged elms, that yew-tree's shade,  
 Where heaves the turf in many a mouldering heap,  
 Each in his narrow cell for ever laid,  
 The rude forefathers of the hamlet sleep.

The breezy call of incense-breathing morn,  
The swallow twittering from the straw-built shed,  
The cock's shrill clarion, or the echoing horn,  
No more shall rouse them from their lowly bed.

For them no more the blazing hearth shall burn,  
Or busy housewife ply her evening care :  
No children run to lisp their fire's return,  
Or climb his knees, the envied kifs to share.

Oft did the harvest to their sickle yield,  
Their furrow oft the stubborn glebe has broke ;  
How jocund did they drive their team a-field !  
How bow'd the woods beneath their sturdy stroke !

Let not ambition mock their useful toil,  
Their homely joys, and destiny obscure ;  
Nor grandeur hear with a disdainful smile,  
The short and simple annals of the poor.

The boast of heraldry, the pomp of power,  
And all that beauty, all that wealth e'er gave,  
Await alike the inevitable hour,  
The paths of glory lead but to the grave.

Nor you, ye proud, impute to these the fault,  
If memory o'er their tomb no trophies raise.  
Where through the long-drawn aisle and fretted vault,  
The peeling anthem swells the note of praise.

Can storied urn, or animated bust,  
Back to its mansion call the fleeting breath ?  
Can honour's voice provoke the silent dust,  
Or flattery sooth the dull cold ear of death ?

Perhaps in this neglected spot is laid  
Some heart once pregnant with celestial fire ;  
Hands, that the rod of empires might have sway'd,  
Or wak'd to ecstasy the living lyre.

But knowledge to their eyes her ample page,  
Rich with the spoils of time, did ne'er unroll ;  
Chill penury repress'd their noble rage,  
And froze the genial current of the soul.

Full many a gem of purest ray serene,  
 The dark unfathom'd caves of ocean bear:  
 Full many a flower is born to blush unseen,  
 And waste its sweetness on the desert air.  
 Some village-Hampden, that with dauntless breast  
 The little tyrant of his fields withstood;  
 Some mute inglorious Milton here may rest;  
 Some Cromwell, guiltless of his country's blood.  
 Some lovely fair, whose unaffected charms  
 Shone with attraction to herself unknown;  
 Whose beauty might have bless'd a monarch's arms,  
 And virtue cast a lustre on the throne.  
 That humble beauty warm'd an honest heart,  
 And cheer'd the labours of a faithful spouse;  
 That virtue form'd for every decent part,  
 The healthful offspring that adorn'd their house.  
 Th' applause of listening senates to command,  
 The threats of pain and ruin to despise,  
 To scatter plenty o'er a smiling land,  
 And read their history in a nation's eyes;  
 Their lot forbade; nor circumscrib'd alone  
 Their growing virtues, but their crimes confin'd;  
 Forbade to wade through slaughter to a throne,  
 And shut the gates of mercy on mankind;  
 The struggling pangs of conscious truth to hide,  
 To quench the blushes of ingenuous shame,  
 Or heap the shrine of luxury and pride  
 With incense kindled at the muse's flame.  
 The thoughtless world to majesty may bow,  
 Exalt the brave, and idolize success;  
 But more to innocence their safety owe,  
 Than pow'r, or genius, e'er conspir'd to bless.  
 Far from the madding crowd's ignoble strife,  
 Their sober wishes never learn'd to stray;  
 Along the cool sequester'd vale of life,  
 They kept the noiseless tenor of their way.

Yet ev'n these bones from insult to protect,  
 Some frail memorial still erected nigh,  
 With uncouth rhymes and shapeless sculpture  
 deck'd,

Implores the passing tribute of a sigh.

Their name, their years, spelt by th' unletter'd muse,  
 The place of fame and elegy supply :  
 And many a holy text around the strews,  
 That teach the rustic moralist to die.

Hark ! how the sacred calm, that breathes around,  
 Bids every fierce tumultuous passion cease ;  
 In still small accents whispering from the ground,  
 A grateful earnest of eternal peace.

For who, to dumb forgetfulness a prey,  
 This pleasing anxious being e'er resign'd,  
 Left the warm precincts of the cheerful day,  
 Nor cast one longing lingering look behind ?

On some fond breast the parting soul relies,  
 Some pious drops the closing eye requires ;  
 Ev'n from the tomb the voice of nature cries,  
 Ev'n in our ashes live their wonted fires.

For thee, who, mindful of th' unhonour'd dead,  
 Dost in these lines their artless tale relate ;  
 If chance, by lonely contemplation led,  
 Some kindred spirit shall inquire thy fate ;

Haply some hoary-headed swain may say,  
 " Oft have we seen him, at the peep of dawn,  
 " Brushing with hasty steps the dews away,  
 " To meet the sun upon the upland lawn.

" Him have we seen the greenwood side along,  
 " While o'er the heath we hied, our labour done,  
 " Oft as the wood-lark pip'd her farewell song,  
 " With wishful eyes pursue the setting sun.

" There, at the foot of yonder nodding beech,  
 " That wreathes its old fantastic roots so high,  
 " His lifeless length at noon-tide would he stretch,  
 " And pore upon the brook that bubbles by,



" Hard by yon wood, now smiling as in scorn,  
 " Muttering his wayward fancies, he would rove,  
 " Now drooping, woful wan, like one forlorn,  
 " Or craz'd with care, or cross'd in hopeless love.  
 " One morn I miss'd him on the custom'd hill,  
 " Along the heath and near his favorite tree ;  
 " Another came ; nor yet beside the rill,  
 " Nor up the lawn, nor at the wood was he ;  
 " The next, with dirges due in sad array,  
 " Slow through the church-way path we saw him  
 borne.  
 " Approach and read (for thou canst read) the lay  
 " Grav'd on the stone beneath yon aged thorn.  
 " There scatter'd oft, the earliest of the year,  
 " By hands unseen, are show'rs of violets found ;  
 " The red-breast loves to build and warble there,  
 " And little footsteps lightly print the ground."

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THE EPITAPH.

**H**ERE rests his head, upon the lap of earth,  
 A youth to fortune and to fame unknown,  
 Fair science frown'd not on his humble birth,  
 And melancholy mark'd him for her own.  
 Large was his bounty, and his soul sincere,  
 Heaven did a recompence as largely send :  
 He gave to misery all he had—a tear ;  
 He gain'd from heaven ('twas all he wish'd)—a  
 friend.  
 No farther seek his merits to disclose,  
 Or draw his frailties from their dread abode,  
 (There they alike in trembling hope repose),  
 The bosom of his father and his God.

## THE COURSE OF NATURE.

**Y**OU do look, my son, in a mov'd sort,  
 As if you were dismay'd : be cheerful, fir :  
 Our revels now are ended : these our actors,  
 As I foretold you, were all spirits, and  
 Are melted into air, into thin air :  
 And, like the baseless fabrick of this vision,  
 The cloud-capt towers, the gorgeous palaces,  
 The solemn temples, the great globe itself,  
 Yea, all which it inherit, shall dissolve ;  
 And, like this insubstantial pageant faded,  
 Leave not a rack behind : We are such stuff  
 As dreams are made on, and our little life  
 Is rounded with a sleep.

## THE DESPAIRING LOVER.

**W**HERE now are all my flatt'ring dreams of joy ?  
 MONIMIA, give my soul her wonted rest ;  
 Since first thy beauty fix'd my roving eye,  
 Heart-gnawing cares corrode my pensive breast.  
 Let happy lovers fly where pleasures call,  
 With festive songs beguile the fleeting hour ;  
 Lead beauty through the mazes of the ball,  
 Or press her wanton in love's roseate bower.  
 For me, no more I'll range th' empurpled mead,  
 Where shepherds pipe, and virgins dance around ;  
 Nor wander through the woodbine's fragrant shade,  
 To hear the music of the grove resound.  
 I'll seek some lonely church, or dreary hall,  
 Where fancy paints the glimm'ring taper blue ;  
 Where damps hang mould'ring on the ivy'd wall,  
 And sheeted ghosts drink up the midnight dew :  
 There leagu'd with hopeless anguish and despair,  
 Awhile in silence o'er my fate repine :  
 Then with a long farewell to love and care,  
 To kindred dust my weary limbs consign.

Wilt thou, MONIMIA, shed a gracious tear  
On the cold grave where all my sorrows rest?  
Strew vernal flow'rs, applaud my love sincere,  
And bid the turf lie easy on my breast?

SOLITUDE.

**O** SOLITUDE, romantic maid!  
Whether by nodding towers you tread,  
Or haunt the desert's trackless gloom,  
Or hover o'er the yawning tomb,  
Or climb the Andes' clifted side,  
Or by the Nile's coy source abide,  
Or starting from your half-year's sleep  
From Hecla view the thawing deep,  
Or, at the purple dawn of day,  
Tadmor's marble wastes survey;  
You, recluse, again I woo,  
And again your steps pursue.

Plum'd CONCEIT himself surveying,  
FOLLY with her shadow playing,  
Purse-proud, elbowing INSOLENCÉ,  
Bloated empiric, puff'd PRETENCE,  
NOISE that through a trumpet speaks,  
LAUGHTER in loud peals that breaks,  
INTRUSION with a fopling's face,  
(Ignorant of time and place)  
Sparks of fire dissention blowing,  
Ductile, court-bred FLATTERY, bowing,  
RESTRAINT's stiff neck, GRIMACE's leer,  
Squint-ey'd CENSURE's artful sneer,  
AMBITION's buskins, steep'd in blood,  
Fly thy presence, SOLITUDE.

Sage REFLECTION bent with years,  
Conscious VIRTUE void of fears,  
Muffled SILENCE, wood-nymph shy,  
MEDITATION's piercing eye,

Halcyon PEACE on moss reclin'd,  
RETROSPECT that scans the mind,  
Rapt earth-gazing RESVERY,  
Blushing artless MODESTY,  
HEALTH that snuffs the morning air,  
Full-ey'd TRUTH with bosom bare,  
INSPIRATION, nature's child,  
Seek the solitary wild.

When all nature's hush'd asleep,  
Nor love nor guilt their vigils keep,  
Soft you leave your cavern'd den,  
And wander o'er the works of men;  
But when Phosphor brings the dawn  
By her dappled coursers drawn,  
Again you to the wild retreat  
And the early huntsman meet,  
Where as you pensive pace along,  
You catch the distant shepherd's song,  
Or brush from herbs the pearly dew,  
Or the rising primrose view.  
Devotion lends her heaven-plum'd wings,  
You mount, and nature with you sings.  
But when the mid-day fervors glow,  
To upland airy shades you go,  
Where never sun-burnt woodman came,  
Nor sportsman chac'd the timid game;  
And there beneath an oak reclin'd,  
With drowsy waterfalls behind,  
You sink to rest.  
'Till the tuneful bird of night,  
From the neighb'ring poplar's height,  
Wake you with her solemn strain,  
And teach pleas'd echo to complain.  
With you roses brighter bloom,  
Sweeter every sweet perfume,  
Purer every fountain flows,  
Stronger every wilding grows.  
Let those toil for gold who please,  
Or for fame renounce their ease.

What is fame? an empty bubble;  
 Gold? a transient, shining trouble.  
 Let them for their country bleed,  
 What was SIDNEY's, RALEIGH's meed?  
 Man's not worth a moment's pain,  
 Base, ungrateful, fickle, vain.  
 Then let me, sequester'd fair,  
 To your sibyl grot repair;  
 On yon hanging cliff it stands,  
 Scoop'd by nature's salvage hands,  
 Bosom'd in the gloomy shade  
 Of cypress not with age decay'd.  
 Where the owl still hooting sits,  
 Where the bat incessant flits,  
 There in loftier strains I'll sing  
 Whence the changing seasons spring,  
 Tell how storms deform the skies,  
 Whence the wave subside and rise,  
 Trace the comet's blazing tail,  
 Weigh the planets in a scale;  
 Bend, great God, before thy shrine,  
 The boundless macrocosm's thine.

Save me! what's yon shrouded shade?  
 That wanders in the dark-brown glade.  
 It beckons me!—vain fears adieu,  
 Mysterious ghost, I follow you.  
 Ah me! too well that gait I know,  
 My youth's first friend, my manhood's woe!  
 Its breast it bares! what! stain'd with blood?  
 Quick let me stanch the vital flood.  
 Oh spirit, whither art thou flown?  
 Why left me comfortless alone?  
 O SOLITUDE, on me bestow  
 The heart-felt harmony of woe,  
 Such—such, as on th' Ausonian shore,  
 Sweet Dorian Moschus trill'd of yore:  
 No time should cancel thy desert,  
 More—more, than Bion was, thou wert.

O goddess of the tearful eye,  
The never-ceasing stream supply.  
Let us with retirement go  
To charnels, and the house of woe,  
O'er friendship's hearse low-drooping mourn,  
Where the sickly tapers burn,  
Where death and nun-clad sorrow dwell,  
And nightly ring the solemn knell.  
The gloom dispels, the charnel smiles,  
Light flashes through the vaulted aisles;  
Blow silky soft, thou western gale,  
O goddess of the desert, hail!  
She bursts from yon cliff-riven cave,  
Insulted by the wint'ry wave;  
Her brow an ivy-garland binds,  
Her tresses wanton in the winds,  
A lion's spoils, without a zone,  
Around her limbs are careless thrown;  
Her right hand wields a knotted mace,  
Her eyes roll wild, a stride her pace;  
Her left a magic mirror holds,  
In which she oft herself beholds.  
O goddess of the desert, hail!  
And softer blow, thou western gale!

Since in each scheme of life I've fail'd,  
And disappointment seems entail'd;  
Since all on earth I valued most,  
My guide, my stay, my friend is lost;  
You, only you, can make me blest,  
And hush the tempest in my breast.  
Then gently deign to guide my feet,  
To your hermit-trodden seat,  
Where I may live at last my own,  
Where I at last may die unknown.  
I spoke, she turn'd her magic ray,  
And thus she said, or seem'd to say:

Youth, you're mistaken, if you think to find  
In shades a medicine for a troubled mind;  
Wan grief will haunt you wherefoe'er you go,  
Sigh in the breeze, and in the streamlet flow,



There pale INACTION pines his life away,  
And, fatiate, curses the return of day :  
There naked FRENZY, laughing wild with pain,  
Or bares the blade, or plunges in the main :  
There SUPERSTITION broods o'er all her fears,  
And yells of demons in the zephyr hears.  
But if a hermit you're resolv'd to dwell,  
And bid to social life a last farewell ;  
'Tis impious.——

God never made an independent man,  
'Twould jarr the concord of his general plan :  
See every part of that stupendous whole,  
“ Whose body nature is, and God the soul ;”  
To one great end, the general good conspire,  
From matter, brute, to man, to seraph, fire.  
Should man, through nature solitary roam,  
His will his sovereign, everywhere his home,  
What force wou'd guard him from the lion's jaw !  
What swiftness wing him from the panther's paw ?  
Or should fate lead him to some safer shore,  
Where panthers never prowl, nor lions roar ;  
Where liberal nature all her charms bestows,  
Suns shine, birds sing, flowers bloom and water flows,  
Fool, dost thou think he'd revel on the shore,  
Absolve the care of heaven, nor ask for more ?  
Though waters flow'd, flow'rs bloom'd, and Phœbus  
shone,

He'd sigh, he'd murmur, that he was alone.  
For know, the Maker on the human breast,  
A sense of kindred, country, man, imprest ;  
And social life to better, aid, adorn,  
With proper faculties each mortal's born.

Though nature's works the ruling mind declare,  
And well-deserve inquiry's serious care,  
The God (whate'er misanthropy may say)  
Shines, beams in man with most unclouded ray.  
What boots it thee to fly from pole to pole ?  
Hang o'er the fun, and with the planets roll ?  
What boots, through space's furthest bourns to roam ?  
If thou, O man, a stranger art at home ?

Then know thyself, the human mind survey,  
The use, the pleasure will the toil repay.  
Hence inspiration plans his manner'd lays,  
Hence Homer's crown, and Shakspeare hence thy  
bays.

Hence he, the pride of Athens and the shame,  
The best and wisest of mankind became.  
Nor study only, practise what you know,  
Your life, your knowledge, to mankind you owe.  
With Plato's olive-wreath the bays entwine:  
Those who in study, shou'd in practice shine.  
When freedom gasp'd beneath a Cæsar's feet,  
Then public virtue might to shades retreat;  
But where she breathes, the least may useful be,—  
And freedom, Britain, still belong to thee.  
On each condition disappointments wait,  
Enter the hut, and force the guarded gate.  
Nor dare repine, though early friendship bleed,  
From love, the world, and all its cares he's freed.  
But know, adversity's the child of God;  
Whom heaven approves of most must feel her rod.  
When smooth old ocean and each storm's asleep,  
Then ignorance may plough the watery deep;  
But when the demons of the tempest rave,  
Skill must conduct the vessel through the wave.  
SIDNEY, what good man envies not thy blow?  
Who would not wish ANYTUS for a foe?  
Intrepid virtue triumphs over fate,  
The good can never be unfortunate.  
And be this maxim graven in thy mind—  
The height of virtue is to serve mankind.  
But when old age has silver'd o'er thy head,  
When memory fails, and all thy vigour's fled,  
Then may'st thou seek the stillness of retreat,  
Then hear aloof the human tempest beat,  
Then will I greet thee to my woodland cave,  
Allay the pangs of age, and smooth thy grave.

ADVERSITY.

DAUGHTER of Jove, relentless power,  
 Thou tamer of the human breast,  
 Whose iron scourge, and torturing hour,  
 The bad affright, amidst the best!  
 Bound in thy adamantine chain  
 The proud are taught to taste of pain,  
 And purple tyrants vainly groan  
 With pangs unfelt before, unpitied, and alone.

When first thy fire to send on earth  
 VIRTUE, his darling child, design'd,  
 To thee he gave the heavenly birth,  
 And bade to form her infant mind.  
 Stern rugged nurse; thy rigid lore  
 With patience many a year she bore:  
 What sorrow was, thou bad'st her know,  
 And from her own she learn'd to melt at others woe.

Scar'd at thy frown terrific, fly  
 Self-pleasing folly's idle brood,  
 Wild laughter, noise, and thoughtless joy,  
 And leave us leisure to be good.  
 Light they disperse, and with them go  
 The summer friend, the flattering foe;  
 By vain prosperity receiv'd,  
 To her they vow their truth, and are again believ'd

WISDOM, in fable garb array'd,  
 Immers'd in rapturous thought profound,  
 And MELANCHOLY, silent maid,  
 With leaden eye, that loves the ground,  
 Still on thy solemn steps attend:  
 Warm CHARITY, the general friend,  
 With JUSTICE, to herself severe,  
 And PITY, dropping soft the sadly-pleasing tear.

Oh, gently on thy suppliant's head,  
 Dread goddess, lay thy chastening hand!  
 Not in thy gorgon terrors clad,  
 Nor circled with the vengeful band

(As by the impious thou art seen)  
 With thundering voice and threatening mien,  
 With screaming horror's fun'ral cry,  
 Despair, and fell disease, and ghastly poverty.

Thy form benign, ah goddess, wear,  
 Thy milder influence impart,  
 Thy philosophic train be there,  
 To soften, not to wound my heart.  
 The generous spark extinct revive,  
 Teach me to love and to forgive,  
 Exact my own defects to scan,  
 What others are, to feel, and know myself a man.

---

### CUPID BENIGHTED.

**T**HE sable night had spread around  
 This nether world a gloom profound;  
 No silver moon nor stars appear  
 The lonely traveller to cheer:  
 The race of man, with toils oppress'd,  
 Enjoy'd the balmy sweets of rest!  
 When from the heav'nly court of Jove,  
 Descended swift the god of love,  
 (Ah me! I tremble to relate)  
 And loudly thunder'd at my gate.  
 "Who's there?" I cried "who breaks my door,  
 "At this unseasonable hour?"  
 The god, with well-dissembled sighs,  
 And moan insidious, thus replies:  
 "Pray ope the door, dear fir—'tis I,  
 "A harinless miserable boy:  
 "Benumb'd with cold and rain, I stray  
 "A long, uncomfortable way—  
 "The winds with blust'ring horror roar—  
 "'Tis dismal dark—pray ope the door."  
 Quite unsuspecting of a foe,  
 I listen'd to the tale of woe,

Compassion touch'd my breast, and strait  
 I struck a light, unbarr'd the gate;  
 When lo! a winged boy I spy'd,  
 With bow and quiver at his side:  
 I wonder'd at his strange attire;  
 Then friendly plac'd him near the fire.  
 My heart was bounteous and benign,  
 I warm'd his little hands in mine;  
 Cheer'd him with kind assiduous care,  
 And wrung the water from his hair.  
 Soon as the fraudulent youth was warm,  
 "Let's try," says he, "if any harm,  
 "Has chanc'd my bow this stormy night;  
 "I fear the wet has spoil'd it quite."  
 With that he bent the fatal yew,  
 And to the head an arrow drew;  
 Loud twang'd the sounding string, the dart  
 Pierc'd through my bosom to my heart:  
 Then laugh'd amain the wanton boy,  
 And "Friend," he cried, "I wish thee joy!  
 "Undamag'd is my bow, I see,  
 "But what a wretch I've made of thee!"

---

ODE.

TO THE PEREMPTORY, ILL-NATURED, AND  
 UNWELCOME MONOSYLLABLE

NO.

THOU saucy malapert! away!  
 Thy name, ah! may I never hear,  
 Nor blasts malignant, e'er convey  
 Thy mandate to my startled ear;  
 May winds disperse the sound in air,  
 E'er on the trembling nerve impress;  
 (The sound that fills with grief the breast,  
 And gives the heart to dire despair.)  
 All hateful! may the maid I love renounce thee,  
 And never, with averted look, pronounce thee.

E

Full many a heart, oppress'd with woe,  
 Has cause to mourn thy baleful pow'rs,  
 That bid the stream of sorrow flow,  
 Full fast adown in briny show'rs.  
 For sweetmeats teasing, many a boy,  
 Struck with the heart-appalling sound,  
 Has weeping roll'd along the ground,  
 His little bosom dead to joy;  
 Or fled, to vent the grief that rends his soul,  
 In some dark corner, or some gloomy hole.

Thou offspring vile of tyrant pride,  
 Thou lordest o'er the weak and poor;  
 Like furlly porter, or sour mastiff try'd,  
 Dost spurn the suppliant from the door—  
 To wand'ring mendicants well known,  
 Thy dreaded name gives little care;  
 But sinks the wretch, who seeks a gown,  
 In lowest depths of dark despair.  
 The pliant courtier, at my lord's levee,  
 More than the devil, dreads the sight of thee.

In all its gorgon terrors deck'd,  
 Thy form the trembling poet scares;  
 Who long, in spite of cold neglect,  
 Has worry'd patronage with pray'rs,  
 The wretched scribbler flow retires,  
 Dejected, all his wishes crost,  
 All hopes of future fortune's lost,  
 And quench'd the muse's ardent fires;  
 Full well, his lengthen'd face, and hollow cheek,  
 The poignant anguish of his soul bespeak.

The sighing lover, too, poor wight!  
 By thee (hard case!) expell'd from heav'n,  
 Must quit his dear-lov'd fair one's sight,  
 And fly, to lonely deserts driv'n:  
 Wild-starting, still he seems to hear,  
 Re-echo'd 'midst the gloom profound,  
 The dreadful, hope-destroying sound,  
 All sad vibrating on his ear;



And lonely wand'ring o'er the wild, distressed,  
He strays forlorn, and weeping beats his breast.

Ah! ne'er with rigor stern oppose  
The gentle wishes of a genial flame,  
Nor give, a prey to hopeless woes,  
The heart a better meed may claim.  
But, when with wild, unbridled force,  
Heedless of REASON's high behest,  
Rude passion sways the ardent breast,  
Restrain us in our headlong course;  
When we, forgetful, cease to act as men,  
Step resolute between, and check us then.

---

ON THE  
PLEASURES ARISING FROM VICISSITUDE.

A FRAGMENT.

NOW the golden morn aloft  
Waves her dew-bespangled wing,  
With vermil cheek, and whisper soft,  
She wooes the tardy spring:  
Till April starts, and calls around  
The sleeping fragrance from the ground;  
And lightly o'er the living scene  
Scatters his freshest, tenderest green.

New-born flocks, in rustic dance,  
Frisking ply their feeble feet;  
Forgetful of their wint'ry trance  
The birds his presence greet:  
But chief, the sky-lark warbles high  
His trembling thrilling ecstasy;  
And, lessening from the dazzled sight,  
Melts into air and liquid light.

Yesterday the fullen year  
Saw the snowy whirlwind fly;  
Mute was the music of the air,  
The herd stood drooping by:

Their raptures now that wildly flow,  
No yesterday, nor morrow know;  
'Tis man alone that joy descries  
With forward and reverted eyes.

Smiles on past misfortune's brow,  
Soft reflection's hand can trace;  
And o'er the cheek of sorrow throw  
A melancholy grace:

While hope prolongs our happier hour;  
Or deepest shades, that dimly lower  
And blacken round our weary way,  
Gilds with a gleam of distant day.

Still, where rosy pleasure leads,  
See a kindred grief pursue;  
Behind the steps that misery treads  
Approaching comfort view:

The hues of bliss more brightly glow,  
Chastis'd by sabler tints of woe;  
And blended firm, with artful strife,  
For strength and harmony of life.

See the wretch, that long has tost  
On the thorny bed of pain,  
At length repair his vigour lost,  
And breathe, and walk again:

The meanest floweret of the vale,  
The simplest note that swells the gale,  
The common sun, the air, the skies,  
To him are opening paradise.

Humble quiet builds her cell  
Near the course where pleasure flows;  
She eyes the clear chrystalline well,  
And tastes it as it goes.

.....

## THE UNIVERSAL PRAYER.

FATHER of all ! in ev'ry age,  
In ev'ry clime, ador'd,  
By faint, by savage, and by sage,  
Jehovah, Jove, or Lord !

Thou great first-cause, least understood,  
Who all my sense confin'd,  
To know but this, that thou art good ;  
And that myself am blind.

Yet gave me, in this dark estate,  
To see the good from ill ;  
And, binding nature fast in fate,  
Left free the human will.

What conscience dictates to be done,  
Or warns me not to do,  
This, teach me more than Hell to shun,  
That, more than Heav'n pursue.

What blessings thy free bounty gives,  
Let me not cast away ;  
For God is paid when man receives ;  
T'enjoy is to obey.

Yet not to earth's contracted span  
Thy goodness let me bound,  
Or think thee Lord alone of man,  
When thousand worlds are round.

Let not this weak, unknowing hand,  
Presume thy bolts to throw,  
And deal damnation round the land  
On each I judge thy foe.

If I am right, thy grace impart,  
Still in the right to stay :  
If I am wrong, oh teach my heart  
To find that better way.

Save me alike from foolish pride,  
 Or impious discontent,  
 At ought thy wisdom has deny'd,  
 Or aught thy goodness lent.

Teach me to feel another's woe,  
 To hide the fault I see ;  
 That mercy I to others shew,  
 That mercy shew to me. .

Mean though I am, not wholly so,  
 Since quicken'd by thy breath ;  
 O lead me whereso'er I go,  
 Through this day's life or death.

This day, be bread and peace my lot :  
 All else beneath the sun,  
 Thou know'st if best bestow'd or not,  
 And let thy will be done.

To thee, whose temple is all space ;  
 Whose altar, earth, sea, skies !  
 One chorus let all beings raise !  
 All nature's incense rise !—

### THE HAPPY LIFE.

A Book, a friend, a song, a glass,  
 A chaste, yet laughter-loving lass,  
 To mortals various joys impart,  
 Inform the sense, and warm the heart.

Thrice happy they, who careless laid  
 Beneath a kind-embow'ring shade,  
 With rosy wreaths their temples crown,  
 In rosy wine their sorrows drown.

Meanwhile the muses wake the lyre,  
 The graces modest mirth inspire,  
 Good-natur'd humour, harmless wit ;  
 Well temper'd joys, nor grave, nor light,

Let sacred Venus with her heir,  
And dear IANTHE too be there.  
Music and wine in concert move  
With beauty, and refining love.

There PEACE shall spread her dove-like wing,  
And bid her olives round us spring.  
There TRUTH shall reign, a sacred guest!  
And INNOCENCE, to crown the rest.

Begone, AMBITION, riches, toys,  
And splendid cares, and guilty joys!—  
Give me a book, a friend, a glass,  
And a chaste, laughter-loving lass.

### INSCRIPTION

AT THE ENTRANCE OF A BURIAL GROUND FOR  
NEGRO SLAVES, IN A GROVE OF PIMENTO.

STRANGER! whoe'er thou art, with reverence  
tread,

Lo! these, the silent mansions of the dead!  
His life of labour o'er, the wearied slave  
Here finds, at length, soft quiet in the grave:  
View not, with proud disdain, th' unsculptur'd heap,  
Where injur'd innocence forgets to weep,  
Not idly deem, although not here are found  
The solemn aisle and consecrated ground,  
The spot less sacred:—o'er the turf-built shrine,  
Where virtue sleeps, resides the power divine.

### CONTENT.

O'ER moorlands and mountains, rude, barren,  
and bare,

As wilder'd and weary'd, I roam,  
A gentle young shepherdess sees my despair,  
And leads me—o'er lawns—to her home:

Yellow sheaves from rich Ceres her cottage had  
crown'd,

Green rushes were strew'd on her floor,  
Her casement, sweet woodbines crept wantonly  
round,

And deck'd the sod seats at the door.

We sat ourselves down to a cooling repast,  
Fresh fruits! and she cull'd me the best;  
While thrown from my guard, by some glances she  
cast,

Love flily stole into my breast!  
I told my soft wishes; she sweetly reply'd,  
(Ye virgins, her voice was divine!)  
I've rich ones rejected, and great ones deny'd,  
But take me, fond shepherd—I'm thine.

Her air was so modest, her aspect so meek!  
So simple, yet sweet, were her charms!  
I kiss'd the ripe roses that glow'd on her cheek,  
And lock'd the dear maid in my arms.  
Now jocund together we tend a few sheep,  
And if, by yon prattle, the stream,  
Reclin'd on her bosom, I sink into sleep,  
Her image still softens my dream.

Together we range o'er the slow rising hills,  
Delighted with pastoral views,  
Or rest on the rock whence the streamlet distils,  
And point out new themes for my muse.  
To pomp or proud titles she ne'er did aspire,  
The damsel's of humble descent;  
The cottager, PEACE, is well known for her fire,  
And shepherds have nam'd her CONTENT.

---

### THIRST.

OLD earth, when in a tippling vein,  
Drinks torrents of ambrosial rain,  
Which the tall trees, by heat oppress'd,  
Drink from her kind maternal breast:



Left angry ocean should be dry,  
 The river gods their stores supply :  
 The monarch of the glowing day  
 Drinks large potations from the sea :  
 And the pale empress of the night  
 Drinks from his orb propitious light :  
 All—all things drink—abstemious sage !  
 Why should not we our thirst assuage ?

---

### THE COUNTRY CLERGYMAN.

**N**EAR yonder copse, where once the garden smil'd,  
 And still where many a garden flower grows wild ;  
 There, where a few torn shrubs the place disclose,  
 The village preacher's modest mansion rose.  
 A man he was, to all the country dear,  
 And passing rich with forty pounds a-year ;  
 Remote from towns he ran his godly race,  
 Nor e'er had chang'd, nor wish'd to change his place ;  
 Unskilful he to fawn, or seek for power,  
 By doctrines fashion'd to the varying hour ;  
 Far other aims his heart had learn'd to prize,  
 More bent to raise the wretched than to rise.  
 His house was known to all the vagrant train,  
 He chid their wand'rings, but reliev'd their pain ;  
 The long-remember'd beggar was his guest,  
 Whose beard descending swept his aged breast ;  
 The ruin'd spendthrift, now no longer proud,  
 Claim'd kindred there, and had his claims allow'd ;  
 The broken soldier, kindly bid to stay,  
 Sat by his fire, and talk'd the night away ;  
 Wept o'er his wounds, or, tales of sorrow done,  
 Shoulder'd his crutch, and show'd how fields were won.  
 Pleas'd with his guests, the good man learn'd to glow,  
 And quite forgot their vices in their woe ;  
 Careless their merits, on their faults to scan,  
 His pity gave ere charity began.

Thus to relieve the wretched was his pride,  
 And ev'n his failings lean'd to VIRTUE's side;  
 But in his duty prompt at every call,  
 He watch'd and wept, he pray'd and felt for all.  
 And, as a bird each fond endearment tries,  
 To tempt its new-fledg'd offspring to the skies,  
 He try'd each art, reprov'd each dull delay,  
 Allur'd to brighter worlds, and led the way.

Beside the bed where parting life was laid,  
 And sorrow, guilt, and pain by turns dismay'd,  
 The rev'rend champion stood. At his controul  
 Despair and anguish fled the struggling soul;  
 Comfort came down the trembling wretch to raise,  
 And his last fault'ring accents whisper'd praise.

At church, with meek and unaffected grace,  
 His looks adorn'd the venerable place;  
 Truth from his lips prevail'd with double sway,  
 And fools, who came to scoff, remain'd to pray.  
 The service past, around the pious man,  
 With ready zeal, each honest rustic ran;  
 Ev'n children follow'd with endearing wile,  
 And pluck'd his gown, to share the good man's smile.  
 His ready smile a parent's warmth express'd,  
 Their welfare pleas'd him, and their cares distress;  
 To them his heart, his love, his griefs were giv'n,  
 But all his serious thoughts had rest in Heaven.  
 As some tall cliff that lifts its awful form,  
 Swells from the vale, and midway leaves the storm,  
 Though round its breast the rolling clouds are spread,  
 Eternal sunshine settles on its head.

---

## SOURCES OF LIFE AND DEATH.

### AN EPIGRAM.

**T**HE vital vigor of the human frame,  
 Melts down in death, in women and in wine;  
 Of life and death the sources are the same,  
 In these they rise, and in the same decline.

BEAUTY.

THE BEAUTY which the gods bestow,  
Did they but give it for a show?

No—'twas lent thee from above,  
To shed its lustre o'er thy face,  
And with its pure and native grace  
To charm the soul to LOVE.

The flaunting sun, whose western beams,  
This evening drink of ocean's streams,

To-morrow springs to light;  
But when thy BEAUTY sets, my fair,  
No morrow shall its beam repair,  
'Tis all eternal night.

See too, my love, the virgin rose,  
How sweet, how bashfully it blows

Beneath the vernal skies!  
How soon it blooms in full display,  
Its bosom opening to the day,  
Then withers, shrinks, and dies.

Of mortal life's declining hour,  
Such is the leaf, the bud, the flow'r;

Then crop the rose in time.  
Be blest and blest, and kind impart  
The just return of heart for heart,  
Ere love becomes a crime.

To pleasure then, my charmer, haste,  
And ere thy youth begins to waste,

Ere BEAUTY dims its ray,  
The proffer'd gift of love employ,  
Improve each moment into joy,  
Be happy whilst you may.

## INDEPENDENCE.

**T**HY spirit, INDEPENDENCE, let me share,  
 Lord of the lion-heart and eagle-eye,  
 Thy steps I follow with my bosom bare,  
 Nor heed the storm that howls along the sky.  
 Deep in the frozen regions of the north,  
 A goddess violated brought thee forth,  
 Immortal LIBERTY, whose looks sublime  
 Hath bleach'd the tyrant's cheek in every varying  
 clime.

What time the iron-hearted Gaul  
 With frantic superstition for his guide,  
 Arm'd with the dagger and the pall,  
 The sons of Woden to the field defy'd :  
 The ruthless hag, by Weser's flood,  
 In heaven's name urg'd the infernal blow ;  
 And red the stream began to flow :  
 The vanquish'd were baptiz'd with blood !

The Saxon prince in horror fled  
 From altars stain'd with human gore ;  
 And LIBERTY his routed legions led  
 In safety to the bleak Norwegian shore.  
 There in a cave a-sleep she lay,  
 Lulled by the hoarse-reshounding main ;  
 When a bold savage past that way,  
 Impell'd by destiny, his name DISDAIN.  
 Of ample front the portly chief appear'd :  
 The hunted bear supply'd a shaggy vest ;  
 The drifted snow hung on his yellow beard ;  
 And his broad shoulders brav'd the furious blast.  
 He stopt :—He gaz'd ;—his bosom glow'd,  
 And deeply felt the impresson of her charms :  
 He seiz'd the advantage fate allow'd :  
 And straight compress'd her in his vigorous  
 arms.

The curlew scream'd, the tritons blew  
 Their shells to celebrate the ravish'd rite ;  
 Old Time exulted as he flew ;  
 And INDEPENDENCE saw the light.  
 The light he saw in Albion's happy plains,  
 Where under cover of a flowering thorn,  
 While Philomel renew'd her warbled strains,  
 The auspicious fruit of stol'n embrace was born—  
 The mountain dryads seized with joy,  
 The smiling infant to their charge consign'd ;  
 The Doric muse carefs'd the favourite boy ;  
 The hermit WISDOM stor'd his opening mind.  
 As rolling years matured his age,  
 He flourish'd bold and finewy as his fire ;  
 While the mild passions in his breast assuage  
 The fiercer flames of his maternal fire.  
 Accomplished thus, he winged his way,  
 And zealous roved from pole to pole,  
 The rolls of right eternal to display,  
 And warm with patriot thoughts the aspiring  
 soul,  
 On desert isles 'twas he that rais'd  
 Those spires that gild the Adriatic wave,  
 Where tyranny beheld, amaz'd,  
 Fair FREEDOM's temple, where he mark'd her  
 grave.  
 He steel'd the blunt Batavian's arms  
 To burst the Iberian's double chain ;  
 And cities rear'd, and planted farms,  
 Won from the skirts of Neptune's wide domain.  
 He, with the generous rustics, fate,  
 On Uri's rocks in close divan ;  
 And winged that arrow, sure as fate,  
 Which ascertain'd the sacred RIGHTS OF MAN.  
 Arabia's scorching sands he cross'd,  
 Where blasted nature pants supine,  
 Conductor of her tribes a-dust,  
 To FREEDOM's adamantine shrine ;

And many a Tartar horde forlorn, aghast !  
 He snatch'd from under fell oppression's wing ;  
 And taught, amidst the dreary waste,  
 The all-cheering hymns of LIBERTY to sing.  
 He VIRTUE finds, like precious ore,  
 Diffus'd through every baser mould,  
 Even now he stands on Calvi's rocky shore,  
 And turns the dross of Corsica to gold ;  
 He, guardian genius, taught my youth  
 Pomp's tinsel livery to despise :  
 My lips by him chastised to TRUTH,  
 Ne'er paid that homage which my heart denies.  
 Those sculptur'd halls my feet shall never tread,  
 Where varnish'd VICE and VANITY combin'd,  
 To dazzle and seduce, their banners spread ;  
 And forge vile shackles for the free-born mind.  
 While INSOLENCE his wrinkled front uprears,  
 And all the flowers of spurious fancy blow ;  
 And TITLE his ill-woven chaplet wears,  
 Full often wreathed around the miscreant's  
 brow ;  
 Where ever-dimpling FALSEHOOD, pert and  
 vain,  
 Presents her cup of state profession's froth ;  
 And pale DISEASE, with all his bloated train,  
 Torments the sons of GLUTTONY and SLOTH.  
 In fortune's car, behold that minion ride,  
 With either India's glittering spoils oppress'd,  
 So moves the sumpter-mule, in harness'd pride,  
 That bears the treasure which he cannot taste.  
 For him let venal bards disgrace the bay,  
 And hireling minstrels wake the tinkling string ;  
 Her sensual snares let faithless pleasure lay ;  
 And jingling bells fantastic folly ring ;  
 Disquiet, doubt, and dread shall intervene ;  
 And nature, still to all her feelings just,  
 In vengeance hang a damp on every scene,  
 Shook from the baleful pinions of disgust.



NATURE I'll court in her sequester'd haunts,  
By mountain, meadow, streamlet, grove, or cell;  
Where the pois'd lark his evening ditty chaunts,  
And HEALTH, and PEACE, and CONTEMPLA-  
TION dwell.

There STUDY shall with SOLITUDE recline;  
And FRIENDSHIP pledge me to his fellow-  
swains;

And TOIL and TEMPERANCE sedately twine  
The slender cord that fluttering life sustains:  
And fearless POVERTY shall guard the door;  
And TASTE unspoiled the frugal table spread;  
And INDUSTRY supply the humble store;  
And SLEEP, unbribed, his dews refreshing shed:  
White-mantled INNOCENCE, ætherial sprite,  
Shall chase far off the goblins of the night:  
And INDEPENDENCE o'er the day preside,  
Propitious power! my patron and my pride.

---

DAY.

MORNING.

IN the barn the tenant cock,  
Close to Partlet perch'd on high,  
Briskly crows, (the shepherd's clock!)  
Jocund that the morning's nigh.

Swiftly from the mountain's brow,  
Shadows, nurs'd by night, retire:  
And the peeping sun-beam, now,  
Paints with gold the village spire.

Philomel forfakes the thorn,  
Plaintive where she prates at night;  
And the lark, to meet the morn,  
Soars beyond the shepherd's sight.

From the low-roof'd cottage ridge,  
See the chatt'ring swallow spring;  
Darting through the one-arch'd bridge,  
Quick she dips her dappled wing.

Now the pine-tree's waving top  
Gently greets the morning gale!  
Kidlings, now, begin to crop  
Daisies in the dewy dale.

From the balmy sweets, uncloy'd,  
(Restless till her task be done)  
Now, the busy bee's employ'd  
Sipping dew before the sun.

Trickling through the crevic'd rock,  
Where the limpid stream distills,  
Sweet refreshment waits the flock  
When 'tis sun-drove from the hills.

Colin, for the promis'd corn  
(Ere the harvest hopes are ripe)  
Anxious, hears the huntsman's horn,  
Boldly founding, drown his pipe.

Sweet,—O sweet, the warbling throng,  
On the white emblossom'd spray!  
Nature's universal song  
Echoes to the rising day.

## NOON.

Fervid on the glitt'ring flood,  
Now, the noon-tide radiance glows:  
Drooping o'er its infant bud,  
Not a dew-drop's left the rose.

By the brook the shepherd dines;  
From the fierce meridian heat  
Shelter'd, by the branching pines,  
Pendent o'er his grassy seat.

Now the flock forsakes the glade,  
Where, uncheck'd the sun-beams fall;  
Sure to find a pleasing shade  
By the ivy'd Abbey wall.

Echo in her airy round,  
O'er the river, rock, and hill,  
Cannot catch a single sound,  
Save the clack of yonder mill.

Cattle court the zephyrs bland,  
Where the streamlet wanders cool;  
Or with languid silence stand  
Midway in the marshy pool.

But from mountain, dell, or stream,  
Not a flutt'ring zephyr springs:  
Fearful lest the noon-tide beam  
Scorch its soft, its silken wings.

Not a leaf has leave to stir,  
Nature's lull'd—serene—and still!  
Quiet e'en the shepherd's cur,  
Sleeping on the heath-clad hill.

Languid is the landscape round,  
Till the fresh descending shower,  
Grateful to the thirsty ground,  
Raises ev'ry fainting flower.

Now the hill—the hedge—is green,  
Now the warblers' throats in tune!  
Blithsome is the verdant scene,  
Brighten'd by the beams of noon!

EVENING.

O'er the heath the heifer strays  
Free,—(the furrow'd task is done)  
Now the village windows blaze,  
Burnish'd by the setting sun.

Now he hides behind the hill,  
Sinking from a golden sky:  
Can the pencil's mimic skill,  
Copy the refulgent dye?

Trudging as the ploughmen go,  
(To the smoking hamlet bound)  
Giant-like their shadows grow,  
Lengthen'd o'er the level ground.

Where the rising forest spreads,  
Shelter for the lordly dome!  
To their high-built airy beds,  
See the rooks returning home!

As the lark with vary'd tune,  
Carols to the evening loud;  
Mark the mild resplendent moon,  
Breaking through a parted cloud!

Now the hermit howlet peeps  
From the barn, or twisted brake:  
And the blue mist slowly creeps,  
Curling on the silver lake.

As the trout, in speckled pride,  
Playful from its bosom springs;  
To the banks, a ruffled tide  
Verges in successive rings.

Tripping through the filken grass,  
O'er the path-divided dale,  
Mark the rose complexion'd lass,  
With her well-pois'd milking pail.

Linnets, with unnumber'd notes,  
And the cuckoo-bird with two,  
Tuning sweet their mellow throats,  
Bid the setting sun adieu.

## THE COUNTRY-BOX.

THE wealthy cit, grown old in trade,

Now wishes for the rural shade,  
And buckles to his one-horse chair,  
Old *Dobbin*, or the founder'd mare;  
While wedg'd in closely by his side,  
Sits Madam, his unwieldy bride,  
With *Jacky* on a stool before 'em,  
And out they jog in due decorum.  
Scarce past the turnpike half a mile,  
How all the country seems to smile!  
And as they slowly jog together,  
The Cit commends the road and weather;  
While Madam doats upon the trees,  
And longs for ev'ry house she sees;  
Admires its views, its situation,  
And thus she opens her oration:

What signify the loads of wealth,  
Without that richest jewel, health?  
Excuse the fondness of a wife,  
Who doats upon your precious life!  
Such ceaseless toil, such constant care,  
Is more than human strength can bear!  
One may observe it in your face—  
Indeed, my dear, you break apace:  
And nothing can your health repair,  
But exercise and country air;  
*Sir Traffic* has a house, you know,  
About a mile from *Cheney-Row*;  
He's a *good* man, indeed 'tis true,  
But not so *warm*, my dear, as you:  
And folks are always apt to sneer—  
One would not be out-done my dear!

Sir Traffic's name so well apply'd,  
Awak'd his brother-merchant's pride,  
And *Thrifty*, who had all his life  
Paid utmost deference to his wife,  
Confess'd her argument had reason,  
And b' th' approaching summer season,

Draws a few hundreds from the stocks,  
And purchases his country-box.  
Some three or four miles out of town,  
(An hour's ride will bring you down,)  
He fixes on his choice abode,  
Not half a furlong from the road:  
And so convenient does it lay,  
The stages pass it ev'ry day:  
And then so snug, so mighty pretty,  
To have a house so near the city!  
Take but your places at the Boar,  
You're set down at the very door.

Well, then, suppose them fix'd at last,  
White-washing, painting, scrubbing past,  
Hugging themselves in ease and clover,  
With all the fufs of moving over;  
Lo! a new heap of whims are bred,  
And wanton in my lady's head.

Well, to be sure it must be own'd,  
It is a charming spot of ground;  
So sweet a distance for a ride,  
And all about so *countrified*!  
'Twould come but to a trifling price  
To make it quite a paradise.  
I cannot bear those nasty rails,  
Those ugly broken mouldy pales:  
Suppose, my dear, instead of these,  
We build a railing, all Chinese:  
Although one hates to be expos'd;  
'Tis dismal to be thus enclos'd;  
One hardly any object sees—  
I wish you'd fell those odious trees.  
Objects continual passing by  
Were something to amuse the eye;  
But to be pent within the walls—  
One might as well be at St. Paul's.  
Our house, beholders would adore,  
Was there a level lawn before,  
Nothing its views to incommode,  
But quite laid open to the road!



While ev'ry trav'ller in amaze,  
Should on our little mansion gaze,  
And pointing to the choice retreat,  
Cry, that's *Sir Thrifty's* country seat.  
No doubt her arguments prevail,  
For Madam's TASTE can never fail.

Blest age! when all men may procure,  
The title of a connoisseur;  
When noble and ignoble herd,  
Are govern'd by a single word;  
Though, like the royal German dames,  
It bears an hundred christian names;  
As genius, fancy, judgment, *goût*,  
Whim, caprice, *jè-ne-scai-quoi*, *virtù*;  
Which appellations all describe  
TASTE, and the modern *tasteful* tribe.

Now, bricklay'rs, carpenters, and joiners,  
With Chinese artists, and designers,  
Produce their schemes of alteration,  
To work this wond'rous reformation.  
The useful dome, which secret stood,  
Embosom'd in the yew-tree's wood,  
The trav'ller with amazement sees  
A temple, Gothic, or Chinese,  
With many a bell, and tawdry rag on,  
And crested with a sprawling dragon;  
A wooden arch is bent astride  
A ditch of water, four feet wide,  
With angles, curves, and zigzag lines,  
From Halfpenny's exact designs.  
In front, a level lawn is seen,  
Without a shrub upon the green,  
Where taste would want its first great law,  
But for the skulking, sly *ha-ha*,  
By whose miraculous assistance,  
You gain a prospect two-fields distance.  
And now from Hyde-Park corner come  
The gods of Athens and of Rome.  
Here squabby Cupids take their places,  
With Venus, and the clumsy Graces:

Apollo there, with aim so clever,  
 Stretches his leaden bow for ever;  
 And there, without the pow'r to fly,  
 Stands fix'd, a tip-toe Mercury.

The villa thus completely grac'd,  
 All own that *Thrifty* has a taste;  
 And Madam's female friends, and cousins,  
 With common-council-men, by dozens,  
 Flock every Sunday to the seat,  
 To stare about them, and to eat.

---

### ODE TO MIRTH.

PARENT of joy! heart-easing MIRTH!

Whether of Venus or Aurora born;  
 Yet goddess sure of heavenly birth,  
 Visit benign a son of grief forlorn:  
 Thy glittering colours gay,  
 Around him MIRTH display:  
 And o'er his raptur'd sense  
 Diffuse thy living influence:

So shall each hill in purer green array'd,  
 And flower adorn'd in new-born beauty glow.

The grove shall smooth the horrors of the shade,  
 And streams in murmurs shall forget to flow.  
 Shine, goddess, shine with unremitted ray,  
 And gild (a second sun) with brighter beam our  
 day.

Labour with thee forgets his pain,  
 And aged poverty can smile with thee,  
 If thou be nigh, grief's hate is vain,  
 And weak th' uplifted arm of tyranny.

The morning opes on high  
 His universal eye;  
 And on the world doth pour  
 His glories in a golden shower,

Lo! darkness trembling 'fore the hostile ray  
 Shrinks to the cavern deep and wood forlorn:

The brood obscene, that own her gloomy sway,  
 Troop in her rear and fly th' approach of morn.

Pale shivering ghosts, that dread th' all-cheering  
light,  
Quick, as the lightnings flash, glide to sepulchral  
night.

But whence the gladdening beam  
That pours his purple stream

O'er the long prospect wide?

'Tis MIRTH. I see her sit

In majesty of light,

With laughter at her side.

Bright-ey'd FANCY hovering near,  
Wide waves her glancing wing in air;  
And young WIT flings his pointed dart,  
That guiltless strikes the willing heart.

Fear not now affliction's power,

Fear not now wild passion's rage,

Nor fear ye aught in evil hour,

Save the tardy hand of age.

NOW MIRTH hath heard the suppliant poet's prayer,  
No cloud that rides the blast shall vex the troubled air.

## THE VILLAGE SCHOOLMASTER.

BESIDE yon straggling fence that skirts the way,  
With blossom'd furze, unprofitably gay,  
There, in his noisy mansion, skill'd to rule,  
The village master taught his little school;  
A man severe he was, and stern to view,  
I knew him well, and every truant knew;  
Well had the boding tremblers learn'd to trace  
The day's disasters in his morning face,  
Full well they laugh'd with counterfeited glee  
At all his jokes, for many a joke had he;  
Full well the busy whisper circling round,  
Convey'd the dismal tidings when he frown'd;  
Yet he was kind, or if severe in aught,  
The love he bore to learning was in fault;

The village all declar'd how much he knew;  
 'Twas certain he could write, and cypher too;  
 Lands he could measure, terms and tides presage,  
 And even the story ran that he could guage:  
 In arguing too, the parson own'd his skill,  
 For even though vanquish'd he could argue fill;  
 While words of learned length, and thund'ring sound,  
 Amaz'd the gazing rustics rang'd around,  
 And still they gaz'd, and still the wonder grew,  
 That one small head could carry all he knew.  
 But past is all his fame.—The very spot,  
 Where many a time he triumph'd, is forgot.

---

### ON A BEAUTIFUL YOUTH,

STRUCK BLIND BY LIGHTNING.

SURE 'twas by providence design'd,  
 Rather in pity than in hate,  
 That he should be like Cupid blind,  
 To save him from Narcissus' fate.

---

### SWEETNESS.

OF damask cheeks, and radiant eyes,  
 Let other poets tell;  
 Within the bosom of the fair  
 Superior beauties dwell.  
 There all the sprightly pow'rs of wit  
 In blythe assemblage play;  
 There ev'ry social virtue sheds  
 Its intellectual ray.  
 But as the sun's refulgent light  
 Heav'n's wide expanse refines;  
 With sov'reign lustre through the soul  
 Celestial sweetness shines.

This mental beam dilates the heart,  
 And sparkles in the face;  
 It harmonizes every thought,  
 And heightens every grace.

One glimpse can sooth the troubled breast,  
 The heaving sigh restrain!  
 Can make the bed of sickness please,  
 And stop the sense of pain.

Its power can charm the savage heart,  
 The tyrant's pity move:  
 To smiles convert the wildest rage,  
 And melt the soul to love.

When sweetness beams upon the throne,  
 In majesty benign,  
 The awful splendors of a crown  
 With milder lustre shine.

In scenes of poverty and woe,  
 Where melancholy dwells,  
 The influence of this living ray  
 The dreary gloom dispels:

Thus, when the blooming spring returns  
 To cheer the mournful plains,  
 Through earth and air, with genial warmth,  
 Ethereal mildness reigns.

Beneath its bright, auspicious beams,  
 No boisterous passions rise;  
 Moroseness quits the peaceful scene,  
 And baleful discord flies.

A thousand nameless beauties spring,  
 A thousand virtues glow;  
 A smiling train of joys appear,  
 And endless blessings flow.

Unbounded charity displays  
 Her sympathizing charms;  
 And friendship's pure seraphic flame,  
 The gen'rous bosom warms.

Almighty love exerts his power,  
And spreads with secret art  
A soft sensation through the frame,  
A transport through the heart.

Nor shall the storms of age, which cloud  
Each gleam of sensual joy,  
And blast the gaudy flower's pride,  
These blest effects destroy.

When that fair form shall sink in years,  
And all those graces fly,  
The beauty of thy heavenly mind  
Shall length of days defy.

---

### CUPID DROWN'D.

AS I wove with wanton care,  
Filletts for a virgin's hair,  
Culling for my fond design,  
What the fields had fresh and fine ;  
CUPID,—and I mark'd him well,  
Hid him in a cowslip bell ;  
While he plumb'd a pointed dart,  
Fated to inflame the heart.

Glowing with malicious joy,  
Sudden I secur'd the boy ;  
And, regardless of his cries,  
Bore the little frightened prize  
Where the mighty goblet flood,  
Teeming with a rosy flood.

Urchin, in my rage, I cry'd,  
What avails thy saucy pride ?  
From thy busy vengeance free,  
Triumph now belongs to me !  
Thus—I drown thee in my cup ;  
Thus—in wine I drink thee up.



Fatal was the nectar'd draught,  
 That to murder love I quaff'd,  
 O'er my bosom's fond domains,  
 Now the cruel tyrant reigns :  
 On my heart's most tender strings,  
 Striking with his wanton wings,  
 I'm for ever doom'd to prove  
 All the insolence of LOVE.

---

### CARE AND GENEROSITY.

OLD CARE with industry and art  
 At length so well had play'd his part,  
 He heap'd up such an ample store,  
 That av'rice could not sigh for more :  
 Ten thousand flocks his shepherd told,  
 His coffers overflow'd with gold ;  
 The land all round him was his own,  
 With corn his crowded granaries groan.  
 In short, so vast his charge and gain,  
 That to possess them was a pain :  
 With happiness oppress'd he lies,  
 And much too prudent to be wise.  
 Near him there liv'd a beauteous maid,  
 With all the charms of youth array'd ;  
 Good, amiable, sincere, and free ;  
 Her name was GÈNEROSITY.  
 'Twas her's the largesse to bestow  
 On rich and poor, on friend and foe.  
 Her doors to all were open'd wide,  
 The pilgrim there might safe abide :  
 For th' hungry and the thirsty crew,  
 The bread she broke, the drink she drew ;  
 There sickness laid her aching head,  
 And there distress could find a bed.

Each hour, with an all-bounteous hand,  
 Diffus'd the blessings round the land :  
 Her gifts and glory lasted long,  
 And numerous was th' accepting throng.  
 At length pale penury seiz'd the dame,  
 And fortune fled, and ruin came ;  
 She found her riches at an end,  
 And that she had not made one friend.  
 All curs'd her for not giving more,  
 Nor thought on what she'd done before :  
 She wept, she rav'd, she tore her hair,  
 When, lo ! to comfort her came CARE ;  
 And cry'd, my dear, if you will join  
 Your hand in nuptial bonds with mine,  
 All will be well—you shall have store,  
 And I be plagu'd with wealth no more.  
 Though I restrain your bounteous heart,  
 You still shall act the generous part.  
 The bridal came—great was the feast,  
 And good the pudding and the priest.  
 The bride in nine moons brought him forth  
 A little maid of matchless worth :  
 Her face was mix'd of care and glee ;  
 They christen'd her ÆCONOMY,  
 And styl'd her fair discretion's queen,  
 The mistress of the golden mean.  
 Now GENEROSITY confin'd,  
 Perfectly easy in her mind,  
 Still loves to give, yet knows to spare,  
 Nor wishes to be free from CARE.

---

### EDWIN AND ANGELINA.

“ **T**URN, gentle hermit of the dale,  
 “ And guide my lonely way,  
 “ To where yon taper cheers the vale  
 “ With hospitable ray.

“ For here forlorn and lost I tread,  
 “ With fainting steps and slow;  
 “ Where wilds, immeasurably spread,  
 “ Seem length’ning as I go.”

‘ Forbear, my son,’ the hermit cries,  
 ‘ To tempt the dangerous gloom;  
 ‘ For yonder faithless phantom flies  
 ‘ To lure thee to thy doom.

‘ Here, to the house-less child of want,  
 ‘ My door is open still;  
 ‘ And though my portion is but scant,  
 ‘ I give it with good-will.

‘ Then turn to-night, and freely share  
 ‘ Whate’er my cell bestows;  
 ‘ My rushy couch and frugal fare,  
 ‘ My blessing and repose.

‘ No flocks that range the valley free,  
 ‘ To slaughter I condemn:  
 ‘ Taught by that power that pities me,  
 ‘ I learn to pity them:

‘ But from the mountain’s grassy side  
 ‘ A guiltless feast I bring;  
 ‘ A scrip with herbs and fruits supply’d,  
 ‘ And water from the spring.

‘ Then, pilgrim, turn, thy cares forego;  
 ‘ All earth-born cares are wrong:  
 ‘ Man wants but little here below,  
 ‘ Nor wants that little long.’

Soft as the dew from heav’n descends,  
 His gentle accents fell!  
 The modest stranger lowly bends,  
 And follows to the cell.

Far in a wilderness obscure  
 The lonely mansion lay;  
 A refuge to the neighb’ring poor,  
 And strangers led astray.

No stores beneath its humble thatch  
Requir'd a master's care ;  
The wicket, op'ning with a latch,  
Receiv'd the harmless pair.

And now, when busy crowds retire  
To take their evening rest,  
The hermit trimm'd his little fire,  
And cheer'd his pensive guest!

And spread his vegetable store,  
And gaily prest and smil'd ;  
And, skill'd in legendary lore,  
The ling'ring hours beguil'd.

Around in sympathetic mirth,  
Its tricks the kitten tries ;  
The cricket chirrups in the hearth,  
The crackling faggot flies.

But nothing could a charm impart  
To sooth the stranger's woe ,  
For grief was heavy at his heart,  
And tears began to flow.

His rising cares the hermit spy'd,  
With answering care oppress :  
' And whence, unhappy youth ! ' he cry'd,  
' The sorrows of thy breast ?

' From better habitations spurn'd,  
' Reluctant dost thou rove :  
' Or grieve for friendship unreturn'd,  
' Or unregarded love ?

' Alas ! the joys that fortune brings,  
' Are trifling and decay ;  
' And those who prize the paltry things,  
' More trifling still than they.

' And what is friendship but a name,  
' A charm that lulls to sleep ;  
' A shade that follows wealth or fame,  
' And leaves the wretch to weep ?

‘ And love is still an emptier sound,  
 ‘ The modern fair-one’s jest :  
 ‘ On earth unseen, or only found  
 ‘ To warm the turtle’s nest.  
 ‘ For shame ! fond youth, thy sorrows hush,  
 ‘ And spurn the sex,’ he said :  
 But while he spake, a rising blush  
 His love-lorn guest betray’d.

Surpriz’d he sees new beauties rise,  
 Swift mantling to the view ;  
 Like colours o’er the morning skies,  
 As bright,—as transient too.

The bashful look, the rising breast,  
 Alternate spread alarms :  
 The lovely stranger stands confess’d  
 A maid in all her charms.

“ And, ah, forgive a stranger rude,  
 “ A wretch forlorn,” she cry’d,  
 “ Whose feet unhallow’d thus intrude  
 “ Where heav’n and you reside.

“ But let a maid thy pity share,  
 “ Whom love has taught to stray ;  
 “ Who seeks for rest, but finds despair  
 “ Companion of her way.

“ My father liv’d beside the Tyne,  
 “ A wealthy lord was he ;  
 “ And all his wealth was mark’d as mine,  
 “ He had but only me.

“ To win me from his tender arms,  
 “ Unnumber’d suitors came ;  
 “ Who prais’d me for imputed charms,  
 “ And felt, or feign’d a flame,

“ Each hour a mercenary crowd  
 “ With richest proffers strove :  
 “ Among the rest young EDWIN bow’d,  
 “ But never talk’d of love.

- “ In humble, simplest habit clad,  
“ No wealth or power had he ;  
“ WISDOM and WORTH were all he had,  
“ But these were all to me.
- “ The blossom opening to the day,  
“ The dews of heav’n refin’d,  
“ Could nought of purity display,  
“ To emulate his mind.
- “ The dew, the blossom on the tree,  
“ With charms inconstant shine ;  
“ Their charms were his, but, woe to me !  
“ Their constancy was mine.
- “ For still I try’d each fickle art,  
“ Importunate and vain :  
“ And, while his passion touch’d my heart,  
“ I triumph’d in his pain :
- “ Till, quite dejected with my scorn,  
“ He left me to my pride ;  
“ And sought a solitude forlorn,  
“ In secret, where he dy’d.
- “ But mine the sorrow, mine the fault,  
“ And well my life shall pay ;  
“ I’ll seek the solitude he sought,  
“ And stretch me where he lay.—
- “ And there forlorn, despairing hid,  
“ I’ll lay me down and die ;  
“ ’Twas so for me that EDWIN did,  
“ And so for him will I.”
- ‘ Forbid it, heav’n !’ the hermit cry’d,  
And clasp’d her to his breast :  
The wond’ring fair-one turn’d to chide,  
‘Twas EDWIN’s self that prest.
- ‘ Turn, ANGELINA, ever dear,  
‘ My charmer, turn to see  
‘ Thy own, thy long-lost EDWIN here,  
‘ Restor’d to love and thee.



- ‘ Thus let me hold thee to my heart,  
‘ And ev’ry care resign !
- ‘ And shall we never, never part,  
‘ My life—my all that’s mine ?
- ‘ No ; never from this hour to part,  
‘ We’ll live and love so true,
- ‘ The sigh that rends thy constant heart,  
‘ Shall break thy EDWIN’s too.’

---

### THE PIG.

IN every age, and each profession,  
Men err the most by prepossession ;  
But when the thing is clearly shown,  
And fairly stated, fully known,  
We soon applaud what we deride,  
And penitence succeeds to pride.—  
A certain baron on a day,  
Having a mind to show away,  
Invited all the wits and wags,  
FOOTE, MASSEY, SHUTER, YATES and SKEGGS,  
And built a large commodious stage,  
For the choice spirits of the age ;  
But above all, among the rest,  
There came a genius, who profess’d  
To have a curious trick in store,  
Which never was perform’d before.  
Through all the town this soon got air,  
And the whole house was like a fair ;  
But soon his entry as he made,  
Without a prompter or parade,  
’Twas all expectance, all suspense,  
And silence gag’d the audience.  
He hid his head behind his wig,  
And with such truth took off a PIG,  
All swore ’twas serious, and no joke ;  
For doubtless underneath his cloak

He had conceal'd some grunting elf,  
Or was a real HOG himself.  
A search was made, no PIG was found—  
With thund'ring claps the seats resound,  
And pit, and box, and galleries roar,  
With—O rare! bravo! and encore!  
Old ROGER GROUSE, a country clown,  
Who yet knew something of the town,  
Beheld the mimic and his whim,  
And on the morrow challeng'd him,  
Declaring to each beau and bunter,  
That he'd out-grunt th' egregious grunter.  
The morrow came—the crowd was greater—  
But prejudice and rank ill-nature  
Usurp'd the mind of men and wenches,  
Who came to hiss, and break the benches;  
The mimic took his usual station,  
And squeak'd with general approbation.  
Again, encore! encore! they cry—  
'Twas quite the thing—'twas very high:  
Old GROUSE conceal'd amidst the racket,  
A real PIG beneath his jacket—  
Then forth he came—and with his nail  
He pinch'd the urchin by the tail.  
The tortur'd PIG from out his throat  
Produc'd the genuine nat'ral note.  
All bellow'd out—'twas very sad!  
Sure never stuff was half so bad!  
That like a PIG?—each cry'd in scoff,  
Pshaw! nonsense! blockhead! off! off! off!  
The mimic was extoll'd, and GROUSE  
Was hiss'd and cat-call'd from the house—  
“Soft ye, a word before I go,”  
Quoth honest Hodge—and stooping low,  
Produc'd the PIG, and thus aloud  
Bespoke the stupid, partial crowd:  
“Behold, and learn from this poor creature,  
“How much you CRITICS know of nature.”

## PALEMÓN AND LAVÍNIA.

**S**OON as the morning trembles o'er the sky,  
 And, unperceiv'd, unfolds the spreading day,  
 Before the ripen'd field the reapers stand  
 In fair array, each by the lass he loves,  
 To bear the rougher part, and mitigate,  
 By nameless gentle offices, her toil.  
 At once they stoop, and swell the lusty sheaves,  
 While through their cheerful band the rural talk,  
 The rural scandal, and the rural jest,  
 Fly harmless, to deceive the tedious time,  
 And steal, unfelt, the sultry hours away.  
 Behind the master walks, builds up the shocks,  
 And, conscious, glancing oft on every side  
 His fated eye, feels his heart heave with joy.  
 The gleaners spread around, and here and there,  
 Spike after spike, their scanty harvest pick.  
 Be not too narrow, husbandmen ! but fling  
 From the full sheaf, with charitable stealth,  
 The lib'ral handful. Think, oh, grateful, think !  
 How good the God of harvest is to you,  
 Who pours abundance o'er your flowing fields ;  
 While these unhappy partners of your kind,  
 Wide hover round you like the fowls of heaven,  
 And ask their humble dole. The various turns  
 Of fortune ponder ; that your sons may want  
 What now, with hard reluctance, faint ye give.

The lovely young LAVÍNIA once had friends,  
 And fortune smil'd deceitful on her birth :  
 For, in her helpless years depriv'd of all,  
 Of every stay save innocence and heaven,  
 She with her widow'd mother, feeble, old,  
 And poor, liv'd in a cottage, far retir'd  
 Among the windings of a woody vale,  
 By solitude and deep surrounding shades,  
 But more by bashful modesty conceal'd.  
 Together thus they shunn'd the cruel scorn  
 Which virtue, sunk to poverty, would meet

From giddy passion and low-minded pride ;  
Almost on nature's common bounty fed,  
Like the gay birds that sung them to repose,  
Content and careless of to-morrow's fare.  
Her form was fresher than the morning rose,  
When the dew wets its leaves ; unstain'd and pure,  
As is the lily or the mountain-snow.  
The modest virtues mingled in her eyes,  
Still on the ground, dejected, darting all  
Their humid beams into the blooming flowers ;  
Or when the mournful tale her mother told,  
Of what her faithless fortune promis'd once,  
Thrill'd in her thought, they, like the dewy star  
Of evening, shone in tears. A native grace  
Sat fair proportion'd on her polish'd limbs,  
Veil'd in a simple robe, their best attire,  
Beyond the pomp of dress ; for loveliness  
Needs not the foreign aid of ornament,  
But is, when unadorn'd, adorn'd the most :  
Thoughtless of beauty, she was beauty's self,  
Recluse amid the close-embowering woods.  
As in the hollow breast of Appenine,  
Beneath the shelter of encircling hills  
A myrtle rises, far from human eye,  
And breathes its balmy fragrance o'er the wild ;  
So flourish'd, blooming, and unseen by all,  
The sweet LAVINIA ! till at length compell'd  
By strong necessity's supreme command,  
With smiling patience in her looks, she went  
To glean PALEMON's fields. The pride of swains  
PALEMON was ! the generous, and the rich !  
Who led the rural life in all its joy  
And elegance, such as Arcadian song  
Transmits from ancient uncorrupted times,  
When tyrant custom had not shackled man ;  
But free to follow nature was the mode.  
He then his fancy with autumnal scenes  
Amusing, chanc'd beside his reaper-train  
To walk, when poor LAVINIA drew his eye ;

Unconscious of her pow'r, and turning quick,  
 With unaffected blushes, from his gaze :  
 He saw her charming, but he saw not half  
 The charms her downcast modesty conceal'd.  
 That very moment love and chaste desire  
 Sprung in his bosom, to himself unknown ;  
 For still the world prevail'd, and its dread laugh,  
 Which scarce the firm philosopher can scorn,  
 Should his heart own a gleaner in the field :  
 And thus in secret to his soul he sigh'd :

“ What pity ! that so delicate a form,  
 “ By beauty kindl'd, where enlivening sense,  
 “ And more than vulgar goodness seem to dwell,  
 “ Should be devoted to the rude embrace  
 “ Of some indecent clown ! She looks, methinks,  
 “ Of old ACASTO's line ; and to my mind  
 “ Recals that patron of my happy life,  
 “ From whom my lib'ral fortune took its rise ;  
 “ Now to the dust gone down ; his houses, lands,  
 “ And once fair-spreading family, dissolv'd.  
 “ 'Tis said, that in some lone obscure retreat,  
 “ Urg'd by remembrance sad, and decent pride,  
 “ Far from those scenes which knew their better  
 “ days,

“ His aged widow and his daughter live,  
 “ Whom yet my fruitless search could never find.  
 “ Romantic wish ! would this the daughter were ! ”

When strict enquiring, from herself he found  
 She was the same, the daughter of his friend,  
 Of bountiful ACASTO ; who can speak  
 The mingl'd passions that surpriz'd his heart,  
 And through his nerves in shiv'ring transport ran ?  
 Then blaz'd his smother'd flame, avow'd and bold ;  
 And as he view'd her, ardent, o'er and o'er,  
 Love, gratitude, and pity, wept at once.  
 Confus'd, and frighten'd at his sudden tears,  
 Her rising beauties flush'd a higher bloom,  
 As thus PALEMON, passionate and just,  
 Pour'd out the pious rapture of his soul :

“ And art thou then ACASTO’s dear remains ?  
 “ She, whom my restless gratitude has fought  
 “ So long in vain ? O Heav’n’s ! the very fame,  
 “ The soften’d image of my noble friend ;  
 “ Alive his very look, his ev’ry feature,  
 “ More elegantly touch’d. Sweeter than spring !  
 “ Thou sole surviving blossom from the root  
 “ That nourish’d up my fortune ! Say, ah where !  
 “ In what sequester’d desert, hast thou drawn  
 “ The kindest aspect of delighted heaven ?  
 “ Into such beauty spread, and blown so fair ;  
 “ Though poverty’s cold wind, and crushing rain,  
 “ Beat keen and heavy on thy tender years ?  
 “ O let me now, into a richer soil  
 “ Transplant thee safe ! where vernal suns and  
     “ show’rs  
 “ Diffuse their warmest, largest influence ;  
 “ And of my garden be the pride and joy !  
 “ Ill it befits thee, oh ! it ill befits  
 “ ACASTO’s daughter, his, whose open stores,  
 “ Though vast, were little to his ampler heart,  
 “ The father of a country, thus to pick  
 “ The very refuse of those harvest-fields,  
 “ Which from his bounteous friendship I enjoy !  
 “ Then throw that shameful pittance from thy hand,  
 “ But ill apply’d to such a rugged task ;  
 “ The fields, the master, all, my fair, are thine,  
 “ If to the various blessings which thy house  
 “ Has on me lavish’d, thou wilt add that bliss,  
 “ That dearest bliss, the power of blessing thee !”

Here ceas’d the youth : yet still his speaking eye  
 Express’d the sacred triumph of his soul,  
 With conscious virtue, gratitude, and love,  
 Above the vulgar joy divinely rais’d.  
 Nor waited he reply. Won by the charm  
 Of goodness irresistible, and all  
 In sweet disorder lost, she blush’d consent.  
 The news immediate to her mother brought,  
 While, pierc’d with anxious thought, she pin’d away



The lonely moments for LAVINIA's fate;  
 Amaz'd, and scarce believing what she heard,  
 Joy seiz'd her wither'd veins, and one bright gleam  
 Of setting life shone on her evening hours:  
 Not less enraptur'd than the happy pair;  
 Who flourish'd long in tender bliss, and rear'd  
 A numerous offspring, lovely like themselves,  
 And good; the grace of all the country round.

GOOD-NATURE.

**H**AIL cherub of the highest heav'n,  
 Of look divine and temper ev'n,  
 Celestial sweetness, exquisite of mein,  
 Of ev'ry virtue, ev'ry praise the queen!

Soft gracefulness, and blooming youth,  
 Where, grafted on the stem of truth,  
 That friendship reigns no int'rest can divide,  
 And great humility looks down on pride.

Oh! curse on slander's vip'rous tongue,  
 That daily dares thy merit wrong;  
 Idiots usurp thy title, and thy frame,  
 Without or virtue, talent, taste or name.

Is apathy, is heart of steel,  
 Nor ear to hear, nor sense to feel;  
 Life idly inoffensive such a grace,  
 That it should steal thy name and take thy place?

No—thou art active—spirit all—  
 Swifter than lightning, at the call  
 Of injur'd innocence, or griev'd desert,  
 And large with liberality thy heart.

Thy appetites in easy tides  
 (As reason's luminary guides)  
 Soft flow—no wind can work them to a storm,  
 Correctly quick, dispassionately warm.

Yet if a transport thou canst feel  
 'Tis only for thy neighbour's weal;

Great, generous acts thy ductile passions move,  
And smilingly thou weep'st with joy and love.

Mild is thy mind to cover shame,  
Averse to envy, slow to blame,  
Bursting to praise, yet still sincere and free  
From flatt'ry's fawning tongue, and bending knee.

Extensive, as from west to east,  
Thy love descends from man to beast,  
Nought is excluded, little, or infirm,  
Thou canst with greatness sloop to save a worm.

Come, goddess, come with all thy charms,  
For oh! I love thee, to my arms—  
All,—all my actions guide, my fancy feed,  
So shall existence then be life indeed.

### ILL-NATURE.

**O**FFSPRING of folly and of pride,  
To all that's odious, all that's base ally'd;  
Nurs'd up by vice, by pravity misled,  
By pedant affectation taught and bred:  
Away! thou hideous hell-born spright,  
Go, with thy looks of dark design,  
Sullen, sour, and saturnine;

Fly to some gloomy shade, nor blot the goodly light.  
Thy planet was remote when I was born;  
'Twas Mercury that rul'd my natal morn,  
What time the sun exerts his genial ray,  
And ripens for enjoyment every growing day:  
When to exist is but to love and sing,  
And sprightly Aries smiles upon the spring.

There, in yon loathsome heath,  
Which Flora, or Sylvanus never knew,  
Where never vegetable drank the dew,  
Or beast, or fowl attempts to breathe;  
Where nature's pencil has no colours laid;  
But all is blank, and universal shade;

Contrast to figure, motion, life and light,  
There may'st thou vent thy spite,  
For ever cursing, and for ever curs'd,  
Of all th' infernal crew the worst;  
The worst in genius, measure, and degree;  
For envy, hatred, malice, are but parts of thee.

Or would'st thou change the scene, and quit the  
den,

Where spleen, by vapours dense begot and bred,  
Hardness of heart, and heaviness of head,  
Have rais'd their darksome walls, and plac'd their  
thorny bed;

There may'st thou all thy bitterness unload,  
There may'st thou croak in concert with the toad,  
With thee the hollow howling winds shall join,

Nor shall the bittern her base throat deny,  
The quer'lous frogs shall mix their note with thine,  
Th' ear-piercing hern, the plover screaming high,  
Millions of humming gnats fit æstrum shall supply.

Away!—away!—behold an hideous band,  
An herd of all thy minions are at hand,  
SUSPICION first with jealous caution stalks,  
And ever looks around her as she walks,  
With bib'lous ear imperfect sounds to catch,  
And proud to listen at her neighbour's latch:  
Next SCANDAL's meagre shade,

Foe to the virgin's and the poet's fame,  
A wither'd time-deflower'd old maid,  
That ne'er enjoy'd love's ever-sacred flame:

HYPOCRISY succeeds with saint-like look,  
And elevates her hands and plods upon her book:  
Next comes illib'ral scrambling AVARICE,  
Then VANITY and AFFECTATION nice—

See, she salutes her shadow with a bow,  
As in short Gallic trips she minces by,  
Starting ANTIPATHY is in her eye,  
And squeamishly she knits her scornful brow.

To thee, ILL-NATURE, all the numerous group  
 With lowly rev'rence stoop—  
 They wait thy call, and mourn thy long delay,  
 Away!—thou art infectious—haste—away!

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### LOVE.

FLUSH'D by the spirit of the genial year,  
 Now from the virgin's cheek a fresher bloom  
 Shoots, less and less, the live carnation round;  
 Her lips blush deeper sweets; she breathes of youth;  
 The shining moisture swells into her eyes  
 In brighter flow; her wishing bosom heaves  
 With palpitations wild: kind tumults seize  
 Her veins, and all her yielding soul is LOVE.  
 From the keen gaze her lover turns away,  
 Full of the dear ecstatic pow'r, and sick  
 With sighing languishment. Ah, then, ye fair!  
 Be greatly cautious of your sliding hearts:  
 Dare not th' infectious sigh! the pleading look,  
 Down-cast and low, in meek submission drest,  
 But full of guile. Let not the fervent tongue,  
 Prompt to deceive, with adulation smooth,  
 Gain on your purpos'd will. Nor in the bow'r,  
 Where woodbines flaunt, and roses shed a couch,  
 While evening draws her crimson curtains round,  
 Trust your soft minutes with betraying man.

And let th' aspiring youth beware of LOVE,  
 Of the smooth glance beware; for 'tis too late,  
 When on his heart the torrent-softness pours.  
 Then wisdom prostrate lies, and fading fame  
 Dissolves in air away; while the fond soul,  
 Wrapt in gay visions of unreal bliss,  
 Still paints th' illusive form; the kindling grace;  
 Th' enticing smile; the modest seeming eye,  
 Beneath whose beaut'ous beams, belying heav'n,  
 Lurk searchless cunning, cruelty, and death:  
 And still false-warbling in his cheated ear

Her syren-voice, enchanting, draws him on  
To guileful shores, and meads of fatal joy.

Ev'n present, in the very lap of LOVE  
Inglorious laid; while music flows around;  
Perfumes, and oils, and wine, and wanton hours;  
Amid the roses fierce repentance rears  
Her snaky crest: a quick-returning pang  
Shoots thro' the conscious heart where honour still,  
And great design, against th' oppressive load  
Of luxury, by fits, impatient heave.

But absent, what fantastic woes, arous'd,  
Rage in each thought, by restless musing fed,  
Chill the warm cheek, and blast the bloom of life?  
Neglected fortune flies; and sliding swift,  
Prone into ruin, fall his scorn'd affairs.  
'Tis nought but gloom around: The darken'd sun  
Loses his light. The rosy bosom'd spring  
To weeping fancy pines; and yon bright arch,  
Contracted, bends into a dusky vault.  
All nature fades extinct; and she alone  
Heard, felt, and seen, possesses ev'ry thought,  
Fills ev'ry sense, and pants in ev'ry vein.  
Books are but formal dulness, tedious friends;  
And sad amid the social band he sits,  
Lonely and unattentive. From his tongue  
Th' unfinish'd period falls; while, borne away  
On swelling thought, his wasted spirit flies  
To the vain bosom of his distant fair;  
And leaves the semblance of a lover, fix'd  
In melancholy site, with head declin'd,  
And love-dejected eyes. Sudden he starts,  
Shook from his tender trance, and restless runs  
To glimm'ring shades and sympathetic glooms;  
Where the dun umbrage o'er the falling stream,  
Romantic, hangs; there thro' the pensive dusk  
Strays in heart-thrilling meditation lost,  
Indulging all to love: or, on the bank,  
Thrown amid drooping lilies, swells the breeze  
With sighs unceasing, and the brook with tears.  
Thus in soft anguish he consumes the day:

Nor quits his deep retirement, till the moon  
Peeps through the chambers of the fleecy east,  
Enlighten'd by degrees, and in her train  
Leads on the gentle hours; then forth he walks,  
Beneath the trembling languish of her beam,  
With soften'd soul, and wooes the bird of eve,  
To mingle woes with his; or, while the world,  
And all the sons of care lie hush'd in sleep,  
Associates with the midnight shadows drear;  
And, sighing to the lonely taper, pours  
His idly-tortur'd heart into the page  
Meant for the moving messenger of LOVE;  
Where rapture burns on rapture, ev'ry line  
With rising frenzy fir'd. But if on bed  
Delir'ous flung, sleep from his pillow flies;  
All night he tosses, nor the balmy pow'r  
In any posture finds; till the grey morn  
Lifts her pale lustre on the paler wretch,  
Exanimate by love: and then, perhaps,  
Exhausted nature sinks awhile to rest;  
Still interrupted by distracted dreams,  
That o'er the sick imagination rise,  
And in black colours paint the mimic scene.  
Oft with th' enchantress of his soul he talks;  
Sometimes in crowds distress'd; or if retir'd  
To secret winding flow'r-enwoven bow'rs,  
Far from the dull impertinence of man,  
Just as he, credulous, his endless cares  
Begins to lose in blind obliv'ous LOVE,  
Snatch'd from her yielding hand, he knows not how,  
Thro' forests huge, and long untravell'd heaths  
With desolation brown, he wanders waste,  
In night and tempest wrapt; or shrinks aghast,  
Back, from the bending precipice; or wades  
The turbid stream below, and strives to reach  
The farther shore; where succourless, and sad,  
She with extended arms his aid implores;  
But strives in vain: borne by th' outrageous flood  
To distance down, he rides the ridgy wave,  
Or whelm'd beneath the boiling eddy sinks.



## JEALOUSY.

**T**HESE are the charming agonies of LOVE,  
Whose misery delights. But through the heart  
Should JEALOUSY its venom once diffuse,  
'Tis then delightful misery no more,  
But agony unmix'd, incessant gall,  
Corroding every thought, and blasting all  
LOVE's paradise. Ye fairy prospects, then,  
Ye beds of roses, and ye bow'rs of joy,  
Farewell! ye gleamings of departed peace,  
Shine out your last! the yellow-tinging plague  
Internal vision taints, and in a night  
Of livid gloom imagination wraps.  
Ah, then! instead of love-enliven'd cheeks,  
Of sunny features, and of ardent eyes,  
With flowing rapture bright, dark looks succeed,  
Suffus'd, and glaring with untender fire;  
A clouded aspect, and a burning cheek,  
Where the whole poison'd soul, malignant, sits,  
And frightens LOVE away. Ten thousand fears  
Invented wild, ten thousand frantic views  
Of horrid rivals, hanging on the charms  
For which he melts in fondness, eat him up  
With fervent anguish, and consuming rage.  
In vain reproaches lend their idle aid,  
Deceitful pride, and resolution frail,  
Giving false peace a moment. Fancy pours,  
Afresh, her beauties on his busy thought,  
Her first endearments twining round the soul,  
With all the witchcrafts of ensnaring love.  
Straight the fierce storm involves his mind anew,  
Flames thro' the nerves, and boils along the veins;  
While anxious doubt distracts the tortur'd heart:  
For ev'n the sad assurance of his fears  
Were ease to what he feels. Thus the warm youth,  
Whom love deludes into his thorny wilds,  
Thro' flow'ry-tempting paths, or leads a life  
Of server'd rapture, or of cruel care;  
His brightest flames extinguish'd all, and all  
His lively moments running down to waste.

## CONJUGAL FELICITY.

**B**UT happy they ! the happiest of their kind !  
 Whom gentler stars unite, and in one fate  
 Their hearts, their fortunes, and their beings blend.  
 'Tis not the coarser tie of human laws,  
 Unnat'ral oft and foreign to the mind,  
 That binds their peace, but harmony itself,  
 Attuning all their passions into LOVE ;  
 Where friendship full-exerts her softest pow'r,  
 Perfect esteem, enliven'd by desire  
 Ineffable, and sympathy of soul ;  
 Thought meeting thought, and will preventing will,  
 With boundless confidence ; for nought but LOVE  
 Can answer LOVE, and render bliss secure.  
 Let him, ungen'rous, who, alone intent  
 To bless himself, from sordid parents buys  
 The loathing virgin, in eternal care,  
 Well-merited, consume his nights and days ;  
 Let barbarous nations, whose inhuman LOVE  
 Is wild desire fierce, as the suns they feel ;  
 Let eastern tyrants, from the light of heav'n  
 Seclude their bosom-slaves, meanly possess'd  
 Of a mere lifeless, violated form :  
 While those whom LOVE cements in holy faith,  
 And equal transport, free as nature live,  
 Disdaining fear. What is the world to them,  
 Its pomp, its pleasure, and its nonsense all !  
 Who in each other clasp whatever fair  
 High fancy forms, and lavish hearts can wish !  
 Something than beauty dearer should they look,  
 Or, on the mind, or mind-illumin'd face ;  
 Truth, goodness, honour, harmony, and love,  
 The richest bounty of indulgent heav'n.  
 Meantime a smiling offspring rises round,  
 And mingles both their graces. By degrees,  
 The human blossom blows ; and ev'ry day,  
 Soft as it rolls along, shews some new charm,  
 The father's lustre, and the mother's bloom.  
 Then infant reason grows apace, and calls

For the kind hand of an assiduous care.  
 Delightful task! to rear the tender thought,  
 To teach the young idea how to shoot,  
 To pour the fresh instruction o'er the mind,  
 To breathe th' enlivening spirit, and to fix  
 The gen'rous purpose in the glowing breast.  
 Oh, speak the joy! ye, whom the sudden tear  
 Surprizes often, while you look around,  
 And nothing strikes your eye but sights of bliss.  
 All various nature pressing on the heart:  
 An elegant sufficiency, content,  
 Retirement, rural quiet, friendship, books,  
 Ease and alternate labour, useful life,  
 Progressive virtue, and approving heav'n.  
 These are the matchless joys of virt'ous LOVE;  
 And thus their moments fly. The seasons thus,  
 As ceaseless round a jarring world they roll,  
 Still find them happy; and consenting SPRING  
 Sheds her own rosy garland on their heads:  
 Till evening comes at last, serene and mild;  
 When after the long vernal day of life,  
 Enamour'd more, as more remembrance swells  
 With many a proof of recollected LOVE,  
 Together down they sink in social sleep;  
 Together freed, their gentle spirits fly  
 To scenes where LOVE and bliss immortal reign.

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### MEMORY.

O MEMORY! thou fond deceiver,  
 Still importunate and vain,  
 To former joys recurring ever,  
 And turning all the past to pain:  
 Thou, like the world, the oppress'd oppressing,  
 Thy smiles increase the wretch's woe;  
 And he who wants each other blessing,  
 In thee must ever find a foe.

## THOMAS AND KITTY.

FAR on BATAVIA's sea-beat shore,  
 On a bleak rock and bare,  
 The widow'd KITTY sat, and tore  
 Her fine,—her dark-brown hair.  
 A little fondling at her breast,  
 She strove to soothe to peace,  
 As he her cold and bloodless nipple prest.

Alas! when shall my sorrows cease?  
 When shall the storm be o'er?  
 And in my clay-cold bed  
 Be laid, this weary, aching head,  
 Where I shall grieve no more?

Now KITTY, once of fairest nymphs most fair,  
 And THOMAS, gayest of his gay compeers,  
 Had pledg'd their faith a mutual fate to share,  
 And hope had look'd for many happy years.  
 His little *all* he hazarded in trade;  
 But, cruelly by fortune cross'd,  
 That little *all* in trade he lost,  
 By a false friend betray'd.

Now, dunn'd with all the rigour of the law,  
 Tom, as the clouds began to form,  
 The horrors of a jail foresaw:  
 And oft would KITTY's tearful eye  
 Extort a tender sigh,

And make him wish some shelter from the storm.

Poor shelter! with the vengeful blade,  
 To aid the slaughter DEATH had made,  
 He plow'd the wave with daring mind;  
 Nor would his much-lov'd KITTY stay behind,  
 But to that foreign land would go,  
 Where he was doom'd to face the madd'ning foe.  
 Here, brought from GALLIA's wide domain,  
 War had his bloody eagle borne:  
 Her THOMAS fell among the slain,  
 And KITTY she was left to mourn.

O'er his pale bloody corse she hung,  
 Her heart with ev'ry sorrow wrung:  
 And now she grasp'd his cold—cold hand,  
 And now she kiss'd his cheek so pale:  
 And oft the day she did bewail  
 That e'er she left her native land:  
 Her mind foreboding many fears,  
 She cross'd the wasteful ocean wild;  
 And now of every stay bereft,  
 To the hard world's mercy left—  
 And then she hugg'd her INFANT CHILD,  
 And bursted into tears.

O THOMAS! 'twas a dreary day  
 Thou left thy native home,  
 In foreign parts to roam;  
 And now, on the cold clay,  
 Beat by the winds so chill and drear,  
 Thou lay'st thy manly head,  
 Among the countless dead,  
 Unwept by any friendly tear,  
 But those thy KATE has shed.

Ah me! the bitter blast!  
 Cease, cease, my little BABE, to cry,  
 The world is wide for thee and I:  
 Soon shall the storm be past.  
 Thy little limbs I shall infold,  
 And shield thee from the cold.  
 No wind, tho' e'er so chill and drear,  
 Shall harm my little dear.  
 Ah! thou too hasten'st to thy grave;  
 I see, I see DEATH in thine eye:  
 Thy MAMMY's fondness cannot save,  
 For ah! her breast is cold and dry,—  
 But all shall soon be o'er  
 And I shall grieve no more.

Now rage, ye winds! 'tis but on me  
 Pour on, ye rains!—Ye thunders reel  
 My BABBY sleeps too sound to feel.

Drench'd with the rain,  
 I'll lay me by my TOM once more,  
 Tho' louder still the tempests roar,  
 And all the biting blast sustain.  
 —Ah me! my shiv'ring, fainting heart!  
 My TOM! my TOM! we shall not part.  
 Far from our home, from friends afar,  
 My TOM, my little BABE, and I,  
 Shall rest in one cold bed—Ah! ruthless war!  
 My heart!—O heav'n!—I faint,—I die.

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### TO-MORROW.

**T**O-MORROW you will live, you always cry;  
 In what far country does to-morrow lie:  
 That 'tis so mighty long e'er it arrive?  
 Beyond the Indies, does this morrow live?  
 'Tis so far fetch'd, this morrow, that I fear,  
 'Twill be both very old, and very dear.  
 To-morrow I will live, the fool does say,  
 To-day's too late; the wise liv'd yesterday.

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### ABSENCE.

**Y**E shepherds so cheerful and gay,  
 Whose flocks never carelessly roam;  
 Should CORYDON's happen to stray,  
 Oh! call the poor wanderers home.  
 Allow me to muse and to sigh,  
 Nor talk of the change that ye find;  
 None once was so watchful as I;  
 I have left my dear PHYLLIS behind.  
 Now I know what it is to have strove  
 With the torture of doubt and desire;  
 What it is to admire and to love,  
 And to leave her we love and admire.



Ah! lead forth my flock in the morn,  
And the damps of each ev'ning repel,  
Alas! I am faint and forlorn:—

I have bade my dear PHYLLIS farewell.

Since PHYLLIS vouchsaf'd me a look,

I never once dreamt of my vine:

May I lose both my pipe and my crook,

If I knew of a kid that was mine.

I priz'd ev'ry hour that went by,

Beyond all that had pleas'd me before,

But now they are past, and I sigh;

And I grieve that I priz'd them no more.

But why do I languish in vain?

Why wander thus pensively here?

Oh! why did I come from the plain,

Where I fed on the smiles of my dear?

They tell me, my favourite maid,

The pride of that valley, is flown.

Alas! where with her I have stray'd,

I could wander with pleasure, alone.

When forc'd the fair nymph to forego,

What anguish I felt at my heart:

Yet I thought—but it might not be so—

'Twas with pain that she saw me depart.

She gaz'd, as I slowly withdrew;

My path I could hardly discern,

So sweetly she bade me adieu,

I thought that she bade me return.

The pilgrim that journies all day

To visit some far-distant shrine,

If he bear but a relique away,

Is happy, nor heard to repine.

Thus widely remov'd from the fair,

Where my vows, my devotion, I owe,

Soft hope is the relique I bear,

And my solace, wherever I go.

## HOPE.

**M**Y banks they are furnish'd with bees,  
Whose murmur invites one to sleep;  
My grottos are shaded with trees,  
And my hills are white over with sheep.  
I seldom have met with a loss,  
Such health do my fountains bestow;  
My fountains all border'd with moss,  
Where the hare-bells and violets grow.  
Not a pine in my grove is there seen,  
But with tendrils of woodbine is bound:  
Not a beech's more beautiful green,  
But a sweet-briar entwines it around.  
Not my fields in the prime of the year,  
More charms than my cattle unfold;  
Not a brook that is limpid and clear,  
But it glitters with fishes of gold.  
One would think she might like to retire  
To the bow'r I have labour'd to rear;  
Not a shrub that I heard her admire,  
But I hastied and planted it there.  
O how sudden the jessamine strove  
With the lilac to render it gay!  
Already it calls for my love,  
To prune the wild branches away.  
From the plains, from the woodlands and groves,  
What strains of wild melody flow!  
How the nightingales warble their loves  
From the thickets of roses that blow!  
And when her bright form shall appear,  
Each bird shall harmoniously join  
In a concert so soft and so clear,  
As—she may not be fond to resign.

I have found out a gift for my fair;  
 I have found where the wood-pigeons breed:  
 But let me that plunder forbear,  
 She will say 'twas a barbarous deed.  
 For he ne'er could be true, she aver'd,  
 Who could rob a poor bird of its young:  
 And I lov'd her the more when I heard  
 Such tenderneſs fall from her tongue.

I have heard her with ſweetneſs unfold  
 How that pity was due to—a dove:  
 That it ever attended the bold;  
 And ſhe call'd it the ſiſter of love.  
 But her words ſuch a pleaſure convey,  
 So much I her accents adore,  
 Let her ſpeak, and whatever ſhe ſay,  
 Methinks I ſhould love her the more.

Can a boſom ſo gentle remain  
 Unmov'd when her CORYDON ſighs?  
 Will a nymph, that is fond of the plain,  
 Theſe plains and this valley deſpiſe?  
 Dear regions of ſilence and ſhade!  
 Soft ſcenes of contentment and eaſe!  
 Where I could have pleaſingly ſtay'd,  
 If aught in her abſence could pleaſe.

But where does my PHYLLIDA ſtay?  
 And where are her grotts and her bowers?  
 Are the groves and the vallies as gay,  
 And the ſhepherds as gentle as ours?  
 The groves may perhaps be as fair,  
 And the face of the vallies as fine,  
 The ſwains may in manners compare,  
 But their love is not equal to mine.

## SOLICITUDE.

WHY will you my passion reprove ?  
 Why term it a folly to grieve ?

Ere I shew you the charms of my love,  
 She is fairer than you can believe.

With her mien she enamours the brave ;

With her wit she engages the free ;

With her modesty pleases the grave ;

She is ev'ry way pleasing to me.

O you that have been of her train,  
 Come and join in my amorous lays ;

I could lay down my life for the swain,  
 That will sing but a song in her praise.

When he sings, may the nymphs of the town  
 Come trooping, and listen the while ;

Nay, on him let not PHYLLIDA frown ;

—But I cannot allow her to smile.

For when PARIDEL tries in the dance  
 Any favour with PHYLLIS to find,

O how, with one trivial glance,

Might she ruin the peace of my mind !

In ringlets he dresses his hair,

And his crook is bestudded around ;

And his pipe—oh ! my PHYLLIS, beware  
 Of a magic there is in the sound.

'Tis his with mock passion to glow ;

'Tis his in smooth tales to unfold,

“ How her face is as bright as the snow,

“ And her bosom, be sure, is as cold.

“ How the nightingales labour the strain,

“ With the notes of his charmer to vie ;

“ How they vary their accents in vain,

“ Repine at her triumphs, and die.”

To the grove, or the garden, he strays,  
 And pillages every sweet ;  
 Then suiting the wreath to his lays,  
 He throws it at PHYLLIS's feet.  
 " O PHYLLIS," he whispers, " more fair,  
 " More sweet than the jessamine's flower !  
 " What are pinks in a morn to compare ?  
 " What is eglantine after a show'r ?  
 " Then the lily no longer is white ;  
 " Then the rose is depriv'd of its bloom ,  
 " Then the violets die with despight,  
 " And the woodbines give up their perfume."  
 Thus glide the soft numbers along,  
 And he fancies no shepherd his peer ;  
 —Yet I never should envy the song,  
 Were not PHYLLIS to lend it an ear.  
 Let his crook be with hyacinths bound,  
 So PHYLLIS the trophy despise :  
 Let his forehead with laurels be crown'd,  
 So they shine not in PHYLLIS's eyes.  
 The language that flows from the heart,  
 Is a stranger to PARIDEL's tongue ;  
 —Yet may she beware of his art,  
 Or sure I must envy the song.

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### DISAPPOINTMENT.

YE shepherds, give ear to my lay,  
 And take no more heed of my sheep ;  
 They have nothing to do but to stray ;  
 I have nothing to do but to weep.  
 Yet do not my folly reprove ;  
 She was fair—and my passion begun ;  
 She smil'd—and I could not but love ;  
 She is faithless—and I am undone.

Perhaps I was void of all thought :

Perhaps it was plain to foresee,  
That a nymph so complete would be sought

By a swain more engaging than me.

Ah ! love every hope can inspire :

It banishes wisdom the while ;

And the lip of the nymph we admire

Seems for ever adorn'd with a smile.

She is faithless, and I am undone ;

Yet that witness the woes I endure ;

Let reason instruct you to shun

What it cannot instruct you to cure.

Beware how you loiter in vain

Amid nymphs of an higher degree :

It is not for me to explain

How fair, and how fickle, they be.

Alas ! from the day that we met,

What hope of an end to my woes ?

When I cannot endure to forget

The glance that undid my repose.

Yet time may diminish the pain :

The flow'r, and the shrub, and the tree,

Which I rear'd for her pleasure in vain,

In time may have comfort for me.

The sweets of a dew-sprinkled rose,

The sound of a murmuring stream,

The peace which from solitude flows,

Henceforth shall be CORYDON's theme.

High transports are shown to the sight,

But we are not to find them our own ;

Fate never bestow'd such delight,

As I with my PHYLLIS had known.

O ye woods, spread your branches apace ;

To your deepest recesses I fly ;

I would hide with the beasts of the chase ;

I would vanish from every eye.



Yet my reed shall resound through the grove  
 With the same sad complaint it begun ;  
 How she smil'd, and I could not but love ;  
 Was faithless, and I am undone.

THE SUN.

**B**UT yonder comes the pow'rful king of day,  
 Rejoicing in the east. The lessening cloud,  
 The kindling azure, and the mountain's brow  
 Illum'd with fluid gold, his near approach  
 Betoken glad. Lo ! now, apparent all,  
 Assant the dew-bright earth, and colour'd air,  
 He looks in boundless majesty abroad ;  
 And sheds the shining day, that burnish'd plays  
 On rocks, and hills, and tow'rs, and wand'ring  
 streams,

High-gleaming from afar. Prime cheerer light !  
 Of all material beings first, and best !  
 Efflux divine ! Nature's resplendent robe !  
 Without whose vesting beauty all were wrapt  
 In unessential gloom ; and thou, O SUN !  
 Soul of surrounding worlds ! in whom best seen  
 Shines out thy Maker ! may I sing of thee ?

'Tis by thy secret, strong, attractive force,  
 As with a chain indissoluble bound,  
 Thy system rolls entire ; from the far bourne  
 Of utmost *Saturn*, wheeling wide his round  
 Of thirty years ; to *Mercury*, whose disk  
 Can scarce be caught by philosophic eye,  
 Lost in the near effulgence of thy blaze.

Informer of the planetary train !  
 Without whose quick'ning glance their cumbrous  
 orbs

Were brute unlovely mass, inert and dead,  
 And not, as now, the green abodes of life !  
 How many forms of being wait on thee !  
 Inhaling spirit ; from th' unfetter'd mind,

By thee sublim'd, down to the daily race,  
The mixing myriads of thy setting beam.

The vegetable world is also thine,  
Parent of seasons ! who the pomp precede  
That waits thy throne, as thro' thy vast domain,  
Annual, along the bright ecliptic road,  
In world-rejoicing state it moves sublime.  
Meantime th' expecting nations, circled gay  
With all the various tribes of foodful earth,  
Implore thy bounty, or send grateful up  
A common hymn : while, round thy beaming ear,  
High-seen, the seasons lead, in sprightly dance  
Harmonious knit, the rosy-finger'd hours,  
The zephyrs floating loose, the timely rains,  
Of bloom ethereal the light-footed dews,  
And soften'd into joy the surly storms.  
These, in successive turn, with lavish hand,  
Show'r ev'ry beauty, ev'ry fragrance show'r,  
Herbs, flow'rs, and fruits ; till, kindling at thy touch,  
From land to land is flush'd the vernal year.

Nor to the surface of the enliven'd earth,  
Graceful with hills, and dales, and leafy woods,  
Her lib'ral tresses, is thy force confin'd :  
But, to the bowel'd cavern darting deep,  
The min'ral kinds confess thy mighty pow'r.  
Effulgent, hence the veiny marble shines ;  
Hence labour draws his tools : hence burnish'd war  
Gleams on the day ; the nobler works of peace  
Hence blest mankind, and gen'rous commerce binds  
The round of nations in a golden chain.

Th' unfruitful rock itself, impregn'd by thee,  
In dark retirement forms the lucid stone.  
The lively di'mond drinks thy purest rays,  
Collected light, compact ; that, polish'd bright,  
And all its native lustre let abroad,  
Dares, as it sparkles on the fair one's breast,  
With vain ambition, emulate her eyes.  
At thee the ruby lights its deep'ning glow,  
And with a waving radiance inward flames.

From thee the sapphire, solid ether, takes  
 Its hue cerulean; and, of ev'ning tinct,  
 The purple-streaming amethyst is thine.  
 With thy own smile the yellow topaz burns.  
 Nor deeper verdure dyes the robe of spring,  
 When first she gives it to the southern gale,  
 Than the green em'erald shows. But, all combin'd,  
 Thick thro' the whitening opal play thy beams;  
 Or, flying several from its surface, form  
 A trembling variance of revolving hues,  
 As the site varies in the gazer's hand.

The very dead creation, from thy touch  
 Assumes a mimic life. By thee refin'd,  
 In brighter mazes the relucient stream  
 Flows o'er the mead. The precipice abrupt,  
 Projecting horror on the blacken'd flood,  
 Softens at thy return. The desert joys  
 Wildly, thro' all his melancholy bounds.  
 Rude ruins glitter; and the briny deep,  
 Seen from some pointed promontory's top,  
 Far to the blue horizon's utmost verge,  
 Restless, reflects a floating gleam. But this,  
 And all the much-transported Muse can sing,  
 Are to thy beauty, dignity, and use,  
 Unequal far; great delegated source  
 Of light, and life, and grace, and joy below!

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### EPITAPH

TO THE MEMORY OF A FAITHFUL SLAVE

**H**ERE a poor sable son of woe  
 Doth from oppression rest,  
 Whom VIRTUE, in this world made free,  
 And now, in heav'n, makes blest.

When the last trump' shall mortals raise,  
 The choir of heav'n to join,  
 Many a nabob then will wish  
 For INNOCENCE like thine.

## THE LOVER'S NIGHT.

LULL'D in the arms of him she lov'd,  
 IANTHE sigh'd the kindest things:  
 Her fond surrender he approv'd,  
 With smiles; and thus, enamour'd, sings.

- " How sweet are lover's vows by night,
- " Lap'd in an honeysuckle grove!
- " When Venus sheds her gentle light,
- " And soothes the yielding soul to love.
- " Soft as the silent-footed dews
- " That steal upon the star-light hours;
- " Warm as a love-sick poet's muse;
- " And fragrant as the breath of flow'rs.
- " To hear our vows the moon grows pale,
- " And pants Endymion's warmth to prove;
- " While, emulous, the nightingale,
- " Thick-warbling trills her lay of love.
- " The silver-sounding shining spheres,
- " That animate the glowing skies,
- " Nor charm so much, as thou, my ears,
- " Nor blest so much, as thou, my eyes.
- " Thus let me clasp thee to my heart,
- " Thus sink in softness on thy breast!
- " No cares shall haunt us; danger, part,
- " For ever loving, ever blest.
- " Cenforious envy dares not blame
- " The passion which thy truth inspires:
- " Ye stars, bear witness, that my flame
- " Is chaste as your eternal fires."

Love saw them (hid among the boughs)  
 And heard him sing their mutual bliss!  
 'Enjoy,' cried he, ' IANTHE's vows  
 ' But, oh! I envy thee her kisses.'

HEALTH.

NOW early shepherds o'er the meadow pass,  
And print long footsteps in the glitt'ring grass;  
The cows neglectful of their pasture stand,  
By turns obsequious to the milker's hand.

When DAMON softly trod the shaven lawn;  
DAMON, a youth from city cares withdrawn;  
Long was the pleasing walk he wander'd through,  
A cover'd arbour clos'd the distant view;  
There rests the youth, and, while the feather'd throng  
Raise their wild music, thus contrives a song.

Here, wafted o'er by mild etesian air,  
Thou country goddess, beauteous HEALTH! repair,  
Here let my breast through quiv'ring trees inhale  
Thy rosy blessings with the morning gale.  
What are the fields, or flow'rs, or all I see?  
Ah! tasteless all, if not enjoy'd with thee.

Joy to my soul! I feel the goddess nigh,  
The face of nature cheers as well as I;  
O'er the flat green refreshing breezes run,  
The smiling daisies blow beneath the sun,  
The brooks run purling down with silver waves,  
The planted lanes rejoice with dancing leaves;  
The chirping birds from all the compass rove  
To tempt the tuneful echoes of the grove:  
High sunny summits, deeply-shaded dales,  
Thick mossy banks, and flow'ry winding vales,  
With various prospect gratify the sight,  
And scatter fix'd attention in delight.

Come, country goddess, come, nor thou suffice,  
But bring thy mountain-sister, EXERCISE.  
Call'd by thy lovely voice, she turns her pace,  
Her winding horn proclaims the finish'd chace;  
She mounts the rocks, she skims the level plain,  
Dogs, hawks, and horses, crowd her early train.  
Her hardy face repels the tanning wind,  
And lines and meshes loosely float behind.

All these as means of toil the feeble see,  
But these are helps to pleasure join'd with thee.

Let **SLOTH** lie soft'ning till high noon in down,  
Or lolling fan her in the sultry town,  
Unnerv'd with rest; and turn her own disease,  
Or foster others in luxurious ease:

I mount the courser, call the deep-mouth'd hounds,  
The fox unkennell'd flies to covert grounds;  
I lead where stags through tangled thickets tread,  
And shake the saplings with their branching head;  
I make the falcons wing their airy way,  
And soar to seize, or stooping strike their prey;  
To snare the fish, I fix the lurking bait;  
To wound the fowl, I load the gun with fate.  
'Tis thus through change of exercise I range,  
And strength and pleasure rise from ev'ry change.

Here, beauteous **HEALTH**! for all the year  
remain;

When the next comes, I'll charm thee thus  
again.

Oh, come, thou goddess of my rural song!  
And bring thy daughter, calm **CONTENT**, along;  
Dame of the ruddy cheek and laughing eye,  
From whose bright presence clouds of sorrow fly:  
For her I mow my walks, I plat my bow'rs,  
Clip my low hedges, and support my flow'rs;  
To welcome her, this summer-seat I drest,  
And here I court her when she comes to rest;  
When she from exercise to learned ease  
Shall change again, and teach the change to please.

Now friends conversing my soft hours refine,  
And **TULLY**'s Tusculum revives in mine:  
Now to grave books I bid the mind retreat,  
And such as make me rather good than great;  
Or, o'er the works of easy fancy rove,  
Where flutes and innocence amuse the grove:  
The native bard, that on Sicilian plains  
First sung the lowly manners of the swains;



Or, MARO's muse, that in the fairest light  
Paints rural prospects and the charms of sight;  
These soft amusements bring content along,  
And fancy, void of sorrow, turns to song.

Here, beauteous HEALTH! for all the year  
remain;

When the next comes, I'll charm thee thus  
again.

### DAMON AND MUSIDORA.

CLOSE in the covert of an hazel copse,  
Where winded into pleasing solitude  
Runs out the rambling dale, young DAMON sat,  
Pensive, and pierc'd with love's delightful pangs.  
There to the stream that down the distant rocks  
Hoarse-murm'ring fell, and plaintive breeze that  
play'd

Among the bending willows, falsely he  
Of MUSIDORA's cruelty complain'd.  
She felt his flame; but deep within her breast,  
In bashful coyness, or in maiden pride,  
The soft return conceal'd; save when it stole  
In side-long glances from her downcast eye,  
Or, from her swelling soul in stifled sighs.  
Touch'd by the scene, no stranger to his vows,  
He fram'd a melting lay to try her heart;  
And, if an infant passion struggled there,  
To call that passion forth. Thrice happy swain!  
A lucky chance, that oft decides the fate  
Of mighty monarchs, then decided thine.  
For, lo! conducted by the laughing loves,  
This cool retreat his MUSIDORA sought:  
Warm in her cheek the sultry season glow'd;  
And, rob'd in loose array, she came to bathe  
Her servent limbs in the refreshing stream.  
What shall he do? In sweet confusion lost,  
And dubious flutterings, he awhile remain'd:  
A pure ingen'ous elegance of soul,

A delicate refinement, known to few,  
Perplex'd his breast, and urg'd him to retire;  
But love forbade. Ye prudes in virtue, say,  
Say, ye severest, what would you have done?  
Meantime, this fairer nymph than ever blest  
Arcadian stream, with timid eye around  
The banks surveying, stripp'd her beaut'ous limbs,  
To taste the lucid coolness of the flood.  
Ah! then, not Paris on the piny top  
Of Ida panted stronger, when aside  
The rival goddesses the veil divine  
Cast unconfin'd, and gave him all their charms,  
Than DAMON, thou; as from the snowy leg,  
And slender foot, th' inverted silk she drew;  
As the soft touch dissolv'd the virgin zone;  
And, thro' the parting robe, the alternate breast,  
With youth wild-throbbing, on thy lawless gaze  
In full luxuriance rose. But, desperate youth,  
How durst thou risk the soul-distracting view;  
As from her naked limbs of glowing white,  
Harmonious swell'd by nature's finest hand,  
In folds loose-floating fell the fainter lawn;  
And fair expos'd she stood; shrunk from herself,  
With fancy blushing, at the doubtful breeze  
Alarm'd, and starting like the fearful fawn?  
Then to the flood she rush'd; the parted flood  
Its lovely guest with closing waves receiv'd;  
And ev'ry beauty soft'ning, ev'ry grace  
Flushing anew, a mellow lustre shed:  
As shines the lily through the crystal mild;  
Or as the rose amid the morning dew,  
Fresh from Aurora's hand, more sweetly glows.  
While thus she wanton'd, now beneath the wave  
But ill-conceal'd; and now with streaming locks,  
That half-embrac'd her in a humid veil,  
Rising again the latent DAMON drew  
Such madd'ning draughts of beauty to the soul,  
As for awhile o'erwhelm'd his raptur'd thought  
With luxury too daring. Check'd at last,

By love's respectful modesty, he deem'd  
 The theft profane, if aught profane to love  
 Can e'er be deem'd; and, struggling, from the shade  
 With headlong hurry fled: but first these lines,  
 Trac'd by his ready pencil, on the bank  
 With trembling hand he threw: "Bathe on, my fair,  
 " Yet unbeheld, save by the sacred eye  
 " Of faithful love: I go to guard thy haunt,  
 " To keep from thy recess each vagrant foot,  
 " And each licentious eye." With wild surprise,  
 As if to marble struck, devoid of sense,  
 A stupid moment motionless she stood:  
 So stands the statue\* that enchants the world,  
 So bending, tries to vie the matchless boast,  
 The mingled beauties of exulting Greece.  
 Recov'ring, swift she flew to find those robes  
 Which blissful Eden knew not; and, array'd  
 In careless haste, th' alarming paper snatch'd.  
 But when her DAMON's well-known hand she saw,  
 Her terrors vanish'd, and a softer train  
 Of mix'd emotions, hard to be describ'd,  
 Her sudden bosom seiz'd: shame void of guilt,  
 The charming blush of innocence, esteem  
 And admiration of her lover's flame,  
 By modesty exalted: ev'n a sense  
 Of self-approving beauty stole across  
 Her busy thought. At length a tender calm,  
 Hush'd by degrees the tumult of her soul;  
 And on the spreading beach, that o'er the stream  
 Incumbent hung, she with the sylvan pen  
 Of rural lovers this confession carv'd,  
 Which soon her DAMON kiss'd with weeping joy:  
 ' Dear youth! sole judge of what these verses mean,  
 ' By fortune too much favour'd, but by love,  
 ' Alas! not favour'd less, be still as now  
 ' Discreet: the time may come you need not fly.'

\* The Venus of Medicis.

## THE FOLLY OF RICHES.

IF RICHES could prolong our stay,  
 To court them I'd begin;  
 That when grim MINOS came my way,  
 I'd bid him call again.

But since I find it all in vain,  
 And death pays no respect,  
 No longer shall they give me pain,  
 But treat them with neglect.

For soon or late the lot must come,  
 To pay the debt we owe,  
 And lay us in the silent tomb,  
 Whether we're rich or no.

Then give me, gods, but health and friends,  
 And I'll no longer grieve;  
 But laugh at care, which life attends,  
 And WEALTH to others leave.

The gen'rous glass I'll freely quaff,  
 And fill it o'er and o'er,  
 'Till DEATH shall stop the jocund laugh,  
 By knocking at my door.

## SUICIDE.

TO be, or not to be? that is the question;—  
 Whether 'tis nobler in the mind, to suffer  
 The slings and arrows of outrageous fortune,  
 Or to take arms against a sea of troubles,  
 And, by opposing, end them?—To die;—to sleep;—  
 No more;—and, by a sleep, to say, we end  
 The heart-ach, and the thousand natural shocks,  
 That flesh is heir to;—'tis a consummation  
 Devoutly to be wish'd. To die;—to sleep;—  
 To sleep! perchance to dream! ay, there's the rub;

For in that sleep of death what dreams may come,  
 When we have shuffled off this mortal coil,  
 Must give us pause ;—there's the respect  
 That makes calamity of so long life.  
 For who would bear the whips and scorns of time,  
 Th' oppressor's wrong, the proud-man's contumely,  
 The pangs of despis'd love, the law's delay,  
 The insolence of office, and the spurns  
 That patient merit of th' unworthy takes,  
 When he himself might his quietus make  
 With a bare bodkin ? Who would fardels bear,  
 To groan and sweat under a weary life,  
 But that the dread of something after death,—  
 That undiscover'd country, from whose bourn  
 No traveller returns—puzzles the will ;  
 And makes us rather bear those ills we have,  
 Than fly to others that we know not of ?  
 Thus conscience does make cowards of us all ;  
 And thus the native hue of resolution  
 Is sickly'd o'er with the pale cast of thought ;  
 And enterprizes of great pith and moment,  
 With this regard, their currents turn awry,  
 And lose the name of action.—

### THE HERMIT.

AT the close of the day, when the hamlet is still,  
 And mortals the sweets of forgetfulness prove ;  
 When nought but the torrent is heard on the hill,  
 And nought but the nightingale's song in the  
 grove—

'Twas then, by the cave of the mountain reclin'd,  
 A HERMIT his nightly complaint thus began :  
 Tho' mournful his numbers, his soul was resign'd ;  
 He thought as a sage, tho' he felt as a man.

“ Ah ! why thus abandon'd to darkness and woe,  
 “ Why thus, lonely Philomel, flows thy sad strain ?  
 “ For spring shall return and a lover bestow,  
 “ And thy bosom no trace of misfortune retain.

- " Yet if pity inspire thee, O cease not thy lay !  
 " Mourn, sweetest companion ; man calls thee  
   " to mourn :  
 " O soothe him, whose pleasures, like thine, pass away !  
 " Full quickly they pass—but they never return !  
 " Now gliding remote on the verge of the sky,  
   " The moon, half extinct, a dim crescent displays ;  
 " But lately I mark'd, when majestic on high  
   " She shone, and the planets were lost in her blaze.  
 " Roll on then, fair orb, and with gladness pursue  
   " The path that conducts thee to splendour again :  
 " But man's faded glory no change shall renew ;  
   " Ah, fool ! to exult in a glory so vain.  
 " 'Tis night, and the landscape is lovely no more :  
   " I mourn, but, ye woodlands, I mourn not for you ;  
 " For morn is approaching, your charms to restore,  
   " Perfum'd with fresh fragrance, and glitt'ring  
     " with dew.  
 " Nor yet for the ravage of winter I mourn ;  
   " Kind nature the embryo-blossom shall save :  
 " But when shall spring visit the mould'ring urn ?  
   " O when shall it dawn on the night of the grave ?"

### THE SHEEP AND THE BRAMBLE-BUSH.

**A** THICK-twisted brake, in the time of a storm,  
 Seem'd kindly to cover a sheep :  
 So snug, for awhile, he lay shelter'd and warm,  
   It quietly sooth'd him asleep.  
 The clouds are now scatter'd—the winds are at peace ;  
   The sheep to his pasture's inclin'd :  
 But ah ! the fell thicket lays hold of his fleece,  
   His coat is left forfeit behind.  
 My friend, who the thicket of law never try'd,  
   Consider before you get in ;  
 Though judgment and sentence are pass'd on your  
   side,  
 By Jove you'll be fleec'd to the skin.



THE VILLAGE ALE-HOUSE.

**N**EAR yonder thorn, that lifts its head on high,  
Where once the sign-post caught the passing eye,  
Low lies that house where nut-brown draughts in-  
spir'd,

Where grey-beard mirth, and smiling toil retir'd;  
Where village statesmen talk'd with looks profound;  
And news much older than their ale went round.

Imagination fondly stoops to trace  
The parlour splendours of that festive place;  
The white-wash'd wall, the nicely sanded floor;  
The varnish'd clock that click'd behind the door;  
The chest, contriv'd a double debt to pay,  
A bed by night, a chest of draw'rs by day;  
The pictures plac'd for ornament and use;  
The twelve good rules, the royal game of goose;  
The hearth, except when winter chill'd the day,  
With aspen boughs, and flow'rs, and fennel gay;  
While broken tea-cups, wisely kept for show,  
Rang'd o'er the chimney, glisten'd in a row.

Vain transitory splendour! could not all  
Reprieve the tott'ring mansion from its fall!  
Obscure it sinks, nor shall it more impart  
An hour's importance to the poor man's heart,  
Thither no more the peasant shall repair,  
To sweet obl'vion of his daily care;  
No more the farmer's news, the barber's tale,  
No more the wood-man's ballad shall prevail,  
No more the smith his dusky brow shall clear;  
Relax his pond'rous strength, and lean to hear;  
The host himself no longer shall be found  
Careful to see the mantling bliss go round;  
Nor the coy maid, half-willing to be prest,  
Shall kiss the cup to pass it to the rest.

## THE FAIRIES.

COME follow, follow me,  
Ye fairy elves that be,  
Light tripping o'er the green;  
Come follow MAB your queen:  
Hand in hand we'll dance around,  
For this place is fairy ground.

When mortals are at rest,  
And snoring in their nest,  
Unheard and unespied,  
Through key-holes we do glide;  
Over tables, stools, and shelves,  
We trip it with our fairy elves.

And if the house be foul,  
With platter, dish, or bowl,  
Up stairs we nimbly creep,  
And find the sluts asleep;  
Then we pinch their arms and thighs;  
None us hears, and none us spies.

But if the house be swept,  
And from uncleanness kept,  
We praise the household maid,  
And duly she is paid:  
Every night before we go,  
We drop a tester in her shoe.

Then o'er a mushroom's head  
Our table-cloth we spread;  
A grain of rye or wheat,  
The diet that we eat;  
Pearly drops of dew we drink,  
In acorn-cups fill'd to the brink.

The brains of nightingales,  
With unctuous fat of snails,  
Between two cockles flew'd,  
Is meat that's eas'ly chew'd;

Tails of worms, and marrow of mice,  
Do make a dish that's wond'rous nice.

The grafshopper, gnat, and fly,  
Serve for our minstrelsy;  
Grace said, we dance awhile,  
And so the time beguile:

And if the moon doth hide her head,  
The glow-worm lights us home to bed.

O'er tops of dewy grafs  
So nimbly we do pass,  
The young and tender stalk  
Ne'er bends when we do walk;  
Yet in the morning may be seen  
Where we the night before have been.

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THE MISER AND PLUTUS.

THE wind was high, the window shakes,

With sudden start the MISER wakes;

Along the silent room he stalks,

Looks back, and trembles as he walks:

Each lock and ev'ry bolt he tries,

In ev'ry creek and corner prys,

Then opes the chest with treasure stor'd,

And stands in rapturé o'er his hoard.

But now, with sudden qualms posses'd,

He wrings his hands, he beats his breast;

By conscience stung, he wildly stares,

And thus his guilty soul declares:

" Had the deep earth her stores confin'd,

" This heart had known sweet peace of mind.

" But VIRTUE's fold. Good gods! what price

" Can recompense the pangs of VICE?

" O bane of good! seducing cheat!

" Can man, weak man, thy pow'r defeat?

" GOLD banish'd HONOUR from the mind,

" And only left the name behind;

" GOLD sow'd the world with ev'ry ill;  
 " GOLD taught the murd'rer's sword to kill:  
 " 'Twas GOLD, instructed coward hearts  
 " In TREACH'RY's more pernicious arts.  
 " Who can recount the mischiefs o'er?  
 " VIRTUE resides on Earth no more!"

He spoke, and sigh'd. In angry mood

PLUTUS, his god, before him stood.

The MISER, trembling, lock'd his chest:

The vision frown'd, and thus address'd:

' Whence is this vile ungrateful rant,  
 ' Each sordid rascal's daily cant?  
 ' Did I, base wretch! corrupt mankind?  
 ' The fault's in thy rapacious mind.  
 ' Because my blessings are abus'd,  
 ' Must I be censur'd, curs'd, accus'd?  
 ' Ev'n VIRTUE's self by knaves is made  
 ' A cloak to carry on the trade;  
 ' And pow'r (when lodg'd in their possession)  
 ' Grows tyranny and rank oppression.  
 ' Thus, when the villain crams his chest,  
 ' GOLD is the canker of the breast;  
 ' 'Tis AV'rice, INSOLENCE, and PRIDE,  
 ' And ev'ry shocking vice beside:  
 ' But when to virt'ous hands 'tis giv'n,  
 ' It blesses, like the dews of heav'n:  
 ' Like heav'n it hears the ORPHAN's cries,  
 ' And wipes the tears from WIDOW's eyes.  
 ' Their CRIMES on GOLD shall MISERS lay,  
 ' Who pawn'd their sordid souls for pay?  
 ' Let BRAVOES, then, when blood is spilt,  
 ' Upbraid the passive SWORD with guilt.'

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### A WHIMSICAL EPITAPH.

HERE lies the body of SARAH SEXTON,  
 Who, as a wife, did never vex one;  
 We can't say that for her at th' next-stone.

UNIVERSAL ORDER.

ALL are but parts of one stupendous whole,  
 Whose body nature is, and God the soul;  
 That chang'd thro' all, and yet in all the same,  
 Great in the earth, as in the ethereal frame;  
 Warms in the sun, refreshes in the breeze,  
 Glows in the stars, and blossoms in the trees;  
 Lives through all life, extends through all extent;  
 Spreads undivided, operates unspent;  
 Breathes in our soul, informs our mortal part,  
 As full, as perfect, in an hair as heart;  
 As full, as perfect, in vile man that mourns,  
 As the rapt seraph that adores and burns:  
 To him no high, no low, no great, no small;  
 He fills, he bounds, connects, and equals all.

Cease then, nor order imperfection name:  
 Our proper bliss, depends on what we blame.  
 Know thy own point: this kind, this due degree  
 Of blindness, weakness heav'n bestows on thee.  
 Submit.—In this, or any other sphere,  
 Secure to be as blest as thou canst bear:  
 Safe in the hand of one disposing pow'r,  
 Or in the natal, or the mortal hour.  
 All nature is but art, unknown to thee;  
 All chance, direction, which thou canst not see;  
 All discord, harmony not understood;  
 All partial evil, universal good:  
 And, spite of pride, in erring reason's spite,  
 One truth is clear—WHATEVER IS, IS RIGHT.

SIMPLICITY.

OTHOU, by nature taught  
 To breathe her genuine thought,  
 In numbers warmly pure, and sweetly strong:  
 Who first on mountains wild,  
 In fancy, loveliest child,  
 Thy babe, and pleasure's, nurs'd the pow'rs of song!

Thou, who with hermit heart,  
 Disdain'st the wealth of art  
 And gauds, and pageant weeds, and trailing pall:  
 But com'st a decent maid,  
 In attic robe array'd,

O chaste, unboastful nymph, to thee I call!

By all the honey'd store,  
 On Hybla's thymy shore,  
 By all her blooms, and mingled murmurs dear,  
 By her, whose love-lorn woe,  
 In ev'ning musings flow,  
 Sooth'd sweetly sad Electra's poet's ear:

By old Cephissus deep,  
 Who spread his wavy sweep  
 In warbled wand'rings round thy green retreat,  
 On whose enamell'd side,  
 When-holy FREEDOM dy'd,  
 No equal haunt allur'd thy future feet.

O sister meek of TRUTH,  
 To my admiring youth,  
 Thy sober aid and native charms infuse!  
 The flow'rs that sweetest breathe,  
 Though beauty cull'd the wreath,  
 Still ask thy hand to range their order'd hues.

While Rome could none esteem,  
 But virtue's patriot theme,  
 You lov'd her hills, and led her laureate band;  
 But staid to sing alone  
 To one distinguish'd throne,  
 And turn'd thy face, and fled her alter'd land.

Nor more in hall or bow'r,  
 The passion's own thy pow'r,  
 Love, only love, her forceless numbers mean:  
 For thou has left her shrine,  
 Nor olive now, nor vine,  
 Shall gain thy feet to bless the servile scene.



Though taste, though genius blefs  
 To some divine excess,  
 Faint's the cold work till thou inspire the whole;  
 What each, what all supply,  
 May court, may charm our eye,  
 Thou, only thou, canst raise the meeting soul!  
 Of these let others ask,  
 To aid some mighty task,  
 I only seek to find thy temp'rate vale:  
 Where oft my reed might sound  
 To maids and shepherds round,  
 And all thy fons, O nature! learn my tale.

---

DELIA.

WHEN DELIA on the plain appears,  
 Aw'd by a thousand tender fears,  
 I would approach, but dare not move;  
 Tell me, my heart, if this be love?  
 Whene'er she speaks, my ravish'd ear  
 No other voice but her's can hear;  
 No other wit but her's approve:  
 Tell me, my heart, if this be love?  
 If she some other swain commend,  
 Tho' I was once his fondest friend,  
 His instant enemy I prove;  
 Tell me, my heart, if this be love?  
 When she is absent, I no more  
 Delight in all that pleas'd before,  
 The clearest spring, the shadiest grove;  
 Tell me, my heart, if this be love?  
 When fond of pow'r, of beauty vain,  
 Her nets she spreads for ev'ry swain,  
 I strove to hate, but vainly strove;  
 Tell me, my heart, if this be love?

## THE RIVER AVON.

**T**HOU soft flowing AVON, by thy silver stream,  
Of things more than mortal sweet SHAKSPEARE  
would dream;

The fairies by moon-light dance round his green bed,  
For hallow'd the turf is, which pillow'd his head.

The love-stricken maiden, the soft-fighting swain,  
Here rove without danger, and sigh without pain.  
The sweet bud of beauty no blight shall here dread,  
For hallow'd the turf is, which pillow'd his head.

Here youth shall be fam'd for their love and their  
truth,

And cheerful old age feel the spirit of youth;  
For the raptures of fancy here poets shall tread,  
For hallow'd the turf is, which pillow'd his head.

Flow on, silver AVON, in song ever flow,  
Be the swans on thy borders still whiter than snow!  
Ever full be thy stream, like his fame may it spread,  
And the turf ever hallow'd, which pillow'd his head.

## THE

## COUNTRY BUMPKIN AND RAZOR-SELLER.

**A** FELLOW in a market town,  
Most musical, cry'd razors up and down,  
And offer'd twelve for eighteen-pence;  
Which certainly seem'd wond'rous cheap,  
And for the money, quite a heap,  
As ev'ry man wou'd buy, with cash and sense.

A country-bumpkin the great offer heard:  
Poor HODGE, who suffer'd by a broad black beard,  
That seem'd a shoe-brush stuck beneath his nose,  
With cheerfulness the eighteen-pence he paid,  
And proudly to himself, in whispers said,  
"This rascal stole the razors, I suppose."

" No matter if the fellow *be* a knave,

" Provided that the razors *shave*;

" It certainly will be a monstrous prize."

So home the clown, with his good fortune, went,  
Smiling in heart, and soul content,

And quickly soap'd himself to ears and eyes.

Being well lather'd from a dish or tub,

HODGE now began with grinning pain to grub,

Just like a hedger cutting furze:

'Twas a vile razor!—then the rest he try'd—

All were impostors—" Ah!" HODGE sigh'd!

" I wish the eighteen-pence within my purse."

In vain to chace his beard, and bring the graces,

He cut, and dug, and winc'd, and stamp'd and swore:

Brought blood, and danc'd, blasphem'd, and made  
wry faces,

And curs'd each razor's body o'er and o'er.

His muzzle, form'd of *opposition* stuff,

Firm as a Foxite, would not lose its ruff;

So kept it—laughing at the steel and suds:

HODGE, in a passion, stretch'd his angry jaws,

Vowing the direst vengeance, with clench'd claws,

On the vile cheat that sold the goods.

" Razors!—a damn'd confounded dog—

" Not fit to scrape a hog!"

HODGE fought the fellow—found him, and begun—

" P'rhaps, measter razor-rogue, to you 'tis fun,

" That people slay themselves out of their lives:

" You rascal!—for an hour have I been grubbing,

" Giving my scoundrel whiskers here a scrubbing,

" With razors just like oyster knives.

" Sirrah! I tell you, you're a knave,

" To cry up razors that can't *shave*."

' Friend' quoth the razor-man, ' I'm not a knave:

' As for the razors you have bought,

' Upon my soul I never thought

' That they would *shave*.'

“Not think they’d shave!” quoth HODGE with  
 wond’ring eyes,  
 And voice not much unlike an Indian yell;  
 “What were they made for then, you dog?” he cries,  
 ‘Made!’ quoth the fellow, with a smile,—‘to *sell*.’

### THE PARISH POOR HOUSE.

**T**HEIRS is yon house that holds the parish poor,  
 Whose walls of mud scarce bear the broken door;  
 There, where the putrid vapours flagging play,  
 And the dull wheel hums doleful thro’ the day;  
 There children dwell who know no parent’s care;  
 Parents, who know no children’s love, dwell there;  
 Heart-broken matrons on their joyless bed,  
 Forsaken wives, and mothers never wed;  
 Dejected widows with unheeded tears,  
 And crippled age with more than childhood-fears!  
 The lame, the blind, and, far the happiest they!  
 The moping idiot, and the madman gay.

Here too the sick their final doom receive,  
 Here brought, amid the scenes of grief, to grieve;  
 Where the loud groans from some sad chamber flow,  
 Mixt with the clamours of the crowd below:  
 Here sorrowing, they each kindred sorrow scan,  
 And the cold charities of man to man.  
 Whose laws indeed for ruin’d age provide,  
 And strong compulsion plucks the scrap from pride;  
 But still that scrap is bought with many a sigh,  
 And pride embitters what it can’t deny.

Say ye, oppress’d by some fantastic woes,  
 Some jarring nerve that baffles your repose;  
 Who press the downy couch, while slaves advance  
 With timid eye to read the distant glance;  
 Who with sad prayers the weary doctor tease  
 To name the nameless ever-new disease;  
 Who with mock-patience dire complaints endure,  
 Which real pain, and that alone can cure;

How would you bear in real pain to lie,  
 Despis'd, neglected, left alone to die?  
 How would ye bear to draw your latest breath,  
 Where all that's wretched paves the way for death?  
 Such is that room which one rude beam divides,  
 And naked rafters form the sloping sides;  
 Where the vile bands that bind the thatch are seen,  
 And lath and mud is all that lie between;  
 Save one dull pane, that, coarsely patch'd, gives way  
 To the rude tempest, yet excludes the day:  
 Here, on a matted flock, with dust o'erspread,  
 The drooping wretch reclines his languid head;  
 For him no hand the cordial cup applies,  
 Nor wipes the tear that stagnates in his eyes;  
 No friends with soft discourse his pain beguile,  
 Nor promise hope till sickness wears a smile.

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THE BEGGAR WOMAN.

**W**HY sounds the plaint of mis'ry in the street?  
 One gentle bosom only heaves a sigh;  
 Unfeeling AV'RICE frowns and passes by:  
 'Tis false, the miscreant thinks——'tis all deceit;  
 The wily trader, wrapp'd in schemes of lure,  
 Heeds not the groan long-ling'ring on the air;  
 While GREATNESS stoops not, from his seat secure,  
 To view affliction HE will never share.  
 Woman of want, thy hand is stretch'd in vain!—  
 Pity from that cold heart thou can'st not strain;  
 Vain tears bedew thy sorrow-wasted cheek;  
 Forc'd from thy famish'd babe, the fearful shriek  
 Is nothing; sight like thine, so woe-begone,  
 Should not be seen, nor heard thy pit'ous moan,  
 Where pomp, luxur'ous ease, and purple pride,  
 And mirth, repos'd on downy beds, reside.  
 Spoil not the poor and thoughtless merriment;  
 Go! hug thy griefs at home—and starve content!

## MIRTH.

**H**ENCE, loathed MELANCHOLY,  
 Of CERBERUS and blackest midnight born,  
 In stygian cave forlorn,  
 'Mongst horrid shapes, and shrieks, and sights  
 unholy,  
 Find out some uncouth cell,  
 Where brooding darkness spreads his jealous wings,  
 And the night-raven sings;  
 There under ebon shades, and low-brow'd rocks,  
 As ragged as thy locks,  
 In dark Cimmerian desert ever dwell.  
 But come, thou goddess, fair and free,  
 In heav'n 'yclep'd EUPHROSUNE,  
 And by men, heart-easing MIRTH,  
 Whom lovely VENUS at a birth,  
 With two sister graces more,  
 To ivy-crowned BACCHUS bore:  
 Or whether (as some fages sing)  
 The frolic wind that breathes the spring,  
 ZEPHYR with AURORA playing,  
 As he met her once a maying,  
 There on beds of violets blue,  
 And fresh-blown roses wash'd in dew,  
 Fill'd her with thee, a daughter fair,  
 So buxom, blithe, and *debonair*.  
 Haste thee, nymph, and bring with thee  
 Jest and youthful JOLLITY,  
 Quips and cranks, and wanton wiles,  
 Nods and becks, and wreathed smiles,  
 Such as hang on HEBE's cheek,  
 And love to live in dimple sleek;  
 SPORT, that wrinkl'd CARE derides,  
 And LAUGHTER holding both his sides.  
 Come, and trip it as you go  
 On the light fantastic toe,  
 And in thy right-hand lead with thee,  
 The mountain nymph, sweet LIBERTY;



And if I give thee honour due,  
MIRTH admit me of thy crew,  
To live with her, and live with thee,  
In unreprieved pleasures free ;  
To hear the lark begin his flight,  
And singing startle the dull night,  
From his watch-tow'r in the skies,  
Till the dappled dawn doth rise ;  
Then to come in spite of sorrow,  
And at my window bid good-morrow,  
Through the sweet-briar, or the vine,  
Or the twist'd eglantine :  
While the cock with lively din  
Scatters the rear of darkness thin,  
And to the stack, or the barn-door,  
Stoutly struts his dames before :  
Oft list'ning how the hounds and horn  
Cheerly rouse the slumb'ring morn,  
From the side of some hoar hill,  
Through the high wood echoing shrill :  
Some time walking not unseen,  
By edge-row elms, on hillocks green,  
Right against the eastern gate,  
Where the great sun begins his state,  
Rob'd in flames and amber light,  
The clouds in thousand liveries dight,  
While the ploughman near at hand  
Whistles o'er the furrow'd land,  
And the milk-maid singeth blithe,  
And the mower wets his scythe,  
And ev'ry shepherd tells his tale  
Under the hawthorn in the dale.  
Straight mine eye hath caught new pleasures,  
Whilst the landscape round it measures,  
Russet lawns and fallows gray,  
Where the nibbling flocks do stray,  
Mountains on whole barren breast  
The lab'ring clouds do often rest,  
Meadows trim with daisies pied,  
Shallow brooks, and rivers wide.

Towers and battlements it sees  
Bosom'd high in tufted trees,  
Where perhaps some beauty lies,  
The Cynosure of neighb'ring eyes.  
Hard by a cottage chimney smokes,  
From betwixt two aged oaks,  
Where CORYDON and THYRSIS met,  
Are at their sav'ry dinner set,  
Of herbs and other country messes,  
Which the neat-handed PHILLIS dresses;  
And then in haste her bow'r she leaves  
With THESTYLIS to bind the sheaves;  
Or, if the earlier season lead,  
To the tann'd hay-cock in the mead.  
Sometimes with secure delight  
The upland hamlets will invite,  
When the merry bells ring round,  
And the jocund rebecks sound  
To many a youth and many a maid,  
Dancing in the chequer'd shade;  
And young and old come forth to play  
On a sun-shine holy-day,  
Till the live-long day-light fail;  
Then to the spicy nut-brown ale,  
With stories told of many a feat,  
How fairy MAB the junkets eat;  
She was pinch'd and pull'd, she said,  
And by the friar's lanthorn led;  
Tells how the drudging goblin sweat,  
To earn his cream-bowl duly set,  
When in one night, ere glimpse of morn,  
His shadowy flail hath thresh'd the corn,  
That ten day-lab'ers could not end;  
Then lies him down the lubbar fiend,  
And stretch'd out all the chimney's length,  
Basks at the fire his hairy strength,  
And crop-full out of doors he flings,  
Ere the first cock his matin rings.  
Thus done the tales, to bed they creep,  
By whisp'ring winds soon lull'd asleep.

Tower'd cities please us then,  
And the busy hum of men,  
Where throngs of knights and barons bold,  
In weeds of peace high triumphs hold,  
With store of ladies, whose bright eyes  
Rain influence, and judge the prize  
Of wit or arms, while both contend  
To win her grace, whom all commend.  
There let HYMEN oft appear  
In saffron robe, and taper clear,  
And pomp, and feast, and revelry,  
With mask, and antique pageantry;  
Such fights as youthful poets dream  
On summer eves by haunted stream.  
Then to the well-trod stage anon,  
If JONSON's learned sock be on,  
Or sweetest SHAKSPEARE, fancy's child,  
Warble his native wood-notes wild.  
And ever against eating cares,  
Lap me in soft Lydian airs,  
Married to immortal verse,  
Such as the meeting soul may pierce  
In notes, with many a winding bout  
Of linked sweetness long drawn out.  
With wanton heed and giddy cunning,  
The melting voice through mazes running.  
Untwisting all the chains that tie  
The hidden soul of harmony;  
That ORPHEUS' self may heave his head  
From golden slumber on a bed  
Of heapt Elyfian flow'rs, and hear  
Such strains as would have won the ear  
Of PLUTO, to have quite set free  
His half-regain'd EURYDICE.  
These delights, if thou canst give,  
MIRTH, with thee, I mean to live.

## MELANCHOLY.

**H**ENCE, vain deluding joys,  
The brood of folly, without father bred,  
How little you bested,  
Or fill the fixed mind with all your toys!  
Dwell in some idle brain,  
And fancies fond with gaudy shapes possess,  
As thick and numberless  
As the gay motes that people the sun-beams,  
Or likeliest hovering dreams,  
The fickle pensioners of MORPHEUS' train.  
But hail, thou goddess, sage and holy!  
Hail, divinest MELANCHOLY!  
Whose faintly visage is too bright  
To hit the sense of human sight,  
And therefore to our weaker view,  
O'erlaid with black, staid WISDOM's hue:  
Black, but such as in esteem,  
Prince MEMNON's sister might beseeem;  
Or that starr'd Ethiop queen that strove  
To set her beauties praise above  
The sea nymphs, and their pow'rs offended;  
Yet thou art high'r far descended,  
The bright-hair'd VESTA long of yore  
To solitary SATURN bore;  
His daughter she (in SATURN's reign,  
Such mixture was not held a stain,)  
Oft in glimmering bow'rs and glades  
He met her, and in secret shades  
Of woody Ida's inmost grove,  
While yet there was no fear of JOVE.  
Come, pensive nun, devout and pure,  
Sober, stedfast, and demure,  
All in a robe of darkest grain,  
Flowing with majestic train,  
And sable stole of Cyprus' lawn,  
Over thy decent shoulders drawn;  
Come, but keep thy wonted state,  
With even step and musing gait,

And looks commercing with the skies,  
The rapt soul sitting in thine eyes:  
These held in holy passion still,  
Forget thyself to marble, till  
With a sad leaden downward cast,  
Thou fix them on the earth as fast:  
And join with thee calm PEACE and QUIET,  
Spare FAST, that oft with gods doth diet,  
And hears the muses in a ring  
Aye round about JOVE's altar sing:  
And add to these retired LEISURE,  
That in trim gardens takes his pleasure;  
But first, and chiefest, with thee bring,  
Him that yon soars on golden wing,  
Guiding the fiery-wheeled throne,  
The cherub CONTEMPLATION,  
And thee mute SILENCE hift along  
'Lefs Philomel will deign a song,  
In her sweetest, saddest plight,  
Smoothing the rugged brow of night,  
While CYNTHIA checks her dragon yoke,  
Gently o'er th' accusom'd oak;  
Sweet bird that shunn'st the noise of folly,  
Most musical, most melancholy!  
The chauntress oft the woods among  
I woo, to hear thy even-song;  
And missing thee, I walk unseen  
On the dry smooth-shaven green,  
To behold th' wand'ring moon,  
Riding near her high'st noon,  
Like one that had been led astray  
Through the heav'n's wide pathless way,  
And oft, as if her head she bow'd,  
Stooping through a fleecy cloud,  
Oft on a plat of rising ground,  
I hear the far-off curfew sound,  
Over some wide-water'd shore,  
Swinging slow with sullen roar;

Or if the air will not permit,  
Some still removed place will fit,  
Where glowing embers through the room  
Teach light to counterfeit a gloom ;  
Far from all resort of mirth,  
Save the cricket on the hearth,  
Or the bell-man's drowfy charm,  
To bless the doors from nightly harm :  
Or let my lamp, at midnight hour,  
Be seen in some high lonely tow'r,  
Where I may oft outwatch the BEAR  
With thrice great HERMES, or unsphere  
The spirit of PLATO, to unfold  
What worlds, or what vast regions hold  
Th' immortal mind that hath forsook  
Her mansion in this fleshy nook :  
And of those demons that are found  
In fire, air, flood, or under ground,  
Whose power hath a true consent  
With planet, or with element.  
Sometimes let gorg'ous TRAGEDY,  
In scepter'd pall come sweeping by,  
Presenting THEBES', or PELOPS' line,  
Or else the tale of TROY divine :  
Or what (though rare) of later age  
Ennobled hath the buskin'd stage.  
But, O sad virgin, that thy pow'r  
Might raise MUSÆUS from his bow'r ;  
Or, bid the soul of ORPHEUS sing  
Such notes, as warbled to the string,  
Drew iron tears from PLUTO's cheek,  
And made HELL grant what LOVE did seek :  
Or, call up him that left half told  
The story of CAMBUSCAN bold,  
Of CAMBALL, and of ALGARSIFE ;  
And who had CANACE to wife,  
That own'd the virt'ous ring and glass,  
And of the wond'rous horse of brais,



On which the Tartar king did ride;  
And if aught else great bards beside,  
In sage and solemn tunes have sung,  
Of turneys and of trophies hung,  
Of forests, and enchantments drear,  
Where more is meant than meets the ear.  
Thus night oft see me in thy pale career,  
Till civil-suited morn appear,  
Not trickt and frounted as she was wont  
With the attic boy to hunt,  
But kercheft in a comely cloud,  
While rocking winds are piping loud,  
Or usher'd with a show'r still,  
When th' gust hath blown his fill,  
Ending on the rustling leaves,  
With minute drops from off the eaves.  
And when the sun begins to sting  
His flaming beams, me, goddess, bring,  
To arched walks of twilight groves,  
And shadows brown that Sylvan loves  
Of pine, or monumental oak,  
Where the rude axe with heaved stroke  
Was never heard the nymphs to daunt,  
Or fright them from their hallow'd haunt.  
There in close covert by some brook,  
Where no profaner eye may look,  
Hide me from day's garish eye,  
While the bee with honied thigh,  
That at her flow'ry work doth sing,  
And the waters murm'ring,  
With such concert as they keep,  
Entice the dewy-feather'd sleep:  
And let some strange mysterious dream  
Wave at his wings in airy stream  
Of lively portraiture display'd,  
Softly on my eye-lids laid:  
And as I wake, sweet music breathe  
Above, about, or underneath,

Sent by some spirit to mortals good,  
 Or th' unseen genius of the wood.  
 But let my due feet never fail  
 To walk the studious cloysters' pale,  
 And love the high embowed roof,  
 With antic pillars massy proof,  
 And storied windows richly dight,  
 Casting a dim religious light.  
 There let the pealing organ blow,  
 To the full-voic'd choir below,  
 In service high, and anthems clear,  
 As may with sweetness, through mine ear,  
 Dissolve me into extasies,  
 And bring all heav'n before mine eyes.  
 And may at last my weary age  
 Find out the peaceful hermitage,  
 The hairy gown and mossy cell,  
 Where I may sit and rightly spell  
 Of ev'ry star that heav'n doth shew;  
 And ev'ry herb that sips the dew;  
 Till old experience do attain  
 To something like prophetic strain.  
 These pleasures, MELANCHOLY, give,  
 And I with thee, will choose to live.

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### THE VIOLET.

**S**HELTER'D from the blight ambition,  
 Fatal to the pride of rank,  
 See me in my low condition,  
 Laughing on the tufted bank.  
 On my robes (for emulation)  
 No variety's imprest;  
 Suited to an humble station,  
 Mine's an unembroider'd vest.  
 Modest though the maids declare me,  
 MAY in her fantastic train,  
 When PASTORA deigns to wear me,  
 Ha'n't a flow'ret half so vain.

THE PASSIONS.

WHEN MUSIC, heav'nly maid, was young,  
While yet in early GREECE she sung,

The PASSIONS oft, t' hear her shell  
Throng'd around her magic cell,  
'Xulting, trembling, raging, fainting,  
Possess'd beyond the muse's painting;  
By turns they felt the glowing mind  
Disturb'd, delighted, rais'd, refin'd.  
Till once, 'tis said, when all were fir'd,  
Fill'd with fury, rapt, inspir'd,  
From the supporting myrtles round  
They snatch'd her instruments of sound,  
And as they oft had heard apart  
Sweet lessons of her forceful art,  
Each, for madness rul'd the hour,  
Would prove his own expressive pow'r.

First FEAR, his hand, its skill to try,  
Amid the chords bewilder'd laid,  
And back recoil'd, he knew not why,  
Ev'n at the sound himself had made.

Next ANGER rush'd, his eyes on fire,  
In lightnings own'd his secret stings,  
In one rude clash he struck the lyre,  
And swept with hurried hand the strings.

With woeful measures wan DESPAIR—

Low fullen sounds his grief beguil'd,  
A solemn, strange, and mingled air,  
'Twas sad by fits, by starts 'twas wild.

But thou, O HOPE, with eyes so fair,  
What was thy delighted measure?  
Still it whisper'd promis'd pleasure,  
And bade the lovely scenes at distance hail!  
Still would her touch the strain prolong,  
And from the rocks, the woods, the vale,  
She call'd on ECHO still through all the song;

And where her sweetest theme she chose,  
 A soft responsive voice was heard at ev'ry close,  
 And HOPE enchanted smil'd, and wav'd her golden  
 hair.

And longer had she sung—but, with a frown,  
 REVENGE impatient rose,  
 He threw his blood-stain'd sword in thunder down,

And, with a with'ring look,  
 The war-denouncing trumpet took,  
 And blew a blast so loud and dread,  
 Were ne'er prophetic sounds so full of woe.

And ever and anon he beat  
 The doubling drum with fur'ous heat;  
 And though sometimes, each dreary pause be-  
 tween,

Dejected PITY at his side  
 Her soul-subduing voice apply'd,  
 Yet still he kept his wild unalter'd mien,  
 While each strain'd ball of sight seem'd bursting  
 from his head.

Thy numbers, JEALOUSY, to nought were fix'd,  
 Sad proof of thy distressful state,  
 Of diff'ring themes the veering song was mix'd,  
 And now it courted LOVE, now raving call'd on  
 HATE.

With eyes up-rais'd, as one inspir'd,  
 Pale MELANCHOLY fate retir'd,  
 And from her wild sequester'd seat,  
 In notes by distance made more sweet,  
 Pour'd through the mellow horn her pensive soul:  
 And dashing soft from rocks around,  
 Bubbling runnels join'd the sound;  
 Through glades and glooms the mingled measure  
 stole,

Or o'er some haunted streams with fond delay,  
 Round an holy calm diffusing,  
 Love of PEACE and lonely musing,  
 In hollow murmurs dy'd away.

But, O, how alter'd was its sprightlier tone!  
 When **CHEERFULNESS**, a nymph of healthiest hue!  
 Her bow across her shoulder flung,  
 Her buskins gemm'd with morning dew,  
 Blew an aspiring air, that dale and thicket rung,  
 The hunter's call to fawn and dryad known;  
 The oak-crown'd sisters, and their chaste-ey'd queen,  
 Satyrs and sylvan boys were seen,  
 Peeping from forth their alleys green;  
**BROWN EXERCISE** rejoic'd to hear,  
 And **SPORT** leapt up, and seiz'd his beechen spear.  
 Last came **JOY**'s ecstatic trial,  
 He, with viny crown advancing,  
 First to the lively pipe his hand address'd,  
 But soon he saw the brisk-awak'ning viol,  
 Whose sweet entrancing voice he lov'd the best.  
 They would have thought, who heard the strain,  
 They saw in Tempe's vale her native maids,  
 Amidst the festal sounding shades,  
 To some unwearied minstrel dancing:  
 While, as his flying fingers kiss'd the strings,  
**LOVE** fram'd with **MIRTH** a gay fantastic round,  
 Loose were her tresses seen, her zone unbound,  
 And he, amidst his frolic play,  
 As if he would the charming air repay,  
 Shook thousand odours from his dewy-wings.  
 O **MUSIC**, sphere-descended maid,  
 Friend of **PLEASURE**, **WISDOM**'s aid,  
 Why, goddess, why to us deny'd?  
 Lay'st thou thy ancient lyre aside?  
 As in that lov'd Athenian bow'r  
 You learn'd in all commanding pow'r;  
 Thy mimic soul, O nymph endear'd,  
 Can well recal what then it heard.  
 Where is thy native simple heart,  
 Devote to **VIRTUE**, **FANCY**, **ART**?  
 Arise, as in that elder time,  
 Warm, energetic, chaste, sublime?  
 Thy wonders in that god-like age,  
 Fill thy recording sister's page—

'Tis said, and I believe the tale,  
 Thy humblest reed could more prevail,  
 Had more of strength, diviner rage,  
 Than all which charms this laggard age,  
 Ev'n all at once together found  
 CECILIA's mingled world of sound—  
 O, bid our vain endeavours cease,  
 Revive the just designs of GREECE;  
 Return in all thy simple state!  
 Confirm the tales her sons relate!

---

### THE WINTER'S DAY.

WHEN raging storms deform the air,  
 And clouds of snow descend;  
 And the wide landscape bright and fair,  
 No deepen'd colours blend:

When biting frost rides on the wind,  
 Bleak from the north and east,  
 And wealth is at its ease reclin'd,  
 Prepar'd to laugh and feast:

When the poor trav'ler treads the plain,  
 All dubious of his way,  
 And crawls with night-encreasing pain,  
 And dreads the parting day:

When POVERTY in vile attire,  
 Shrinks from the biting blast,  
 Or hovers o'er the pigmy fire,  
 And fears it will not last:

When the fond mother hugs her child  
 Still closer to her breast,  
 And the poor infant, frost-beguil'd,  
 Scarce feels that it is prest:

Then let the bounteous hand extend  
 Its blessings to the poor,  
 Nor spurn the wretched while they bend  
 All suppliant at your door.



FEAR.

**T**HOU, to whom the world unknown,  
With all its shadowy shapes is shewn;  
Who see'st appall'd th' unreal scene,  
While FANCY lifts the veil between:

Ah, FEAR! ah, frantic FEAR!

I see—I see thee near.

I know thy hurried step, thy haggard eye!  
Like thee I start, like thee disorder'd fly,  
For, lo, what monsters in thy train appear!  
DANGER, whose limbs of giant mould,  
What mortal eye can fix'd behold?  
Who stalks his round, an hideous form,  
Howling amidst the midnight storm,  
Or throws him on the ridgy steep  
Of some loose hanging rock to sleep:  
And with him thousand phantoms join'd,  
Who prompt to deeds accurs'd the mind:  
And those, the fiends, who near allied,  
O'er nature's wounds and wrecks preside;  
While VENGE'ANCE, in the lucid air,  
Lifts her red arm, expos'd and bare:  
On whom the rav'ning brood of fate,  
Who lap the blood of sorrow, wait;  
Who, FEAR, this ghastly train can see,  
And look not madly-wild, like thee?

In earliest GREECE, to thee, with partial choice,  
The grief-full muse address her infant tongue;  
The maids and matrons, on her awful voice,  
Silent and pale, in wild amazement hung.

Yet he, the bard who first invok'd thy name,  
Disdain'd in Marathon its pow'r to feel:  
For not alone he nurs'd the poet's flame,  
But reach'd from virtue's hand the patriot's steel.

But who is he whom later garlands grace,  
Who left awhile o'er Hybla's dews to rove,  
With trembling eyes thy dreary steps to trace,  
Where thou and furies shar'd the baleful grove?

Wrapt in thy cloudy veil th'incest'ous queen,  
Sigh'd the sad call her son and husband heard,  
When once alone it broke the silent scene,  
And he the wretch of THEBES no more appear'd.

O FEAR, I know thee by my throbbing heart,  
Thy with'ring pow'r inspir'd each mournful line,  
Though gentle PITY claim her mingled part,  
Yet all the thunders of the scene are thine.

Thou who such weary length has past,  
Where wilt thou rest, mad nymph, at last ?  
Say, wilt thou shroud in haunted cell,  
Where gloomy rape and murder dwell ?  
Or, in some hollow'd feat,  
'Gainst which the big waves beat,  
Hear drowning seamen's cries in tempests brought !  
Dark pow'r, with shudd'ring meek submitted  
thought,

Be mine, to read th' visions old,  
Which thy awak'ning bards have told.

And, lest thou meet my blasted view,  
Hold each strange tale devoutly true ;  
Ne'er be I found, by thee o'er-aw'd,  
In that thrice-hallow'd eve abroad,  
When ghosts, as cottage-maids believe,  
Their pebbled beds permitted leave,  
And goblins haunt from fire, or fen,  
Or mine, or flood, the walks of men !

O thou, whose spirit most possessest  
The sacred seat of SHAKSPEARE'S breast !  
By all that from thy prophet broke,  
In thy divine emotions spoke !  
Hither again thy fury deal,  
Teach me but once like him to feel :  
His cypress wreath my meed decree,  
And I, O FEAR, will dwell with thee !

## THE SORROWS OF LIFE.

OH! what a vast variety of ills

Lurk in the path ordain'd for wretched man!  
 First, PLEASURE lures him to the gaudy track,  
 And tempts him with the glare of worldly joys;  
 With youth and wealth, and what is still more dear,  
 The bless'd return of fond requited love!  
 Then JEALOUSY wrings hard each tortur'd nerve,  
 While fancy bids a new creation rise,  
 Of demons hideous, that distract his soul!  
 DESPAIR usurps each avenue of sense,  
 And drives him head-long from his peaceful home,  
 To seek for GLORY 'midst the fields of death.  
 Oh! then deceitful HOPE presents new joys;  
 While FAME's gay trophies hide his fading brow;  
 Soon from the glowing height of conquest fall'n,  
 Th' inevitable GRAVE arrests his course,  
 And wretched man returns *again* to DUST.

## ON MARGARET RATCLIFFE.

MARBLE, weep, for thou dost cover  
 A dead beauty underneath thee,  
 Rich as nature could bequeath thee:  
 Grant then, no rude hand remove her.  
 All the gazers on the skies  
 Read not in fair heav'n's story  
 Expresser truth, or truer glory,  
 Than they might in her bright eyes.

Rare as wonder was her wit;  
 And, like Nectar, ever flowing:  
 Till time, strong by her bestowing,  
 Conquer'd hath both life and it;  
 Life, whose grief was out of fashion  
 In these times. Few have so ru'd  
 Fate in a brother. To conclude,  
 For wit, feature, and true passion,  
 Earth, thou hast not such another.

## HARMONY.

FROM HARMONY, from heav'nly HARMONY,  
This universal frame began :

When nature underneath a heap

Of jarring atoms lay,

And could not heave her head,

The tuneful voice was heard from high,

Arise ! ye more than dead.

Then cold, and hot, and moist, and dry,

In order to their stations leap,

And MUSIC's pow'r obey.

From HARMONY, from heav'nly HARMONY,

This universal frame began :

From HARMONY to HARMONY

Through all the compass of the notes it ran,

The diapason closing full in man.

What passion cannot MUSIC raise and quell ?

When JUBAL struck the chorded shell,

His list'ning brethren stood around,

And, wond'ring, on their faces fell,

To worship that celestial sound.

Less than a god they thought there could not dwell

Within the hollow of that shell,

That spoke so sweetly and so well.

What passion cannot MUSIC raise and quell ?

The TRUMPET's loud clangor

Excites us to arms,

With shrill notes of anger

And mortal alarms.

The double, double, double beat

Of the thund'ring DRUM

Cries, hark ! the foe's come ;

Charge ! charge ! 'tis too late to retreat.

The soft complaining FLUTE

In dying notes discovers

The woes of hopeless lovers,

Whose dirge is whisper'd by the warbling LUTE.

Sharp VIOLINS proclaim  
Their jealous pangs, and desperation,  
Fury, frantic, indignation,  
Depth of pains, and height of passion,  
For the fair, disdainful dame.

But oh ! what art can teach,  
What human voice can reach,  
The sacred ORGAN's praise ?  
Notes inspiring holy love,  
Notes that wing their heav'nly ways  
To mend the choirs above.

ORPHEUS could lead the savage race ;  
And tree's up-rooted left their place,  
Sequacious of the LYRE :  
But bright CECILIA rais'd the wonder higher :  
When to her ORGAN vocal breath was giv'n,  
An angel heard, and straight appear'd,  
Mistaking earth for heav'n.

As from the pow'r of sacred lays,  
The spheres began to move,  
And sung the great Creator's praise  
To all the blest above ;  
So when the last and dreadful hour  
This crumbling pageant shall devour,  
The TRUMPET shall be heard on high,  
The dead shall live, the living die,  
And MUSIC shall untune the sky.

---

LIBERTY.

WHO shall awake the SPARTAN life  
And call in solemn sounds to life,  
The youths, whose locks divinely spreading,  
Like vernal hyacinths in fullen hue,  
At once the breath of fear and virtue shedding,  
Applauding FREEDOM lov'd of old to view ?  
What new ALCEUS, fancy-blest,  
Shall sing the sword in myrtles drest,

At wisdom's shrine awhile its flame concealing,  
 (What place so fit to seal a deed renown'd ?)  
 Till she her brightest lightnings round revealing,  
 It leap'd in glory forth, and dealt her prompted  
 wound !

O goddess, in that feeling hour ;  
 When most its sounds would court thy ears,  
 Let not my shell's misguided pow'r,  
 E'er draw thy sad, thy mindful tears.  
 No, FREEDOM, no, I will not tell,  
 How ROME, before thy face,  
 With heaviest sound, a giant-statue, fell,  
 Push'd by a wild and artless race,  
 From off its wide ambitious base,  
 When time his northern sons of spoil awoke,  
 And all the blended work of strength and grace,  
 With many a rude repeated stroke,  
 And many a barbarous yell, to thousand fragments  
 broke.

Yet, ev'n, where'er the least appear'd,  
 Th' admiring world thy hand rever'd ;  
 Still, 'midst the scatter'd states around,  
 Some remnants of her strength were found ;  
 They saw, by what escap'd the storm,  
 How wond'rous rose her perfect form ;  
 How in the great, the labour'd whole,  
 Each mighty master pour'd his soul ;  
 For sunny FLORENCE, seat of art,  
 Beneath her vines preserv'd a part,  
 Till they, whom Science lov'd to name,  
 (O, who could fear it ?) quench'd her flame.  
 And, lo ! an humbler relic laid  
 In jealous PISA's olive shade !  
 See, small MARINO joins the theme,  
 Though least, not last in thy esteem ;  
 Strike ! louder strike ! th' ennobling strings  
 To those, whose merchant sons were kings ;  
 To him, who, deck'd with pearly pride,  
 In ADRIA weds his green-hair'd bride :



Hail port of glory, wealth, and pleasure,  
 Ne'er let me change this Lydian measure:  
 Nor e'er his former pride relate,  
 To sad LIGURIA's bleeding state.

Ah, no! more pleas'd thy haunts I seek,  
 (On wild HELVETIA's mountains bleak:  
 Where, when the favour'd of thy choice,  
 The daring archer heard thy voice;  
 Forth from his eyrie rous'd in dread,  
 The rav'ning eagle northward fled.)

Or, dwell in willow'd meads more near,  
 With those to whom thy STORK is dear:  
 Those whom the rod of ALVA bruis'd,  
 Whose crown a British Queen refus'd!

The magic works, thou feel'st the strains,  
 One holier name alone remains:  
 The perfect spell shall then avail,  
 Hail! nymph, ador'd by BRITAIN, hail!

Beyond the measure vast of thought,  
 The works, the wizard time has wrought!

The GAUL, 'tis held of antique story,  
 Saw BRITAIN link'd to his now adverse strand,  
 No sea between, nor cliff sublime and hoary,  
 He pass'd with unwet feet through all our land.

To the blown BALTIC then, they say,  
 The wild waves found another way,  
 Where ORCAS howls, his wolfish mountains rounding;  
 Till all the banded west at once 'gan rise,  
 A wide wild storm ev'n nature's self confounding,  
 With'ring her giant sons with strange uncouth  
 surprise.

This pillar'd earth, so firm and wide,  
 By winds and inward labours torn,  
 In thunders dread was push'd aside,  
 And down the should'ring billows borne.

And see, like gems, her laughing train,  
 The little isles on ev'ry side,  
 MONA, once hid from those who search the main,  
 Where thousand elfin shapes abide,

And WIGHT, who checks the west'ring tide,  
 For thee consenting heav'n has each bestow'd,  
 A fair attendant on her sov'reign pride:  
 To thee this blest divorce she ow'd,  
 For thou hast made her vales thy lov'd, thy last abode!

Then too, 'tis said, an hoary pile,  
 'Midst the green navel of our isle,  
 Thy shrine in some religious wood,  
 O soul-enforcing goddess, stood!  
 There oft the painted native's feet  
 Were wont thy form celestial meet:  
 Though now with hopeless toil we trace  
 Time's backward rolls, to find its place;  
 Whether the fiery-tressed DANE,  
 Or ROMAN's self o'erturn'd the fane,  
 Or in what heav'n left age it fell,  
 'Twere hard for modern song to tell.  
 Yet still, if truth those beams infuse,  
 Which guide at once, and charm the muse,  
 Beyond yon braided cloud that lie,  
 Paving the light embroider'd sky:  
 Amidst the bright pavilion'd plains,  
 The beauteous model still remains.  
 There happier than in islands blest,  
 Or bow'rs by spring or Hebe drest,  
 The chiefs who fill our ALBION's story,  
 In warlike weeds, retir'd in glory,  
 Here their consoled DRUIDS sing  
 Their triumphs to th' immortal string.

How may the poet now unfold,  
 What never tongue or numbers told?  
 How learn, delighted and amaz'd,  
 What hands unknown that fabric rais'd?  
 Ev'n now, before his favour'd eyes,  
 In GOTHIC pride it seems to rise!  
 Yet GRECIA's graceful orders join,  
 Majestic, through the mix'd design;  
 The secret builder knew to choose,  
 Each sphere found gem of richest hues:

Whate'er heav'n's purer mold contains,  
When nearer suns emblaze its veins;  
There on the walls the patriot's fight  
May ever hang with fresh delight,  
And, grav'd with some prophetic rage,  
Read ALBION's fame through ev'ry age.

Ye forms divine, ye laureate band,  
That near her inmost altar stand;  
Now soothe her, to her blissful train  
Blithe CONCORD's social form to gain:  
CONCORD whose myrtle wand can steep  
Ev'n ANGER's blood-shot eyes in sleep:  
Before whose breathing bosom's balm,  
RAGE drops his steel, and storms grow calm;  
Her let our fires and matrons hoar  
Welcome to BRITAIN's ravag'd shore,  
Our youths, enamour'd of the fair,  
Play with the tangles of her hair,  
Till in one loud applauding sound,  
The nations shout to her around.  
O, how supremely art thou blest,  
Thou, lady, who shalt rule the west!

---

### THE KISS.

**H**UMID seal of soft affections,  
Tend'rest pledge of future bliss,  
Dearest tie of young connections,  
Love's first snow-drop, virgin KISS!

Speaking silence, dumb confession,  
Passion's birth, and infant's play,  
Dove-like fondness, chaste concession,  
Glowing dawn of brighter day!

Sorrowing joy, adieu's last action,  
When ling'ring lips no more must join;  
What words can ever speak affection  
So thrilling and sincere as thine?

## THE COUNTRY APOTHECARY.

**B**UT soon a loud and hasty summons calls,  
 Shakes the thin roof, and echoes round the walls:  
 Anon a figure enters, quaintly neat,  
 All pride and bus'ness, bustle and conceit;  
 With looks unalter'd by these scenes of woe,  
 With speed that, ent'ring, speaks his haste to go;  
 He bids the gazing throng around him fly,  
 And carries fate and physic in his eye;  
 A potent quack, long vers'd in human ills,  
 Who first insults the victim whom he kills;  
 Whose murd'rous hand a drowsy bench protect,  
 And whose most tender mercy is—neglect.

Paid by the parish for attendance here,  
 He wears contempt upon his sapient sneer!  
 In haste he seeks the bed where mis'ry lies,  
 Impatience mark'd in his averted eyes;  
 And, some habitual queries hurried o'er,  
 Without reply, he rushes on the door;  
 His drooping patient, long inur'd to pain,  
 And long, unheeded, knows remonstrance vain;  
 He ceases now the feeble help to crave  
 Of man, and mutely hastens to the grave.

## ALEXANDER'S FEAST.

**'T**WAS at the royal feast, for PERSIA won,  
 By PHILIP's warlike son:

Aloft in awful state  
 The godlike hero sate

On his imperial throne:

His valiant peers were plac'd around;  
 Their brows with roses and with myrtles bound:  
 (So should desert in arms be crown'd.)  
 The lovely THAIS, by his side,  
 Sate, like a blooming eastern bride,  
 In flow'r of youth and beauty's pride.

Happy, happy, happy pair!  
None but the brave,  
None but the brave,  
None but the brave deserve the fair.

TIMOTHEUS, plac'd on high  
Amid the tuneful quire,  
With flying fingers touch'd the lyre:  
The trembling notes ascend the sky,  
And heav'nly joys inspire.

The song began from JOVE;  
Who left his blissful seats above,  
(Such is the pow'r of mighty love.)  
A dragon's fiery form bely'd the god:  
Sublime on radiant spheres he rode,  
When he to fair OLYMPIA press'd:  
And while he sought her snowy breast:  
Then, round her slender waist he curl'd,  
And stamp'd an image of himself, a sov'reign of the  
world.

The list'ning crowd admire the lofty sound;  
A present deity, they shout around:  
A present deity the vaulted roofs rebound:  
With ravish'd ears  
The monarch hears,  
Assumes the god,  
Affects to nod,

And seems to shake the spheres.

The praise of BACCHUS then, the sweet musician sung,  
Of BACCHUS ever fair, and ever young:  
The jolly god, in triumph comes;  
Sound the trumpets, beat the drums;  
Flush'd with a purple grace  
He shews his honest face:

Now give the hautboys breath; he comes! he comes!  
BACCHUS, ever fair and young,  
Drinking joys did first ordain:  
BACCHUS' blessings are a treasure,  
Drinking is the SOLDIER's pleasure;

Rich the treasure,  
Sweet the pleasure;  
Sweet is pleasure after pain.

Sooth'd with the sound, the KING grew vain;  
Fought all his battles o'er again;  
And thrice he routed all his foes; and thrice he  
flew the slain.

The master saw the madness rise;  
His glowing cheeks, his ardent eyes;  
And, while he heav'n and earth defy'd,  
Chang'd his hand, and check'd his pride.  
He chose a mournful muse,  
Soft PITY to infuse:  
He sung DARIUS great and good,  
By too severe a fate,  
Fall'n, fall'n, fall'n, fall'n,  
Fall'n, from his high estate,  
And welt'ring in his blood;  
Deserted, at his utmost need,  
By those his former bounty fed:  
On the bare earth expos'd he lies,  
With not a friend to close his eyes.  
With downcast looks the joyless victor fate,  
Revolving in his alter'd soul  
The various turns of chance below;  
And now and then a sigh he stole;  
And tears began to flow.

The mighty master smil'd, to see  
That LOVE was in the next degree:  
'Twas but a kindred sound to move,  
For PITY melts the mind to LOVE.

Softly sweet, in Lydian measures,  
Soon he sooth'd his soul to pleasures.  
WAR, he sung, is toil and trouble;  
HONOUR but an empty bubble;  
Never ending, still beginning,  
Fighting still, and still destroying:  
If the world be worth thy winning,  
Think! O, think! it worth enjoying:



Lovely THAIS sits beside thee,  
 Take the good the Gods provide thee.—  
 The many rend the skies with loud applause;  
 So LOVE was crown'd, but MUSIC won the cause.  
 The PRINCE, unable to conceal his pain,  
 Gaz'd on the fair  
 Who caus'd his care,  
 And sigh'd and look'd, sigh'd and look'd,  
 Sigh'd and look'd, and sigh'd again:  
 At length, with LOVE and WINE at once oppress'd,  
 The vanquish'd victor sunk upon her breast.

Now strike the golden lyre again:  
 A louder yet, and yet a louder strain.  
 Break his bands of sleep asunder,  
 And rouse him, like a rattling peal of thunder.  
 Hark! hark! the horrid sound  
 Has rais'd up his head;  
 As awak'd from the dead,  
 And amaz'd, he stares around.  
 Revenge, revenge, TIMOTHEUS cries,  
 See the FURIES arise:  
 See the snakes that they rear,  
 How they hiss in their hair  
 And the sparkles that flash from their eyes!  
 Behold a ghastly band,  
 Each a torch in his hand!  
 These are GRECIAN ghosts, that in battle were slain,  
 And unbury'd remain  
 Inglorious on the plain:  
 Give the vengeance due  
 To the valiant crew.  
 Behold! how they toss their torches on high,  
 How they point to the PERSIAN abodes,  
 And glitt'ring temples of their hostile gods.—  
 The princes applaud, with a furious joy;  
 And the KING seiz'd a flambeau, with zeal to destroy;  
 THAIS led the way,  
 To light him to his prey,  
 And, like another HELEN, fir'd another TROY.

Thus, long ago,  
 Ere heaving bellows learn'd to blow,  
 While organs yet were mute ;  
 TIMOTHEUS, to his breathing flute,  
 And sounding lyre,  
 Could swell the soul to rage, or kindle soft desire.  
 At last divine CECILIA came,  
 Inventress of the vocal frame ;  
 The sweet enthusiast, from her sacred store,  
 Enlarg'd the former narrow bounds,  
 And added length to solemn sounds,  
 With nature's mother-wit, and arts unknown before.  
 Let old TIMOTHEUS yield the prize,  
 Or both divide the crown ;  
 He rais'd a mortal to the skies ;  
 She drew an angel down.

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### DIANA.

QUEEN and huntress, chaste and fair,  
 Now the sun is laid to sleep ;  
 Seated in thy silver car,  
 State in wonted manner keep.  
 Hesperus entreats thy light,  
 Goddess excellently bright.  
 Earth, let not thy envious shade  
 Dare itself to interpose ;  
 Cynthia's shining orb was made  
 Heav'n to clear, when day did close ;  
 Bless us then with wished light,  
 Goddess excellently bright.  
 Lay thy bow of pearl apart,  
 And thy chrysal shining quiver ;  
 Give unto the flying hart,  
 Space to breathe, how short soever :  
 That thou mak'st a day of night,  
 Goddess excellently bright—

## A WISH.

THOUGH time has not sprinkled his frost on  
my head,

Yet some of its blossoming honours are shed ;  
And I hope I remember, without being told,  
If we live long enough, that we all must grow old.

So let me set down in a humour for musing,  
Since nothing is easier than wishing and chusing,  
And gravely consider what life I'd commence,  
Should I reach to some fifteen or twenty years  
hence.

The young ones swarm'd out, and all likely to  
thrive,

And something still left to maintain the old hive ;  
I'd retire with my dame to a vill of my own,  
Where we'd nestle together, like DARBY and JOAN.

On the slope of a hillock be plac'd my retreat,  
With a wood at the back, and a stream at its feet ;  
In front be a meadow, rich, verdant, and gay,  
Where my horse and a cow may find pasture and  
hay.

A garden, before, I must not be without,  
With walls or high hedges well fenc'd all about,  
All blushing with fruit, and all fragrant with flowers,  
With dry gravel walks, and with sweet shady  
bowers.

For my house, if 'tis lightsome and roomy and  
warm,

Fit to take in a friend, and to keep out a storm,  
I care not a straw whether brick, stone, or plaster ;  
And if 'tis old-fashion'd, why so is the master.

Of poultry and pigeons 'tis needless to speak,  
How my geese they shall cackle, my sucking-pigs'  
squeak ;

All this is essential to good country fare ;  
And 'tis not my intention to live upon air.

So much for externals;—and now to *myself*,  
 A thing more important than dainties and pelf;  
 For it signifies little how clever the plan,  
 If the source of enjoyment be not in the MAN.

Unambitious by nature, pacific and cool,  
 I have not many turbulent passions to rule,  
 And, when rightly matur'd by reflection and age,  
 I may put on the semblance, at least, of a sage.

But let me beware lest I sink, in the close,  
 Too soon in the arms of lethargic repose,  
 My heart void of feeling, of fancy my head,  
 And to each warm emotion as cold as the dead.

O sweet SENSIBILITY! soul of the soul!  
 Ill purchas'd the wisdom that thee must controul:  
 Of thy kindly spirit when once we're bereft,  
 In life there is nothing worth living for left.

Then let it be ever the chief of my art  
 To foster a generous glow in my heart;  
 Give way to effusions of friendship and love,  
 And the palsy of age from my bosom remove.

My boys and their spouses, my girl and her mate,  
 Shall come when they please, and ne'er knock at  
 the gate;

And at CHRISTMAS we'll revel in mirth and good  
 cheer,

Tho' we live poorer for it the rest of the year.

An old friend from the town shall sometimes take  
 a walk,

And spend the day with me in sociable talk;  
 We'll discuss knotty matters, compare what we've  
 read,

And, warm'd with a bottle, move gaily to bed.

When ev'nings grow long, and we're gloomy at  
 home,

To vary the scene, 'mongst my neighbours I'll roam;  
 See how the world passes, collect all the news,  
 And return with a load of new books and reviews.

In short, 'tis the sum of my wish and desire,  
That cheerfulness ever my breast should inspire;  
Let my purse become light, and my liquor run dry,  
So my stock of good spirits hold out till I die.

I have nothing to ask in the finishing scene  
But a conscience approving, a bosom serene,  
To rise from life's banquet a satisfied guest,  
Thank the Lord of the feast, and in hope go to rest.

### THE HAPPY FIRE-SIDE.

THE hearth was clean, and the fire clear,  
The kettle on for tea;

PALEMON, in his elbow chair,  
As blest'd as man could be.

CLARINDA, who his heart possess'd,  
And was his new-made bride,  
With head reclin'd upon his breast,  
Sat toying by his side.

Stretch'd at his feet, in happy state,  
A fav'rite dog was laid;  
By whom a little sportive cat,  
In wanton humour, play'd.

CLARINDA's hand he gently press'd,  
She stole an am'rous kiss,  
And blushing, modestly confess'd  
The fulness of her bliss.

PALEMON, with a heart elate,  
Pray'd to almighty Jove,  
That it might ever be his fate,  
Just so to live, and love.

Be this eternity, he cry'd,  
And let no more be giv'n;  
Continue thus, my lov'd FIRE-SIDE,  
I'll ask no other heav'n.

## TRUTH.

SAY! will no white-rob'd son of light,  
 Swift-darting from his heav'nly height,  
 Here deign to take his hallow'd stand;  
 Here wave his amber locks; unfold  
 His pinions cloth'd with downy gold;  
 Here, smiling, stretch his tutelary wand?  
 And you, ye host of faints, for ye have known  
 Each dreary path in life's perplexing maze,  
 Tho' now ye circle yon eternal throne  
 With harpings high of inexpressive praise,  
 Will not your train descend in radiant state,  
 To break with mercy's beam this gath'ring cloud  
 of fate?

'Tis silence all: No son of light  
 Darts swiftly from his height:  
 No train of radiant faints descend.  
 "Mortals, in vain ye hope to find,  
 "If guilt, if fraud has stain'd your mind,  
 "Or faint to hear, or angel to defend."  
 So TRUTH proclaims. I hear the sacred sound  
 Burst from the center of her burning throne:  
 Where aye she sits with star-wreath'd lustre  
 crown'd,  
 A bright sun clasps her adamant zone.  
 So TRUTH proclaims: her awful voice I hear:  
 With many a solemn pause it slowly meets my ear:  
 "Attend, ye sons of men; attend, and say,  
 "Does not enough of my refulgent ray  
 "Break thro' the veil of your mortality?  
 "Say! does not REASON in this form descry  
 "Unnumber'd, nameless glories, that surpass  
 "The angel's floating pomp, the seraph's glowing  
 "grace?  
 "Shall then your earth-born daughters vie  
 "With me? Shall she, whose brightest eye



- " But emulates the di'mond's blaze,  
 " Whose cheeks but mock the peach's bloom,  
 " Whose breath the hyacinth's perfume,  
 " Whose melting voice the warbling wood-  
     " lark's lays;  
 " Shall she be deem'd my rival? Shall a form  
 " Of elemental drops, of mould'ring clay,  
 " Vie with these charms empyreal? the poor  
     " worm,  
 " Shall prove her contest vain. Life's little day  
 " Shall pass, and she is gone: while I appear  
 " Flush'd with the bloom of youth, through heav'n's  
     " eternal year.  
 " Know, mortals, know, ere first ye sprung,  
 " Ere first these orbs in ether hung,  
     " I shone amid the heav'nly throng;  
 " These eyes, beheld creation's day,  
 " This voice, began the choral lay,  
 " And taught archangels, their triumphant song.  
 " Pleas'd I survey'd bright nature's gradual birth,  
 " Saw infant light with kindling lustre spread,  
 " Soft vernal fragrance clothe the flow'ring earth,  
 " And ocean heave on its extended bed;  
 " Saw the tall pine aspiring pierce the sky,  
 " The tawny lion stalk, the rapid eagle fly.  
 " Last, man arose, erect in youthful grace,  
 " Heav'n's hallow'd image stamp'd upon his face,  
     " And, as he rose, the high behest was giv'n,"  
     " That I alone, of all the host of heav'n,  
 " Should reign protectress of the godlike youth:"  
 " Thus the Almighty spake: he spake, and call'd  
     " me TRUTH."

---

THE MAIDEN's PETITION.

**T**OO plain, dear youth, these tell-tale eyes,  
 My heart your own declare;  
 But for heav'n's sake let it suffice  
 You reign triumphant there.

Forbear your utmost power to try,  
 Nor further urge your sway;  
 Prefs not for what I must deny,  
 For fear I should obey.

Could all your arts successful prove,  
 Would you a maid undo,  
 Whose greatest failing is her love,  
 And that her love for you?

Say, would you use that very pow'r  
 You from her fondness claim,  
 To ruin in one fatal hour  
 A life of spotless fame?

Resolve not then to do an ill,  
 Because perhaps you may,  
 But rather use your utmost skill  
 To save me, than betray.

Be you yourself my virtue's guard:  
 Defend, and not pursue,  
 Since 'tis a task for me too hard,  
 To strive with love and you.

---

### UNFADING BEAUTY.

**H**E that loves a rosy cheek,  
 Or coral lip admires,  
 Or from star-like eyes doth seek  
 Fuel to maintain his fires;  
 As old time makes these decay,  
 So his flames must waste away.

But a smooth and steadfast mind,  
 Gentle thoughts and calm desires,  
 Hearts with equal love combin'd,  
 Kindle never-dying fires:  
 Where these are not, I despise  
 Lovely cheeks, or lips, or eyes.

## WINTER.

'TIS done! dread WINTER spreads his latest glooms,

And reigns tremendous o'er the conquer'd year.

How dead the vegetable kingdom lies!

How dumb the tuneful! Horror wide extends

His desolate domain. Behold, fond man!

See here thy pictur'd life; pass some few years,

Thy flow'ring SPRING, thy SUMMER's ardent strength,

Thy sober AUTUMN fading into age,

And pale concluding WINTER comes at last,

And shuts the scene. Ah! whither now are fled

Those dreams of GREATNESS? those unsolid hopes

Of HAPPINESS? those longings after FAME?

Those restless cares? those busy bustling days?

Those gay-spent, festive nights? those veering thoughts,

Lost between good and ill, that shar'd thy life?

All now are vanish'd! VIRTUE sole survives,

Immortal never-failing friend of man,

His guide to HAPPINESS on high. And see!

'Tis come, the glorious morn! the second birth

Of heav'n and earth! awak'ning nature hears

The *new-creating word*, and starts to life,

In ev'ry heighten'd form, from pain and death

For ever free. *The great eternal scheme,*

Involving all, and in a *perfect* WHOLE

Uniting, as the prospect wider spreads,

To reason's eye refin'd clears up apace.

Ye vainly wise! ye blind presumptuous! now,

Confounded in the dust, adore that pow'r,

And wisdom, oft arraign'd: see now the cause,

Why unassuming WORTH in secret liv'd,

And dy'd, neglected: why the good man's share

In life was gall and bitterness of soul:

Why the lone widow and her orphans pin'd

In starving solitude; while LUXURY,

In palaces, lay straining her low thought,  
 To form unreal wants : why heav'n-born TRUTH,  
 And MODERATION fair, wore the red marks  
 Of SUPERSTITION's scourge : why licens'd PAIN,  
 That cruel spoiler, that embosom'd foe,  
 Imbitter'd all our blifs. Ye good distrest !  
 Ye noble few ! who here unbending stand  
 Beneath life's preffure, yet bear up awhile,  
 And what your bounded view, which only saw  
 A little part, deem'd evil, is no more :  
 The storms of wint'ry time will quickly pass,  
 And one unbounded SPRING encircle all.

### HEALTH AND FREEDOM.

#### A FRAGMENT.

FAIR morn ascends : soft zephyr's wing  
 O'er hill and vale renews the spring :  
 Where, sown profusely, herb and flow'r,  
 Of balmy smell, of healing pow'r,  
 Their souls in fragrant dews exhale,  
 And breathe fresh life in ev'ry gale.  
 Here, spreads a green expanse of plains,  
 Where, sweetly pensive, silence reigns ;  
 And then, at utmost stretch of eye,  
 A mountain fades into the sky :  
 While winding round, diffus'd and deep,  
 A river rolls with sounding sweep.  
 Of human art no traces near,  
 I seem alone with nature here !

Here are thy walks, O sacred HEALTH !  
 The monarch's blifs, the beggar's wealth,  
 The seasoning of all good below !  
 The sov'reign friend in joy or woe !  
 O thou, most courted, most despis'd,  
 And but in absence duly priz'd :  
 Pow'r of the soft and rosy face !  
 The vivid pulse, the vermil grace,

The spirits, when they gayest shine,  
 Youth, beauty, pleasure, all are thine !  
 O sun of life ! whose heav'nly ray  
 Lights up and cheers our various day,  
 The turbulence of hopes and fears,  
 The storm of fate, the cloud of years,  
 Till nature, with thy parting light,  
 Reposes late in DEATH's calm night :  
 Fled from the trophy'd roofs of state,  
 Abodes of splendid pain and hate ;  
 Fled from the couch, where, in sweet sleep,  
 Hot RIOT would his anguish sleep,  
 But tosses through the midnight-shade,  
 Of death, of life, alike afraid ;  
 For ever fled to shady cell,  
 Where TEMP'RANCE, where the muses dwell ;  
 Thou oft art seen, at early dawn,  
 Slow-pacing o'er the breezy lawn :  
 Or, on the brow of mountain high,  
 In silence-feasting ear and eye,  
 With song and prospect, which abound  
 From birds, and woods, and waters round.

But when the sun, with noon-tide ray,  
 Flames forth intolerable day ;  
 While HEAT fits fervent on the plain,  
 With THIRST and LANGOUR in his train :  
 All nature sick'ning in the blaze :  
 Thou, in the wild and woody maze,  
 That clouds the vale with umbrage deep,  
 Impendent from the neighb'ring steep,  
 Wilt find betimes a calm retreat,  
 Where breathing COOLNESS has her seat.

There, plung'd amid the shadows brown,  
 IMAGINATION lays him down ;  
 Attentive, in his airy mood,  
 To ev'ry murmur of the wood :  
 The BEE in yonder flow'ry nook ;  
 The chidings of the headlong brook ;  
 The green-leaf shiv'ring in the gale ;  
 The warbling hill, the lowing vale ;

The distant WOODMAN's echoing stroke;  
 The thunder of the falling oak.  
 From thought to thought in vision led,  
 He holds high converse with the dead;  
 Sages, or poets. See they rise!  
 And shadowy skim before his eyes.  
 Hark! ORPHEUS strikes the lyre again,  
 That softens savages to man:  
 Lo! SOCRATES, the sent of heav'n,  
 To whom its moral will was giv'n.  
 Fathers and friends of human-kind,  
 They form'd the nations, or refin'd;  
 With all that mends the head and heart,  
 Enlight'ning TRUTH, adorning ART.

While thus I mus'd beneath the shade,  
 At once the sounding breeze was laid:  
 And NATURE, by the unknown law,  
 Shook deep with reverential awe.  
 Dumb SILENCE grew upon the hour;  
 A browner night involv'd the bow'r:  
 When issuing from the inmost wood,  
 Appear'd fair FREEDOM's genius good.  
 O, FREEDOM! sov'reign boon of heav'n;  
 Great charter, with our being giv'n;  
 For which the PATRIOT and the SAGE,  
 Have plann'd, have bled, through ev'ry age!  
 High privilege of human-race,  
 Beyond a mortal-monarch's grace:  
 Who could not give, nor can reclaim,  
 What but from GOD immediate came?

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### SELIM; OR, THE SHEPHERD's MORAL.

*Scene, a Valley near Bagdat.—Time, Morning.*

- " YE PERSIAN maids, attend your poet's lays,  
 " And hear how SHEPHERDS pass their  
 " golden days,  
 " Not all are blest whom fortune's hand sustains  
 " With wealth in courts, nor all that haunt the  
 " plains:



“ Well may your hearts believe the truths I tell !  
 “ ’Tis VIRTUE makes the bliss, where’er we dwell.”

Thus SELIM sung, by sacred TRUTH inspir’d ;  
 Nor praise, but such as TRUTH bestow’d, desir’d :  
 Wise in himself, his meaning songs convey’d,  
 Informing morals to the SHEPHERD MAID ;  
 Or taught the swains that surest bliss to find,  
 What groves nor streams bestow—a VIRTUOUS MIND.

When sweet and blushing, like a virgin bride,  
 The radiant morn resum’d her orient pride,  
 When wanton gales along the vallies play,  
 Breathe on each flow’r, and bear their sweets away :  
 By TIGRIS’ wand’ring ways he sate, and sung  
 This useful lesson for the fair and young :

“ Ye PERSIAN dames,” he said, “ to you belong,  
 “ Well may they please, the morals of my song :  
 “ No fairer maids, I trust, than you are found,  
 “ Grac’d with soft arts, the peopled world around !  
 “ The morn that lights you, to your loves supplies  
 “ Each gentler ray, delicious to your eyes :  
 “ For you those flow’rs her fragrant hands bestow,  
 “ And yours the love that kings delight to know.  
 “ Yet think not these, all beaut’ous as they are,  
 “ The best kind blessings heav’n can grant the fair !  
 “ Who trust alone in beauty’s feeble ray,  
 “ Boast but the worth BASSORA’s pearls display !  
 “ Drawn from the deep, we own their surface bright,  
 “ But, dark within, they drink no lustrous light ;  
 “ Such are the maids, and such the charms they boast ;  
 “ By sense unaided, or to VIRTUE lost.  
 “ Self-flatt’ring sex ! your hearts believe, in vain,  
 “ That LOVE shall blind, when once he fires the  
 “ swain ;

“ Or, hope a lover by your faults to win,  
 “ As spots in ermin beautify the skin :  
 “ Who seeks secure to rule, be first her care  
 “ Each softer VIRTUE that adorns the fair ;

“ Each tender passion man delights to find,

“ The lov’d perfections of a female mind !

“ Blest were the days, when WISDOM held her  
“ reign,

“ And SHEPHERDS fought her on the silent plain ;

“ With TRUTH she wedded in the secret grove ;

“ Immortal TRUTH ! and daughters blest’d their  
“ love.

“ O haste, fair maids ! ye virtues come away !

“ Sweet PEACE and PLENTY lead you on your way !

“ The balmy shrub for you shall love our shore,

“ By IND excell’d, or ARABY, no more.

“ Lost to our fields, for so the fates ordain,

“ The dear deserters shall return again.

“ Come thou, whose thoughts as limpid springs are  
“ clear,

“ To lead the train, sweet MODESTY, appear :

“ Here make thy court amidst our rural scene,

“ And SHEPHERD-GIRLS shall own thee for their  
“ queen.

“ With thee be CHASTITY, of all afraid,

“ Distrusting all, a wise suspicious maid,

“ But MAN the most—not more the mountain DOE

“ Holds the swift FALCON for her deadly foe.

“ Cold is her breast, like flow’rs that drink the dew,

“ A silken veil conceals her from the view ;

“ No wild desires amidst thy train be known,

“ But FAITH, whose heart is fix’d on one alone :

“ Desponding MEEKNESS, with her down-cast eyes,

“ And friendly PITY, full of tender sighs ;

“ And LOVE the last : by these your hearts approve,

“ These are the VIRTUES that must lead to LOVE.”

Thus sung the swain ; and ancient legends say,

The maids of BAGDAT verified the lay :

Dear to the plains, the VIRTUES came along ;

The SHEPHERDS lov’d, and SELIM blest’d his song.

AUTUMN.

**A**LAS! with swift and silent pace,  
 Impatient time rolls on the year;  
 The seasons change, and nature's face  
 Now sweetly smiles, now frowns severe.  
 'Twas **SPRING**, 'twas **SUMMER**, all was gay,  
 Now **AUTUMN** bends a cloudy brow;  
 The flow'rs of Spring are swept away,  
 And Summer fruits desert the bough.  
 The verdant leaves that play'd on high,  
 And wanton'd on the western breeze,  
 Now trod in dust neglected lie,  
 As **BOREAS** strips the bending trees.  
 The fields that wav'd with golden grain,  
 As ruffet heaths, are wild and bare;  
 Not moist with dew, but drench'd in rain,  
 Nor **HEALTH**, nor **PLEASURE**, wanders there.  
 No more, while through the midnight-shade,  
 Beneath the moon's pale orb I stray,  
 Such pleasing woes my heart invade,  
 As **PROGNE** pours the melting lay.  
 From this capricious clime she soars,  
 O! would some god but wings supply!  
 To where each morn the **SPRING** restores,  
 Companion of her flight I'd fly.  
 Vain wish! me fate compels to bear  
 The downward seasons' iron reign;  
 Compels to breathe polluted air,  
 And shiver on a blasted plain.  
 What bliss to life can **AUTUMN** yield,  
 If glooms, and show'rs, and storms prevail;  
 And **CERES** flies the naked field,  
 And flow'rs, and fruits, and **PHŒBUS** fail?

Oh! what remains, what lingers yet,  
To cheer me in the dark'ning hour?  
The grape remains! the friend of wit,  
In LOVE and MIRTH of mighty pow'r.  
Haste—press the clusters, fill the bowl;  
APOLLO! shoot thy parting ray:  
This gives the sunshine of the soul,  
This god of health, and verse, and day.  
Still—still the jocund strain shall flow,  
The pulse with vig'rous rapture beat;  
My STELLA with new charms shall glow,  
And ev'ry bliss in wine shall meet.

---

CREATION.

THE spacious firmament on high,  
With all the blue ethereal sky,  
And spangled heav'n's, a shining frame,  
Their great original proclaim.  
Th' unweary'd sun, from day to day,  
Does his Creator's pow'r display;  
And publishes, to ev'ry land,  
The work of an almighty hand.  
Soon as the ev'ning shades prevail,  
The moon takes up the wond'rous tale;  
And nightly, to the list'ning earth,  
Repeats the story of her birth:  
Whilst all the stars that round her burn,  
And all the planets, in their turn,  
Confirm the tidings as they roll,  
And spread the truth from pole to pole.  
What though, in solemn silence, all  
Move round the dark terrestrial ball;  
What though, no real voice, nor sound,  
Amidst their radiant orbs be found,  
In reason's ear they all rejoice,  
And utter forth a glorious voice;  
For ever singing as they shine,  
The hand that made us is divine.

## BENEVOLENCE.

**H**AIL! source of transport ever new;  
Whilst thy kind dictates I pursue,  
I taste a joy sincere;

Too vast for little minds to know,  
Who on themselves alone bestow  
Their wishes and their care.

Daughter of God! delight of man!  
From thee **FELICITY** began,

Which still thy hand sustains:  
By thee sweet **PEACE** her empire spread,  
Fair **SCIENCE** rais'd her laurel'd head,  
And **DISCORD** gnash'd in chains.

Far as the pointed sun-beam flies,  
Through peopled earth and starry skies,  
All nature owns thy nod:  
We see thy energy prevail  
Through being's ever-rising scale,  
From nothing ev'n to God.

**ENVY**, that tortures her own heart,  
With plagues and ever-burning smart,  
Thy charms divine expel:  
Aghast she shuts her livid eyes,  
And, wing'd with ten-fold fury, flies  
To native night and hell.

By thee inspir'd, the gen'rous breast,  
In blessing others only blest,  
With goodness large and free,  
Delights the **WIDOW**'s tears to stay,  
To teach the blind their smoothest way,  
And aid the feeble knee.

O come! and o'er my bosom reign,  
Expand my heart, inflame each vein,  
Through ev'ry action shine;  
Each low, each selfish wish controul;  
With all thy essence warm my soul,  
And make me wholly thine.

Nor let fair VIRTUE's mortal bane,  
The soul-contracting thirst of gain,  
My faintest wishes sway;  
By her possess'd, ere hearts refine,  
In HELL's dark depth shall MERCY shine,  
And kindle endless day.

If from thy sacred paths I turn,  
Nor feel their griefs, while others mourn,  
Nor with their pleasures glow:  
Banish'd from God, from blifs, and thee,  
My own tormentor let me be,  
And groan in hopeless woe.

---

#### A FATHER's ADVICE TO HIS SON.

———GIVE thy thoughts no tongue,  
Nor any unproportion'd thought his act:  
Be thou familiar, but by no means vulgar:  
The friends thou hast, and their adoption try'd,  
Grapple them to thy soul with hooks of steel:  
But do not dull thy palm with entertainment  
Of each new-hatch'd, unfledg'd comrade: Beware  
Of entrance to a quarrel; but, being in,  
Bear't, that th' opposer may beware of thee:  
Give ev'ry man thine ear; but few thy voice:  
Take each man's censure, but reserve thy judgment:  
Costly thy habit as thy purse can buy,  
But not express'd in fancy; rich, not gaudy;  
For the apparel oft proclaims the man:  
Neither a borrower nor a lender be:  
For loan oft loses both itself and friend;  
And borrowing dulls the edge of husbandry:  
This, above all—to thine own self be true;  
And it must follow, as the night the day,  
Thou canst not then be false to any man.



THE RUSTIC COT.

NOR is that cot, of which fond fancy draws  
 This casual picture, alien from our theme.  
 Revisit it at morn; its op'ning latch,  
 Tho' penury and toil within reside,  
 Shall pour thee forth a youthful progeny  
 Glowing with health and beauty: (such the dower  
 Of equal heav'n) see how the ruddy tribe  
 Throng round the threshold, and, with vacant gaze  
 Salute thee, call the loiterers into use,  
 And form of these thy fence, the living fence,  
 That graces what it guards. Thou think'st, perchance,  
 That, skill'd in nature's heraldry, thy art  
 Has, in the limits of yon fragrant tuft,  
 Marshall'd each rose, that to the eye of June  
 Spreads its peculiar crimson; do not err,  
 The loveliest still is wanting, the fresh rose  
 Of innocence, it blossoms on their cheek,  
 And lo, to thee they bear it! striving each,  
 In panting race, who first shall reach the lawn,  
 Proud to be call'd thy shepherds. Want, alas!  
 Has o'er their little limbs her liv'ry hung,  
 In many a tatter'd fold, yet still those limbs  
 Are shapely; their rude locks start from their brow;  
 Yet on that open brow, its dearest throne,  
 Sits sweet SIMPLICITY. Ah, clothe the troop!  
 In such a russet garb as best befits  
 Their pastoral office; let the leathern scrip  
 Swing at their side, tip thou their crook with steel,  
 And braid their hats with rushes, then to each  
 Assign his station; at the close of eve,  
 Be it their care to pen in hurdled cote  
 The flock, and when the matin prime returns,  
 Their care to set them free; yet watching still  
 The liberty they lend, oft shalt thou hear  
 Their whistle shrill, and oft their faithful dog  
 Shall with obedient barkings fright the flock

From wrong or robbery. The live-long day  
Meantime rolls lightly o'er their happy heads;  
They bask on sunny hillocks, or disport  
In rustic pastime, while that loveliest grace,  
Which only lives in actions unrestrain'd,  
To ev'ry simple gesture lends a charm.

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### THE FAIRIES FAREWELL.

**FAREWELL** REWARDS and FAIRIES!

Good housewives now may say;  
For now foul sluts in dairies  
Do fare as well as they:  
And though they sweep their hearths no less  
Than maids were wont to do,  
Yet who of late for cleanliness  
Finds SIX-PENCE in her shoe?

Lament, lament, old abbies,  
The fairies' lost command!  
They did but change priests' babies,  
But some have chang'd your land:  
And all your children stol'n from thence,  
Are now grown puritanes,  
Who live as changelings ever since,  
For love of your domains.

At morning and at evening both  
You merry were and glad,  
So little care of sleep and sloth  
These pretty ladies had.  
When TOM came home from labour,  
Or CISS to milking rose,  
Then merrily went their tabour,  
And nimbly went their toes.

Witness those rings and roundelays  
Of theirs, which yet remain;  
Were footed in Queen MARIES days  
On many a grassy plain.

But since of late ELIZABETH,  
And later, JAMES came in;  
They never danc'd on any-heath,  
As when the time had been.

By which we note the FAIRIES  
Were of the old profession:  
Their songs were Ave-Maries,  
Their dances were procession.  
But now, alas! they all are dead,  
Or gone beyond the seas,  
Or farther for religion fled,  
Or else they take their ease.

A tell-tale in their company  
They never could endure;  
And who so kept not secretly  
Their mirth, was punish'd sure:  
It was a just and Christian deed  
To pinch such black and blue:  
O, how the commonwealth doth need  
Such justices as you!

Now they have left our quarters;  
A register they have,  
Who can preserve their charters;  
A man both wise and grave.  
An hundred of their merry pranks  
By one that I could name  
Are kept in store; can twenty thanks  
To WILLIAM for the same.

To WILLIAM CHURNE, of Staffordshire,  
Give laud and praises due,  
Who ev'ry meal can mend your cheer  
With tales both old and new:  
To WILLIAM all give audience,  
And pray ye for his noddle;  
For all the fairies evidence  
Were lost, if it were addle.

## POLLIO.

THE peaceful ev'ning breathes her balmy store,  
The playful school-boys wanton o'er the  
green;

Where spreading poplars shade the cottage door,  
The villagers in rustic joy convene.

Amid the secret windings of the wood,  
With solemn MEDITATION let me stray:  
This is the hour, when to the wise and good,  
The heav'nly maid repays the toils of day.

The river murmurs, and the breathing gale  
Whispers the gently-waving boughs among;  
The star of ev'ning glimmers o'er the dale,  
And leads the silent host of heav'n along.

How bright, emerging o'er yon broom-clad height,  
The silver empress of the night appears!  
Yon limpid pool reflects a stream of light,  
And faintly in its breast the woodland bears.

The waters tumbling o'er their rocky bed,  
Solemn and constant, from yon dell resound;  
The lonely hearths blaze o'er the distant glade;  
The bat, low-wheeling, skims the dusky ground.

August and hoary, o'er the sloping dale,  
The Gothic abbey rears its sculptur'd tow'rs;  
Dull through the roofs resounds the whistling gale;  
Dark SOLITUDE among the pillars low'rs.

Where yon old trees bend o'er a place of graves,  
And, solemn, shade a chapel's sad remains;  
Where yon skaith'd poplar thro' the window waves,  
And, twining round, the hoary arch sustains:

There oft at dawn, as one forgot behind,  
Who longs to follow, yet unknowing where,  
Some hoary shepherd, o'er his staff reclin'd,  
Pores on the graves, and sighs a broken pray'r.

High o'er the pines, that with their dark'ning shade  
Surround yon craggy bank, the castle rears  
Its crumbling turrets: still its tow'ry head  
A warlike mien, a fullen grandeur wears.

So, 'midst the snow of age, a boastful air  
Still on the war-worn vet'ran's brow attends;  
Still his big bones, his youthful prime declare,  
Though trembling, o'er the feeble crutch he bends.

While round the gates the dusky wall-flow'rs creep,  
Where oft the knights the beaut'ous dames have  
led;

Gone is the bow'r, the grot a ruin'd heap,  
Where bays and ivy o'er the fragments spread.

'Twas here our fires, exulting from the fight,  
Great in their bloody arms, march'd o'er the lea,  
Eying their rescu'd fields with proud delight;  
Now lost to them! and ah, how chang'd to me!

This bank, the river, and the fanning breeze,  
The dear idea of my POLLIO bring;  
So, shone the moon through these soft-nodding trees,  
When here we wander'd in the eves of spring.

When April's smiles the flow'ry lawn adorn,  
And modest cowslips deck the streamlet's side:  
When fragrant orchards, to the roseate morn  
Unfold their bloom, in heav'n's own colours dy'd;

So fair a blossom gentle POLLIO wore,  
These were the emblems of his healthful mind;  
To him the letter'd page display'd its lore,  
To him bright FANCY all her wealth resign'd:

Him, with her purest flames the muse endow'd,  
Flames never to th' illiberal thought ally'd;  
The sacred sisters led where VIRTUE glow'd  
In all her charms; he saw, he felt, and dy'd.

Oh, partner of my infant griefs and joys!  
Big with the scenes now past, my heart o'erflows,  
Bids each endearment, fair as once, to rise,  
And dwells luxur'ous on her melting woes.

Oft with the rising sun, when life was new,  
Along the woodland have I roam'd with thee;  
Oft by the moon have brush'd the ev'ning dew,  
When all was fearless INNOCENCE and glee.

The fainted-well, where yon bleak hill declines,  
Has oft been conscious of those happy hours!  
But now the hill, the river crown'd with pines,  
And fainted-well, have lost their cheering pow'rs.

For thou art gone.—My guide, my friend! oh, where,  
Where hast thou fled, and left me here behind:  
My tend'rest wish, my heart to thee was bare,  
Oh, now cut off each passage to thy mind!

How dreary is the gulph! how dark, how void,  
The trackless shores that never were repast!  
Dread separation! on the depth untry'd,  
Hope falters, and the soul recoils aghast.

Wide round the spac'ous heav'n's I cast my eyes;  
And shall these stars glow with immortal fire!  
Still shine the lifeless glories of the skies!  
And could thy bright, thy living soul expire?

Far be the thought!—The pleasures most sublime,  
The glow of friendship, and the virt'ous tear,  
The tow'ring wish, that scorns the bounds of time,  
Chill'd in this vale of death, but languish here.

So, plant the vine on NORWAY's wint'ry land,  
The languid stranger feebly buds, and dies:  
Yet there's a clime where VIRTUE shall expand  
With godlike strength, beneath her native skies.

The lonely shepherd on the mountain's side,  
With patience waits the rosy op'ning day;  
The mariner at midnight's darksome tide,  
With cheerful hope expects the morning ray.

Thus I, on life's storm-beaten ocean tost,  
In mental vision view the happy shore,  
Where POLLIO beckons to the peaceful coast,  
Where fate and death divide the friends no more!



Oh! that some kind, some pitying kindred shade,  
Who, now perhaps, frequents this solemn grove,  
Would tell the awful secrets of the dead,  
And, from my eyes the mortal film remove!

Vain is the wish—yet surely not in vain,  
Man's bosom glows with that celestial fire,  
Which scorns earth's luxuries, which smiles at pain,  
And wings his spirit with sublime desire.

To fan this spark of heav'n, this ray divine,  
Still, oh, my soul! still be thy dear employ;  
Still thus to wander through the shades be thine,  
And swell thy breast with vis'onary joy!

So, to the dark-brow'd wood, or sacred mount,  
In ancient days, the holy seers retir'd;  
And, led in vision, drank at SILOE's fount,  
While rising ecstasies their bosoms fir'd;

Restor'd creation bright before them rose,  
The burning deserts smil'd as EDEN's plains,  
One friendly shade the wolf and lambkin chose,  
The flow'ry mountains sung—"MESSIAH  
REIGNS!"

Though fainter raptures my cold breast inspire,  
Yet let me oft frequent this solemn scene,  
Oft to the abbey's shatter'd walls retire,  
What time the moon-shine dimly gleams between.

There, where the CROSS in hoary ruin nods,  
And weeping yews o'ershade the letter'd stones,  
While midnight silence wraps these drear abodes,  
And soothes me wand'ring o'er my kindred bones:

Let kindled fancy view the glorious morn,  
When from the bursting graves the just shall rise,  
All nature smiling, and, by angels borne,  
MESSIAH's cross far blazing o'er the skies!

## THE BRAES OF YARROW.

- “ **T**HY braes were bonny, Yarrow stream!  
 “ When first on them I met my lov’r;  
 “ Thy braes how dreary, Yarrow stream!  
 “ When now thy waves his body cov’r!  
 “ For ever now, O Yarrow stream!  
 “ Thou art to me a stream of sorrow;  
 “ For never on thy banks shall I,  
 “ Behold my love, the flow’r of Yarrow.  
 “ He promis’d me a milk-white steed,  
 “ To bear me to his father’s bow’rs;  
 “ He promis’d me a little page,  
 “ To ’quire me to his father’s tow’rs;  
 “ He promis’d me a wedding-ring,—  
 “ The wedding-day was fix’d to-morrow;—  
 “ Now he is wedded to his grave,  
 “ Alas! his wat’ry grave in Yarrow!  
 “ Sweet were his words when last we met;  
 “ My passion I as freely told him!  
 “ Clasp’d in his arms, I little thought  
 “ That I should never more behold him!  
 “ Scarce was he gone, I saw his ghost;  
 “ It vanish’d with a shriek of sorrow;  
 “ Thrice did the water-wraith ascend,  
 “ And gave a doleful groan through Yarrow.  
 “ His mother from the window look’d,  
 “ With all the longing of a mother;  
 “ His little sister weeping walk’d  
 “ The green-wood path to meet her brother:  
 “ They fought him east, they fought him west,  
 “ They fought him all the forest thorough;  
 “ They only saw the cloud of night,  
 “ They only heard the roar of Yarrow.  
 “ No longer from thy window look,  
 “ Thou hast no son, thou tender mother!  
 “ No longer walk, thou lovely maid!  
 “ Alas, thou hast no more a brother!

" No longer seek him east or west,  
 " And search no more the forest thorough,  
 " For, wand'ring in the night so dark,  
 " He fell a lifeless corse in Yarrow.  
 " The tear shall never leave my cheek,  
 " No other youth shall be my marrow;  
 " I'll seek thy body in the stream,  
 " And then with thee I'll sleep in Yarrow."  
 The tear did never leave her cheek,  
 No other youth became her marrow;  
 She found his body in the stream,  
 And now with him she sleeps in Yarrow.

---

### EVENING.

**EVENING** now from purple wings  
 Sheds the grateful gifts she brings;  
 Brilliant drops bedeck the mead,  
 Cooling breezes shake the reed;  
 Shake the reed, and curl the stream,  
 Silver'd o'er with CYNTHIA's beam;  
 Near the chequer'd, lonely grove,  
 Hears, and keeps thy secrets, LOVE.  
 STELLA, thither let us stray!  
 Lightly o'er the dewy way.  
 PHŒBUS drives his burning car,  
 Hence, my lovely STELLA, far;  
 In his stead, the queen of night  
 Round us pours a lambent light;  
 Light that seems but just to show  
 Breasts that beat, and cheeks that glow;  
 Let us now, in whisper'd joy,  
 EVENING's silent hours employ,  
 Silence best, and conscious shades,  
 Please the hearts that LOVE invades:  
 Other pleasures give them pain,  
 LOVERS all but LOVE disdain.

## CONTENT.

O THOU, the nymph with placid eye !  
 O seldom found, yet ever nigh ;  
 Receive my temp'rate vow ;  
 Not all the storms that shake the pole  
 Can e'er disturb thy halcyon soul,  
 And smooth, unalter'd brow.

O come ! in simplest vest array'd,  
 With all thy sober cheer display'd,  
 To bless my longing sight ;  
 Thy mien compos'd, thy even pace,  
 Thy meek regard, thy matron grace,  
 And chaste subdu'd delight.

No more my varying passions beat,  
 O gentle guide my pilgrim feet  
 To find thy hermit cell ;  
 Where in some pure and equal sky,  
 Beneath thy soft indulgent eye,  
 The modest VIRTUES dwell.

SIMPLICITY, in attic vest,  
 And INNOCENCE, with candid breast,  
 And clear undaunted eye ;  
 And HOPE, who points to distant years,  
 Fair op'ning through the vale of tears  
 A vista to the sky.

There HEALTH, through whose calm bosom glide  
 The temp'rate joys in even tide,  
 That rarely ebb or flow ;  
 And PATIENCE there, thy sister meek,  
 Presents her mild, unvarying cheek,  
 To meet the offer'd blow.

Her influence taught the Phrygian sage,  
 A tyrant master's wanton rage  
 With settled smiles to meet :  
 Inur'd to toil, and bitter bread,  
 He bow'd his meek, submitted head,  
 And kiss'd thy fainted feet.

But thou, Oh, nymph! retir'd and coy;  
In what brown hamlet dost thou joy  
To tell thy tender tale:  
The lowliest children on the ground;  
Moss-rose and violet-blossom round,  
And lily of the vale.

O! say, what soft propitious hour  
I best may choose to hail thy pow'r,  
And court thy gentle sway?  
When Autumn, friendly to the muse,  
Shall thy own modest tints diffuse,  
And shed thy milder day.

When eve, her dewy-star beneath,  
Thy balmy spirit loves to breathe,  
And ev'ry storm is laid;  
If such an hour was e'er thy choice,  
Oft let me hear thy soothing voice  
Low whispering through the shade.

---

### FRIENDSHIP.

FRIENDSHIP, peculiar boon of heav'n,  
The noble mind's delight and pride,  
To men and angels only giv'n,  
To all the lower world deny'd.

While LOVE, unknown among the blest,  
Parent of thousand wild desires,  
The savage and the human breast  
Torments alike, with raging fires.

With bright, but oft destructive gleam,  
Alike o'er all his lightnings fly,  
Thy lambent glories only beam  
Around the fav'rites of the sky.

Thy gentle flows of guiltless joys  
On fools and villains ne'er descend,  
In vain for thee the tyrant sighs,  
And hugs a flatt'rer for a friend.

Q.

Directress of the brave and just,  
 O guide us through life's darksome way!  
 And let the tortures of mistrust,  
 On selfish bosoms only prey.

Nor shall thine ardours cease to glow,  
 When souls to peaceful climes remove:  
 What rais'd our VIRTUE here below,  
 Shall aid our HAPPINESS above.

---

### INNOCENCE.

'T WAS when the slow declining ray  
 Had ting'd the cloud with ev'ning gold;  
 No warbler pour'd the melting lay,  
 No sound disturb'd the sleeping fold;

When by a murm'ring rill reclin'd,  
 Sat wrapt in thought a wand'ring swain;  
 Calm PEACE compos'd his musing mind;  
 And thus he rais'd the flowing strain:

" Hail, INNOCENCE! celestial maid!

" What joys thy blushing charms reveal!

" Sweet, as the arbour's cooling shade,

" And milder than the vernal gale.

" On thee attends a radiant quire,

" Soft smiling PEACE, and downy REST,

" With LOVE, that prompts the warbling lyre,

" And HOPE, that soothes the throbbing breast.

" O, sent from heav'n to haunt the grove,

" Where squint-ey'd ENVY ne'er can come!

" Nor pines the cheek with luckless love,

" Nor anguish chills the living bloom:

" But spotless BEAUTY, rob'd in white,

" Sits on yon moss-grown hill reclin'd,

" Serene as heav'n's unfully'd light,

" And pure as DELIA's gentle mind:



- " Grant, heav'nly pow'r! thy peaceful sway  
 " May still my ruder thoughts controul;  
 " Thy hand to point my dubious way,  
 " Thy voice to soothe the melting soul!  
 " Far, in the shady sweet retreat,  
 " Let thought beguile the ling'ring hour;  
 " Let quiet court the mossy-seat,  
 " And twining-olives form the bow'r.  
 " Let dove-ey'd PEACE her wreath bestow,  
 " And oft sit list'ning in the dale,  
 " While night's sweet warbler from the bough  
 " Tells to the grove her plaintive tale.  
 " Soft, as in DELIA's snowy breast,  
 " Let each consenting passion move;  
 " Let angels watch its silent rest,  
 " And all its blissful dreams be LOVE."

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### THE BLACK-BIRDS.

- T**HE sun had cheer'd the mountain-snow,  
 His beams had pierc'd the stubborn soil,  
 The melting streams began to flow,  
 And ploughmen urg'd their annual toil.  
 'Twas then, amidst the vocal throng,  
 Whom nature wak'd to MIRTH, and LOVE,  
 A BLACK-BIRD rais'd his am'rous song,  
 And thus it echo'd through the grove.  
 " O fairest of the feather'd train!  
 " For whom I sing, for whom I burn,  
 " Attend with pity to my strain,  
 " And grant my love a kind return.  
 " For see, the wint'ry storms are flown,  
 " And zephyrs gently fan the air;  
 " Let us the genial influence own,  
 " Let us the vernal pastime share.

- “ The RAVEN plumes his jetty wing,  
“ To please his croaking paramour,  
“ And LARKS responsive carols sing,  
“ And tell their passion as they soar :  
“ But does the RAVEN’s fable wing  
“ Excel the glossy jet of mine ?  
“ Or can the LARK more sweetly sing,  
“ Than we, who strength with softness join ?  
“ O, let me then thy steps attend !  
“ I’ll point new treasures to thy sight :  
“ Whether the grove thy wish befriending,  
“ Or hedge-rows green, or meadows bright.  
“ I’ll guide thee to the clearest rill,  
“ Whose streams among the pebbles fray ;  
“ There will we sip, and sip our fill,  
“ Or on the flow’ry margin play.  
“ I’ll lead thee to the richest brake,  
“ Imperv’ous to the school-boy’s eye ;  
“ For thee the plaster’d nest I’ll make,  
“ And to thy downy-bosom fly.  
“ When, prompted by a mother’s care,  
“ Thy warmth shall form th’ imprison’d young,  
“ The pleasing task I’ll gladly share,  
“ Or cheer thy labours with a song.  
“ I’ll bring thee food, I’ll range the fields,  
“ And cull the best of ev’ry kind,  
“ Whatever nature’s bounty yields,  
“ And love’s assid’ous care can find.  
“ And when my lovely mate would stray,  
“ To taste the summer sweets at large,  
“ I’ll wait at home the live-long day,  
“ And fondly tend our little charge.  
“ Then prove with me the sweets of love,  
“ With me divide the cares of life,  
“ No bush shall boast in all the grove,  
“ A mate so fond, so blest a wife.”

He ceas'd his song—the plummy dame  
 Heard with delight the love-sick strain,  
 Nor long conceal'd a mutual flame,  
 Nor long repress'd his am'rous pain.

He led her to the nuptial bow'r,  
 And perch'd with triumph by her side;  
 What gilded roof could boast that hour  
 A fonder mate, or happier bride?

Next morn he wak'd her with a song;  
 “Behold,” he said, “the new-born day,  
 “The LARK, his matin-peal has rung,  
 “Arise, my love, and come away!”

Together through the fields they fray'd,  
 And to the murm'ring riv'let's side,  
 Renew'd their vows, and hopp'd, and play'd,  
 With artless joy, and decent pride.

When O! with grief my muse relates  
 What dire misfortune clos'd the tale,  
 Sent by an order from the fates,  
 A gunner met them in the vale.

Alarm'd, the lover cry'd, “my dear,  
 “Haste! haste! away! from danger fly!  
 “Here, gunner, point thy thunder here,  
 “O! spare my love, and let me die!”

At him the gunner took his aim,  
 Too sure the volley'd thunder flew!  
 O, had he chose some other game!  
 Or shot—as he was wont to do!

Divided pair! forgive the wrong,  
 While I with tears your fate rehearse,  
 I'll join the widow's plaintive song,  
 And save the lover in my verse.

## THE MATRON's EPITAPH.

**L**O! where this silent marble weeps,  
 A friend, a wife, a mother, sleeps;  
 An heart, within whose sacred cell  
 The peaceful VIRTUE's lov'd to dwell.  
 AFFECTION warm, and FAITH sincere,  
 And soft HUMANITY, were there.  
 In agony, in death, resign'd,  
 She felt the wound she left behind.  
 Her infant image, here below,  
 Sits smiling on a father's woe:  
 Whom what awaits, while yet he strays  
 Along the lonely vale of days?  
 A pang, to secret sorrow dear;  
 A sigh! an unavailing tear;  
 Till time shall ev'ry grief remove,  
 With life, with mem'ry, and with love.

---

## FIDELE's TOMB.

**T**O fair FIDELE's grassy tomb,  
 Soft maids and village hinds shall bring  
 Each op'ning sweet, of earliest bloom,  
 To rife all the breathing spring.  
 No wailing GHOST shall dare appear  
 To vex with shrieks this quiet grove,  
 But shepherd lads assemble here,  
 And melting virgins own their love.  
 No wither'd WITCH shall here be seen,  
 No GOBLINS lead their nightly crew;  
 The female FAYS shall haunt the green,  
 And dress thy grave with pearly dew:  
 The red-breast, oft at ev'ning hours  
 Shall kindly lend his little aid,  
 With hoary moss, and gather'd flow'rs,  
 To deck the ground where thou art laid.

When howling winds, and beating rain,  
In tempests shake thy sylvan cell;  
Or 'midst the chase on ev'ry plain,  
The tender thought on thee shall dwell.

Each lonely scene shall thee restore,  
For thee the tear be duly shed;  
Belov'd till life can charm no more;  
And mourn'd, till pity's self be dead.

---

THE HAPPY LIFE.

**H**OW happy is he born or taught,  
That serveth not another's will;  
Whose armour is his honest thought;  
And simple TRUTH his highest skill.

Whose passions not his master's are;  
Whose soul is still prepar'd for death;  
Not ty'd unto the world with care  
Of princes' ear, or vulgar breath.

Who hath his life from humours freed,  
Whose CONSCIENCE is his strong retreat,  
Whose state can neither flatt'ers' feed,  
Nor ruin make oppressors' great:

Who envies none whom chance doth raise,  
Or vice; who never understood  
How deepest wounds are giv'n with praise;  
Nor rules of state, but rules of GOOD:

Who God doth late and early pray,  
More of his grace than gifts to lend,  
And entertains the harmless day  
With a well-chosen book or friend!

This man is freed from servile bands  
Of hope to rise, or fear to fall,  
Lord of himself, though not of lands;  
And having nothing, yet hath all.

## THE CUCKOO.

HAIL, beaut'ous stranger of the grove !

Thou messenger of spring !

Now heav'n repairs thy rural seat,

And woods thy welcome sing.

What time the daisy decks the green,

Thy certain voice we hear ;

Hast thou a star to guide thy path,

Or mark the rolling year ?

Delightful visitant ! with thee

I hail the time of flow'rs,

And hear the sound of music sweet

From birds among the bow'rs.

The school-boy, wand'ring through the wood

To pull the primrose gay,

Starts, the new voice of spring to hear,

And imitates thy lay.

What time the pea puts on the bloom,

Thou fly'st thy vocal vale,

An annual guest in other lands,

Another spring to hail.

Sweet bird ! thy bow'r is ever green,

Thy sky is ever clear ;

Thou hast no sorrow in thy song,

No WINTER in thy year !

O could I fly, I'd fly with thee !

We'd make, with joyful wing,

Our annual visit o'er the globe,

Companions of the SPRING.

## THE RURAL DIALOGUE.

“ MY pretty maids, so blithe and gay,

“ With crook and scip, whence come you,

“ pray ?”

“ We come, sir, from the neighb'ring hill,

“ Close by the fount of this clear rill.



‘ There, in a little tuft of green,  
 ‘ Our father’s straw-roof’d cot is seen,  
 ‘ Beneath that dear, tho’ narrow, shed,  
 ‘ We, sisters all, were born and bred,  
 ‘ Our bus’ness is to tend our flocks,  
 ‘ In yonder vale o’erhung with rocks;  
 ‘ When fed, we drive them home at eve;  
 ‘ So now, kind sir! we take our leave.’

“ O what must be the favour’d place,  
 “ That yields such charms and native grace,  
 “ As rustic weeds no more can shrowd  
 “ Than noon-day’s sun, an envious cloud!  
 “ Love’s genuine progeny you seem,  
 “ From each fair face such pleasures beam.  
 “ Well might it grieve your beauties rare  
 “ To waste themselves on desert air,  
 “ When courts and cities would delight  
 “ To give them to the public sight!  
 “ But tell me, do you feel content,  
 “ Within these lonely regions pent?”

‘ More true content within us dwells,  
 ‘ While roving in the flow’ry dells,  
 ‘ Than fills the breasts of ladies great,  
 ‘ While dancing in the rooms of state.  
 ‘ No wealth we want, or fine array;  
 ‘ Flow’rs are enough to make us gay.’

---

### THE BITER BIT.

A Certain PRIEST had hoarded up,  
 A secret mass of GOLD;  
 But where he might bestow it safe,  
 By fancy was not told.  
 At last, it came into his head,  
 To lock it in a chest,  
 Within the chancel, and he wrote  
 Thereon, *Hic Deus est.*

A merry grigg, whose greedy mind,  
 Long wish'd for such a prey,  
 Respected not the sacred words,  
 That on the casket lay.  
 Took out the GOLD, and blotted out  
 The PRIEST's inscript thereon,  
 Wrote, *Resurrexit, non est hic,*  
 "Your god is rose and gone."

---

### THE TEARS OF AMYNTA.

ON a bank, beside a willow,  
 Heav'n her cov'ring, earth her pillow,  
 Sad AMYNTA sigh'd alone:  
 From the cheerless dawn of morning  
 Till the dews of night returning,  
 Sighing thus she made her moan:  
 Hope is banish'd,  
 Joys are vanish'd,

DAMON, my belov'd, is gone!

Time I dare thee to discover  
 Such a youth, and such a lover;  
 Oh! so true, so kind was he!

DAMON was the pride of nature,  
 Charming in his ev'ry feature;

DAMON liv'd alone for me;

Melting kisses,

Murm'ring blisses:

Who so liv'd and lov'd as we!

Never shall we curse the morning,

Never bless the night returning,

Sweet embraces to restore:

Never shall we both lie dying,

Nature failing, love supplying

All the joys he drain'd before:

Death, come end me,

To befriend me;

Love and DAMON are no more!

CUPID RELIEVED.

AS once young CUPID went astray,  
The little god I found;  
I took his bow and shafts away,  
And fast his pinions bound.

At CHLOE's feet my spoils I cast,  
My conquest proud to shew;  
She saw his godship fetter'd fast,  
And smil'd to see him so.

But ah! that smile such fresh supplies  
Of arms resistless gave!  
I'm forc'd again to yield the prize,  
And fall again his slave.

CUPID AND HIS TUTOR.

SLUMB'RING beneath the shade I lay,  
Opprest by Sol's meridian ray,  
When to my eyes, in vision bright,  
Appear'd the queen of soft delight;  
Young CUPID in her hand she led,  
Who bashful hung his little head:  
"Here, gentle swain!" the goddess cry'd,  
"My boy's maturer studies guide;  
"Teach him to strike the sounding lyre,  
"And love of sacred bards inspire."  
She said:—with awe I took the child,  
And, by his modest looks beguil'd,  
Began to read with aspect sage,  
My lecture on great HOMER's page,  
Explain'd the THEBAN's devious line,  
And dwelt on MARO's verse divine.  
The giddy boy with slight regard  
Run o'er each grave majestic bard,  
And said he would my pains repay  
By teaching me *his* fav'rite lay.  
Then careless sung of loves and smiles,  
His wanton pranks, his mother's wiles,

Of mortal and immortal flames,  
 And all the list of sportive dames.  
 I bade him cease his idle prate:  
 Yet list'ning still, I found, too late,  
 I'd quite forgot the TUTOR's part,  
 But had his nonsense all by heart.

### SEPARATION.

SWEET beaut'ous fair, tho' from thee torn,  
 Do thou inspire my lay:  
 Depriv'd of thee, lost and forlorn,  
 I lose the peaceful day.

Forget'st thou when we wander'd o'er,  
 The sea-beat rocky, seedy, shore,  
 Or rang'd the woodland wilds along,  
 How oft on MINEHEAD's mountain's high,  
 We've met the morning's purple eye,  
 Cheer'd by the wood-lark's song?

From these delights by fortune led,  
 To busy life and sea confin'd:  
 At once each golden pleasure fled,  
 And HAPPINESS was left behind.

Yet cou'd these eyes once more survey,  
 Thy lovely form, like blooming May,  
 Thy polish'd brow, thy piercing eye,  
 Where all the charms of earth do dwell,  
 In village cot, or homely cell,  
 Sweet maid! with thee I'd live and die.

Ah! where is now each image gay,  
 The hand which fairy-fancy wove,  
 Of painted spring's elysian day,  
 When mutual happiness we'd prove?

Cease, cruel mem'ry! recal no more  
 Those scenes which lost, I now deplore;  
 Thou only mak'st a wretch to know,  
 While from his charming SALLY's side;  
 Eternal grief and pain betide,  
 A heart replete with care and woe.

## HAPPINESS.

THE midnight moon serenely smiles  
 O'er nature's soft repose;  
 No low'ring cloud obscures the sky,  
 No ruffling tempest blows.

Now ev'ry passion sinks to rest,  
 The throbbing heart lies still;  
 And varying schemes of life no more  
 Distract the lab'ring will.

In silence hush'd, to REASON's voice  
 Attends each mental pow'r:  
 Come, dear EMILIA, and enjoy  
 Reflection's fav'rite hour.

Come! while the peaceful scene invites,  
 Let's search this ample round,  
 Where shall the lovely fleeting form  
 Of HAPPINESS be found?

Does it amidst the frolic mirth  
 Of gay assemblies dwell?  
 Or, hide beneath the solemn gloom,  
 That shades the hermit's cell.

How oft the laughing brow of JOY  
 A sick'ning heart conceals!  
 And through the cloister's deep recess,  
 Invading SORROW steals.

In vain through beauty, fortune, wit,  
 The fugitive we trace;  
 It dwells not in the faithless smile,  
 That brightens CLODIO's face.

Perhaps the joy to these deny'd,  
 The heart in FRIENDSHIP finds;  
 Ah! dear delusion, gay conceit,  
 Of vis'onary minds!

Howe'er our varying notions rove,  
 Yet all agree in one,  
 To place its being in some state  
 At distance from our own.

O blind to each indulgent aim,  
 Of pow'r supremely wise;  
 Who fancy HAPPINESS in ought  
 The hand of heav'n denies!

Vain is alike the joy we seek,  
 And vain what we possess,  
 Unless harmonious REASON tunes  
 The passions into peace.

To temper'd wishes, just desires,  
 Is HAPPINESS confin'd;  
 And, deaf to FOLLY's call, attends  
 The music of the mind.

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### THE DRUM.

**I** HATE that DRUM's discordant sound,  
 Parading round, and round, and round:  
 To thoughtless youth it pleasure yields,  
 And lures from cities and from fields,  
 To sell their liberty for charms  
 Of tawdry lace, and glitt'ring arms;  
 And when AMBITION's voice commands,  
 To march, and fight, and fall, in foreign lands.

I hate that DRUM's discordant sound,  
 Parading round, and round, and round:  
 To me it talks of ravag'd plains,  
 And burning towns, and ruin'd swains,  
 And mangled limbs, and dying groans,  
 And WIDOWS' tears, and ORPHANS' moans;  
 And all that mis'ry's hand bestows,  
 To fill the catalogue of human woes.



ODE TO MORNING.

**H**AIL to thy living light,  
 Ambrosial MORN ! all hail thy roseate ray !  
 That bids gay nature all her charms display  
 In varied beauty bright !  
 That bids each dewy-spangled flow'ret rise,  
 And dart around its vermeil eyes ;  
 Bids silver lustre grace yon' sparkling tide,  
 That winding warbles down the mountain's side.  
 Away, ye goblins all !  
 Wont the bewilder'd traveller to daunt ;  
 Whose vagrant feet have trac'd your secret haunt  
 Beside some lonely wall,  
 Or shatter'd ruin of a moss-grown tow'r,  
 Where, at pale midnight's stillest hour,  
 Through each rough chink the solemn orb of night  
 Pours momentary gleams of trembling light.  
 Away, ye elves, away !  
 Shrink at ambrosial morning's living ray :  
 That living ray, whose pow'r benign  
 Unfolds the scene of glory to our eye,  
 Where, thron'd in artless majesty,  
 The cherub beauty sits on nature's rustic shrine.

JOHN AND JOAN.

**N**O plate had JOHN and JOAN to hoard,  
 Plain folk, in humble plight ;  
 One only tankard crown'd their board,  
 And that was fill'd each night.  
 Along whose inner bottom sketch'd,  
 In pride of chubby grace,  
 Some rude engraver's hand had etch'd  
 A baby angel's face.  
 JOHN swallow'd first a mod'rate sup ;  
 But JOAN was not like JOHN ;  
 For when her lips once touch'd the cup,  
 She swill'd till all was gone.

JOHN often urg'd her to drink fair,  
 But she ne'er chang'd a jot;  
 She lov'd to see the *angel* there,  
 And therefore drain'd the pot.

When JOHN found all remonstrance vain,  
 Another card he play'd,  
 And, where the *angel* stood so plain,  
 He got a *devil* pourtrayed.

JOAN saw the horns, JOAN saw the tail,  
 Yet JOAN as stoutly quaff'd!  
 And ever, when she seiz'd her ale,  
 She clear'd it at a draught.

JOHN star'd, with wonder petrify'd,  
 His hairs rose on his pate;  
 And "why dost guzzle now" he cry'd,  
 "At this enormous rate?"

'O JOHN!' said she, 'am I to blame?  
 'I can't in conscience stop:  
 'For sure 'twould be a burning shame  
 'To leave the *devil* a drop!

### EPITAPH ON MISS CAMPBELL.

**O** PENSIVE passenger! do not refuse  
 To pause awhile, and weep upon this tomb,  
 For here the cold remains of CAMPBELL lie,  
 This narrow spot, the vernal maiden's doom.

Yes! she was gentle as the twilight breeze,  
 Which o'er the fainting violet's bosom blows;  
 Patient she bow'd beneath the stroke of death,  
 In faded semblance of the silver rose.

And oft low bending o'er this hallow'd tomb,  
 Shall the pure angel INNOCENCE appear;  
 And FRIENDSHIP, like an hermit, shall be found  
 To bathe the circling sod with many a tear.

## THE THREE SISTERS.

ERE SATURN'S sons were yet disgrac'd,

And heathen gods were all the taste,  
Full oft (we read) 'twas JOVE's high will  
To take an air on IDA's hill.

It chanc'd, as once with serious ken  
He view'd from thence the ways of men,  
He saw (and pity touch'd his breast)

The world by three foul fiends possess'd :

Pale DISCORD there, and FOLLY vain,

With haggard VICE, upheld their reign.

Then forth he sent his summons high,

And call'd a senate of the sky.

Round as the winged orders prest,

JOVE thus his sacred mind express'd :

" Say ! which of all this shining train

" Will VIRTUE's conflict hard sustain ?

" For see ! she drooping takes her flight,

" While not a god supports her right."

He paus'd—when from amidst the sky,

WIT, INNOCENCE, and HARMONY,

With one united zeal arose,

The tripple tyrants to oppose.

That instant from the realms of day,

With gen'rous speed, they took their way ;

To BRITAIN'S isle direct their car,

And enter'd with the ev'ning star.

Beside the road a mansion stood,

Defended by a circling wood :

Hither, disguis'd, their steps they bend,

In hopes, perchance, to find a friend :

Nor vain their hope, for records say,

WORTH ne'er from thence was turn'd away.

They urge the trav'ler's common chance,

And ev'ry pit'ous plea advance :

The artful tale that WIT had feign'd,

Admittance, easy, soon obtain'd.

The dame, who own'd, adorn'd the place;  
 Three blooming daughters added grace.  
 The first, with gentlest manners blest  
 And temper sweet, each heart possest;  
 Who view'd her, catch'd the tender flame:  
 And soft AMASIA was her name.  
 In sprightly sense and polish'd air,  
 What maid with MIRA might compare;  
 While LUCIA's eyes, and LUCIA's lyre,  
 Did unresisted love inspire.

Imagine now the table clear,  
 And mirth in ev'ry face appear:  
 The song, the tale, the jest went round,  
 The riddle dark, the trick profound,  
 Thus each admiring and admir'd,  
 The host and guests at length retir'd;  
 When WIT thus spake her sister train:  
 "Faith, friends, our errand is but vain—  
 "Quick let us measure back the sky;  
 "These nymphs alone may well supply  
 "WIT, INNOCENCE, and HARMONY."

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### THE SWEET NEGLECT.

**S**TILL to be neat, still to be drest,  
 As you were going to a feast;  
 Still to be powder'd, still perfum'd;  
 Lady, it is to be presum'd,  
 Tho' art's hid causes are not found,  
 All is not sweet, all is not found.  
 Give me a look, give me a face,  
 That makes SIMPLICITY a grace;  
 Robes loosely flowing, hair as free;  
 Such SWEET NEGLECT more taketh me  
 Than all th' adulteries of art  
 That strike mine eye, but not mine heart.

THE HERMIT AND HIS DOG.

IN life's fair morn, I knew an aged seer,  
 Who sad and lonely pass'd his joyless year;  
 Betray'd, heart-broken, from the world he ran,  
 And shunn'd, oh, dire extreme! the face of man;  
 Humbly he rear'd his hut within the wood,  
 Hermit his vest, an hermit's was his food.  
 Nitch'd in some corner of the gelid cave  
 Where chilling drops the rugged rock-stone lave;  
 Hour after hour, the melancholy sage,  
 Drop after drop, to reckon, would engage  
 The ling'ring day, and trickling as they fell,  
 A tear went with them to the narrow well;  
 Then thus he moraliz'd, as slow it pass'd,  
 " This brings me nearer LUCIA than the last;  
 " And this, now streaming from the eye," said he,  
 " Oh, my lov'd child! will bring me nearer thee."  
 When first he roam'd, his DOG with anxious care,  
 His wand'rings watch'd, as emulous to share;  
 In vain the faithful brute was bid to go,  
 In vain the sorrower sought a lonely woe.  
 The HERMIT paus'd, th' attendant DOG was near,  
 Slept at his feet, and caught the falling tear;  
 Up rose the HERMIT, up the DOG would rise,  
 And ev'ry way to win a master tries.—  
 " Then be it so. Come, faithful fool," he said;  
 One pat encourag'd, and they sought the shade;  
 An unfrequented thicket soon they found,  
 And both repos'd upon the leafy ground;  
 Mellifluous murm'ring told the fountains nigh,  
 Fountains, which well a pilgrim's drink supply:  
 And thence, by many a labyrinth led,  
 Where ev'ry tree bestow'd an ev'ning bed.  
 Skill'd in the chace the faithful creature brought  
 Whate'er at morn or moon-light course he caught;  
 But the sage lent his sympathy to all,  
 Nor saw unwept his dumb associates fall,

He was, in sooth, the gentlest of his kind,  
 And, though an HERMIT, had a social mind :  
 " And why," said he, " must man subsist by prey ?  
 " Why, stop yon melting music on the spray ?  
 " Why, when assail'd by hounds and hunters' cry,  
 " Must half the harmless race in terrors die ?  
 " Why must we work of innocence the woe ?  
 " Still shall this bosom throb, these eyes o'erflow :  
 " An heart too tender here, from man, retires,  
 " An heart that aches, if but a wren expires."  
 Thus liv'd the master good, the servant true,  
 'Till to its God the master's spirit flew ;  
 Beside a fount, which daily water gave,  
 Stooping to drink, the HERMIT found a grave ;  
 All in the running stream his garments spread,  
 And dark, damp verdure ill conceal'd his head ;  
 The faithful SERVANT from that fatal day  
 Watch'd the lov'd corse, and hourly pin'd away :  
 His head upon his master's cheek was found,  
 While the obstructed water mourn'd around.

---

### TO THE FEATHER'D RACE.

**A** GAIN the balmy zephyr blows,  
 Fresh verdure decks the grove,  
 Each bird with vernal rapture glows,  
 And tunes his note to love.

Ye gentle warblers, hither fly,  
 And shun the noon-tide heat ;  
 My shrubs a cooling shade supply,  
 My groves a safe retreat.

Here freely hop from spray to spray,  
 Or weave the mossy nest ;  
 Here rove and sing the live-long day ;  
 At night here sweetly rest.

Amidst this cool translucent rill,  
 That trickles down the glade,  
 Here bathe your plumes, here drink your fill,  
 And revel in the shade.



No school-boy rude, to mischief prone,  
 E'er shews his ruddy face,  
 Or twangs his bow, or hurls a stone,  
 In this sequester'd place.

Hither the vocal THRUSH repairs,  
 Secure the LINNET sings,  
 The GOLDFINCH dreads no slimy snares  
 To clog her painted wings.

Sad PHILOMEL! ah, quit thy haunt,  
 Yon distant woods among,  
 And round my friendly grotto chaunt  
 Thy sweetly-plaintive song.

Let not the harmless RED-BREAST fear,  
 Domestic bird, to come  
 And seek a sure asylum here,  
 With one that loves his home!

My trees for you, ye artless tribe,  
 Shall store of fruit preserve;  
 Oh, let me thus your friendship bribe!  
 Come!—feed without reserve.

For you these cherries I protect,  
 To you these plumbs belong:  
 Sweet is the fruit that you have peck'd,  
 But sweeter far your song.

Let then this league, betwixt us made,  
 Our mutual int'rests guard:  
 Mine be the gift of fruit and shade;  
 Your songs be my reward.

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### SLAVERY.

OH! for a lodge in some vast wilderness,  
 Some boundless contiguity of shade,  
 Where rumour of oppression and deceit,  
 Of unsuccessful or successful war,  
 Might never reach me more. My ear is pain'd,  
 My soul is sick with ev'ry day's report  
 Of wrong and outrage, with which the earth is fill'd.

There is no flesh in man's obdurate heart,  
It does not feel for MAN. The nat'ral bond  
Of brotherhood, is sever'd as the flax  
That falls asunder at the touch of fire.  
He finds his fellow, guilty of a skin  
Not colour'd like his own; and having pow'r  
T'inforce the wrong, for such a worthy cause,  
Dooms and devotes him as his lawful prey.  
Lands interfect'd by a narrow frith  
Abhor each other. Mountains interpos'd,  
Make enemies of nations, who had else,  
Like kindred drops, been mingl'd into one.  
Thus man devotes his BROTHER, and destroys;  
And worse than all, and most to be deplor'd,  
As human-nature's broadest, foulest blot,  
Chains him, and tasks him, and exacts his sweat  
With stripes, that MERCY with a bleeding heart  
Weeps when she sees inflicted on a beast.  
Then what is MAN? And what MAN seeing this,  
And having human feelings, does not blush  
And hang his head, to think himself a MAN?  
I would not have a SLAVE to till my ground,  
To carry me, to fan me while I sleep,  
And tremble when I wake, for all the wealth  
That sinews bought and sold have ever earn'd.  
No! dear as FREEDOM is, and in my heart's  
Just estimation priz'd above all price,  
I had much rather be myself the SLAVE,  
And wear the bonds, than fasten them on him.  
We have no SLAVES at home—then why abroad?  
And they themselves once ferry'd o'er the wave  
That parts us, are emancipate and loos'd.  
SLAVES cannot breathe in ENGLAND; if their lungs  
Receive our air, that moment they are free;  
They touch our country, and their shackles fall.  
That's noble, and bespeaks a nation proud  
And jealous of the blessing. Spread it, then,  
And let it circulate through ev'ry vein  
Of all your empire. That where BRITAIN's pow'r  
Is felt, mankind may feel her MERCY too.

PITY.

**H**AIL, lovely pow'r ! whose bosom heaves a sigh,  
 When fancy paints the scene of deep distress ;  
 Whose tears spontan'ous chrysellize the eye,  
 When rigid fate denies the pow'r to bless.

Not all the sweets Arabia's gales convey  
 From flow'ry meads, can with that sigh compare :  
 Not dew-drops glitt'ring in the morning ray,  
 Seem near so beaut'ous as that falling tear.

Devoid of fear the fawns around thee play ;  
 Emblem of peace, the dove before thee flies ;  
 No blood-stain'd traces mark thy blameless way,  
 Beneath thy feet no hapless insect dies.

Come, lovely nymph ! and range the mead with me,  
 To spring the partridge from the guileful foe,  
 From secret snares the struggling bird to free,  
 And stop the hand uprais'd to give the blow.

And when th' air with heat meridian glows,  
 And nature droops beneath the conq'ring gleam,  
 Let us, slow wand'ring where the current flows,  
 Save sinking flies that float along the stream.

Or, turn to nobler, greater tasks thy care,  
 To me thy sympathetic gifts impart ;  
 Teach me in friendship's griefs to bear a share ;  
 And justly boast the gen'rous feeling heart.

Teach me to sooth the helpless orphan's grief ;  
 With timely aid the widow's woes assuage ;  
 To mis'ry's moving cries to yield relief,  
 And be the sure resource of drooping age.

So when the verdant spring of youth shall fade,  
 And sinking nature owns the dread decay,  
 Some soul congenial then may lend its aid,  
 And gild the close of life's eventful day.

## HASSAN; OR, THE CAMEL-DRIVER.

*Scene, the Desert.—Time, Mid-day.*

IN silent horror, o'er the boundless waste,  
 The driver HASSAN, with his camels past:  
 One cuse of water on his back he bore,  
 And his light scrip contain'd a scanty store:  
 A fan of painted feathers in his hand,  
 To guard his shaded face from scorching sand.  
 The sultry sun had gain'd the middle sky,  
 And not a tree, and not an herb, was nigh:  
 The beasts, with pain, their dusty way pursue,  
 Shrill roar'd the winds, and dreary was the view!  
 With desp'rate sorrow wild, th' affrighted man  
 Thrice sigh'd, thrice struck his breast, and thus  
 began:

- ' Sad was the hour, and luckless was the day,
- ' When first from SCHIRAZ' walls I bent my way!
- ' Ah! little thought I of the blasting wind,
- ' The thirst, or pinching hunger that I find!
- ' Bethink thee, HASSAN, where shall thirst assuage,
- ' When fails this cuse, his unrelenting rage?
- ' Soon shall this scrip its precious load resign;
- ' Then what but tears and hunger shall be thine?
- ' Ye mute companions of my toils, that bear
- ' In all my griefs a more than equal share!
- ' Here, where no springs in murmurs break away,
- ' Or moss-crown'd fountains mitigate the day,
- ' In vain ye hope the fresh delights to know,
- ' Which plains more blest, or verdant vales, bestow:
- ' Here rocks alone, and tasteless sands, are found,
- ' And faint and sickly winds for ever howl around.
- ' Sad was the hour, and luckless was the day,
- ' When first from SCHIRAZ' walls I bent my way!
- ' Curs'd be the gold and silver which persuade
- ' Weak men to follow far-fatiguing trade!
- ' The lily PEACE outshines the silver store,
- ' And LIFE is dearer than the golden ore:

' Yet money tempts us o'er the desert brown,  
 ' To ev'ry distant mart and wealthy town.  
 ' Full oft we tempt the land, and oft the sea;  
 ' And are we only yet repaid by thee?  
 ' Ah! why this ruin so attractive made?  
 ' Or, why fond man so easily betray'd?  
 ' Why heed we not, while mad we haste along,  
 ' The gentle voice of PEACE, or pleasure's song?  
 ' Or, wherefore think the flow'ry mountain's side,  
 ' The fountain's murmurs, and the valley's pride—  
 ' Why think we these less pleasing to behold,  
 ' Than dreary deserts, if they lead to gold?  
 ' Sad was the hour, and luckless was the day,  
 ' When first from SCHIRAZ' walls I bent my way!  
 ' O, cease my tears!—All frantic as I go,  
 ' When thought creates unnumber'd scenes of woe.  
 ' What if the LION in his rage I meet!  
 ' Oft in the dust I view his printed feet:  
 ' And fearful! oft, when day's declining light  
 ' Yields her pale empire to the mourner night,  
 ' By hunger rous'd, he scours the groaning plain,  
 ' Gaunt WOLVES, and sullen TIGERS in his train:  
 ' Before them DEATH with shrieks directs their way!  
 ' Fills the wild yell, and leads them to their prey.  
 ' Sad was the hour, and luckless was the day,  
 ' When first from SCHIRAZ' walls I bent my way!  
 ' At that dead hour, the silent ASP shall creep,  
 ' If ought of rest I find upon my sleep:  
 ' Or some swollen SERPENT twist his scales around,  
 ' And wake to anguish with a burning wound.  
 ' Thrice happy they, the wise, contented poor,  
 ' From lust of WEALTH, and dread of DEATH,  
 ' secure!  
 ' They tempt no deserts, and no griefs they find;  
 ' PEACE rules the day, where REASON rules the  
 ' mind.  
 ' Sad was the hour, and luckless was the day,  
 ' When first from SCHIRAZ' walls I bent my way!

‘ O hapless youth! for she thy love hath won,  
 ‘ The tender ZARA will be most undone!  
 ‘ Big swell’d my heart, and own’d the pow’rful maid,  
 ‘ When fast she dropp’d her tears, and thus she said:  
 “ Farewell the youth, whom sighs could not detain;  
 “ Whom ZARA’s breaking heart implor’d in vain!  
 “ Yet as thou go’st, may ev’ry blast arise,  
 “ Weak and unfelt as these rejected sighs!  
 “ Safe o’er the wild, no perils may’st thou see;  
 “ No griefs endure, nor weep, false youth, like me!”  
 ‘ O! let me safely to the fair return,  
 ‘ Say, with a kiss, she must not, shall not mourn!  
 ‘ O! let me teach my heart to lose its fears,  
 ‘ Recall’d by WISDOM’s voice, and ZARA’s tears!’  
 He said; and call’d on heav’n to bless the day,  
 When back to SCHIRAZ’ walls he bent his way.

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### A MORAL THOUGHT.

**T**HROUGH groves sequester’d, dark and still,  
 Low vales, and mossy cells among,  
 In silent paths the careless rill,  
 Which languid murmurs, steals along.  
 Awhile it plays with circling sweep,  
 And ling’ring leaves its native plain;  
 Then pours impet’ous down the steep,  
 And mingles with the boundless main.  
 O let my years thus dev’ous glide,  
 Through silent scenes obscurely calm!  
 Nor wealth, nor strife, pollute the tide,  
 Nor honour’s sanguinary palm.  
 When labour tires, and pleasure palls,  
 Still let the stream untroubled be,  
 As down the steep of age it falls,  
 And mingles with eternity.



## THE SAILOR.

THE SAILOR sighs as sinks his native shore,  
As all its less'ning turrets bluely fade;  
He climbs the mast to feast his eye once more,  
And busy fancy fondly lends her aid.

Ah! now, each dear, domestic scene he knew,  
Recall'd and cherish'd in a foreign clime,  
Charms with the magic of a moon-light view,  
Its colours mellow'd, not impair'd, by time.

True as the needle, homeward points his heart,  
Through all the horrors of the stormy main;  
This, the last wish with which its warmth could part,  
To meet the smile of her he loves again.

When morn first faintly draws her silver line,  
Or eve's grey cloud descends to drink the wave;  
When sea and sky in midnight darkness join,  
Still,—still he views the parting look she gave.

Her gentle spirit, lightly hov'ring o'er,  
Attends his little bark from pole to pole;  
And, when the beating billows round him roar,  
Whispers sweet hope to sooth his troubled soul.

Carv'd is her name in many a spicy grove,  
In many a plantain-forest, waving wide;  
Where dusky youths in painted plumage rove,  
And giant-palms o'er-arch the yellow tide.

But lo, at last he comes with crowded sail!  
Lo, o'er the cliff what eager figures bend!  
And hark, what mingled murmurs swell the gale!  
In each he hears the welcome of a friend.

—'Tis she,—'tis she herself! she waves her hand!  
Soon is the anchor cast, the canvas furl'd;  
Soon, through the whit'ning surge he springs to land,  
And clasps the maid, he singled from the world.

## ELIZA.

SO stood ELIZA on the wood-crown'd height,  
 O'er MINDEN's plain, spectatress of the fight;  
 Sought with bold eye, amid the bloody strife,  
 Her dearer self, the partner of her life;  
 From hill to hill, the rushing host pursu'd,  
 And view'd his banner—or believ'd she view'd!  
 Pleas'd with the distant roar, with quicker tread,  
 Fast by her hand, one lisping boy she led;  
 And one fair girl, amid the loud alarm,  
 Slept on her kerchief, cradled by her arm;  
 While round her brows bright beams of HONOUR  
 dart—

And LOVE's warm eddies circle round her heart!  
 Near, and more near, th' intrepid beauty press'd,  
 Saw, thro' the driving smoke, his dancing crest;  
 Saw on his helm her virgin hands inwove,  
 Bright stars of gold, and mystic knots of LOVE;  
 Heard the exulting shout—"They run! they run!"  
 'Great God!' she cry'd, 'he's safe! the battle's  
 won!'

A ball now hisses thro' the airy tides  
 Some fury wing'd it, and some dæmon guides!  
 Parts the fine locks, her graceful head that deck,  
 Wounds her fair ear, and sinks into her neck;  
 The red-stream issuing from her azure veins,  
 Dies her white veil, her iv'ry bosom stains:  
 'Ah, me!' she cry'd; and, sinking on the ground,  
 Kiss'd her dear babes, regardless of the wound:—  
 'Oh, cease not yet to beat, thou vital urn;  
 'Wait, gushing life—oh, wait my love's return!  
 'Hoarse barks the wolf, the vulture screams from far,  
 'The angel PITY shuns the walks of war:  
 'Oh, spare, ye war-hounds, spare their tender age!  
 'On me, on me,' she cry'd, 'exhaust your rage!'—  
 Then with weak arms her weeping babes caress'd,  
 And, sighing, hid them in her blood-stain'd vest.  
 From tent to tent, th' impatient warrior flies,  
 Fear in his heart, and phrensy in his eyes:

ELIZA's name along the camp he calls—

ELIZA echoes thro' the canvas walls;

Quick thro' the murm'ring gloom his footsteps tread,

O'er groaning heaps, the dying and the dead,

Vault o'er the plain, and, in the tangled wood,

Lo, dead ELIZA, welt'ring in her blood!

Soon hears his list'ning son the welcome sounds;

With open arms and sparkling eyes he bounds:—

“Speak low,” he cries; and gives his little hand:

“ELIZA sleeps upon the dew-cold sand;”

Poor weeping babe, with bloody fingers press'd,

And try'd, with pouting lips, her milkless breast:

“Alas, we both with cold and hunger quake!

“Why do you weep?—Mama will soon awake.”

‘She'll wake no more!’ the hopeless mourner cry'd,

Upturn'd his eyes, and clasp'd his hands, and sigh'd:

Stretch'd on the ground, awhile, entranc'd he lay,

And press'd warm kisses on the lifeless clay;

And then up-sprung, with cold, convulsive start—

And all the father kindled in his heart:

‘Oh, heav'n's!’ he cry'd, ‘my first rash vow forgive,

‘THESE bind to earth—for THESE I pray to live!’

Round his chill babes he wrapp'd his crimson vest,

And clasp'd them, sobbing, to his aching breast.

### THE WOODBINE.

THO' from thy bank of velvet borne,

Hang not, fair flow'r, thy drooping crest;

MARIA's bosom thou shalt find

The softest—sweetest bed of rest.

Tho' from mild zephyrs' kiss no more

Ambrosial balms thou shalt inhale,

Her gentle breath, whene'er she sighs,

Shall fan thee with a purer gale.

But thou be thankful for that bliss,

For which in vain a thousand burn,

And as thou stealest sweets from her,

Give back thy choicest in return.

## CHARITY.

DID sweeter sounds adorn my flowing tongue;  
 Than ever man pronounc'd, or angels sung;  
 Had I all knowledge, human and divine,  
 That thought can reach, or science can define;  
 And had I pow'r to give that knowledge birth,  
 In all the speeches of the babbling earth:  
 Did SHADRACH's zeal my glowing breast inspire,  
 To weary tortures, and rejoice in fire;  
 Or had I faith like that which ISRAEL saw  
 When MOSES gave them miracles and law:  
 Yet, grac'ous CHARITY! indulgent guest,  
 Were not thy pow'r exerted in my breast,  
 Those speeches would send up unheeded pray'r;  
 That scorn of life, would be but wild despair;  
 A tymbal's sound were better than my voice;  
 My faith were form, my eloquence were noise.

CHARITY, decent, modest, easy, kind,  
 Softens the high, and rears the abject mind;  
 Knows with just reins and gentle hand to guide  
 Betwixt vile SHAME, and arbitrary PRIDE.  
 Not soon provok'd, she easily forgives;  
 And much she suffers, as she much believes.  
 Soft PEACE she brings wherever she arrives;  
 She builds our quiet, as she forms our lives;  
 Lays the rough paths of peevish nature even,  
 And opens in each heart a little heav'n.

Each other gift, which God on man bestows,  
 Its proper bound and due restriction knows;  
 To one fixt purpose dedicates its pow'r,  
 And, finishing its act, exists no more.  
 Thus, in obedience to what heav'n decrees,  
 KNOWLEDGE shall fail, and PROPHECY shall cease;  
 But lasting CHARITY's more ample sway,  
 Nor bound by time, nor subject to decay,  
 In happy triumph shall for ever live,  
 And endless good diffuse, and endless praise receive.

As through the artist's intervening glass,  
 Our eye observes the distant planets pass,

A little we discover, but allow  
 That more remains unseen, than art can show :  
 So, whilst our mind its knowledge would improve,  
 Its feeble eye intent on things above,  
 High as we may, we lift our REASON up,  
 By FAITH directed, and confirm'd by HOPE :  
 Yet we are able only to survey  
 Dawning of beams, and promises of day,  
 Heav'n's fuller effluence mocks our dazzl'd sight ;  
 Too great its swiftness, and too strong its light.

But soon the mediate clouds shall be dispell'd,  
 The SUN shall soon be face to face beheld,  
 In all his robes, with all his glory on,  
 Seated sublime on his meridian throne.

Then, constant FAITH, and holy HOPE shall die ;  
 One lost in certainty, and one in joy .  
 Whilst thou, more happy pow'r, fair CHARITY,  
 Triumphant sister, greatest of the three,  
 Thy office and thy nature still the same,  
 Lasting thy lamp, and unconsum'd thy flame,  
 Shalt still survive——  
 Shalt stand before the host of heav'n confess,  
 For ever blessing, and for ever blest.

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### THE TEAR.

OH! that the chemist's magic art  
 Could chrysellize this sacred treasure!  
 Long should it glitter near my heart,  
 A secret source of pensive pleasure.  
 The little brilliant, ere it fell,  
 Its lustre caught from CHLOE's eye ;  
 Then, trembling, left its coral cell—  
 The spring of SENSIBILITY!  
 Sweet drop of pure and pearly light!  
 In thee the rays of VIRTUE shine ;  
 More calmly clear, more mildly bright,  
 Than any gem that gilds the mine.

Benign restorer of the soul!  
 Who ever fly't to bring relief;  
 When first she feels the rude controul  
 Of LOVE or PITY, JOY or GRIEF.  
 The sage's and the poet's theme,  
 In ev'ry clime, in ev'ry age;  
 Thou charm'st in fancy's idle dream,  
 In REASON's philosophic page.  
 That very law\* which moulds a tear,  
 And bids it trickle from its source,  
 That law preserves the earth a sphere,  
 And guides the planets in their course.

### THE WILLING SLAVE.

*On an AFRICAN WOMAN, whose favourite boy was kidnapped by the crew of a boat. The SAILORS, moved by the distress of the MOTHER, would have restored the CHILD; but the MATE, whose heart was rendered callous by long practice in this degrading traffic, chose to retain him, observing, that the agonies of the MOTHER would induce her to become a VOLUNTARY SLAVE rather than part with him. It happened as he said.*

O H, HENRY! didst thou hear in vain  
 The moving tale the captain told?—  
 Go, then, and heap the fordid gain,  
 And sell thy fellow-men for gold!  
 Yet, when the dingy mother rov'd  
 With eager step, and sought her child,  
 E'en sailors, stern of heart, were mov'd  
 With her sad moan and gestures wild.  
 "Give her, her boy, poor fool!" they cry'd:  
 "Why agonize a tender mind?"—  
 'Harpoon'd! harpoon'd!' the mate reply'd:  
 'Slack sail!—she'll not be long behind.'  
 'Twas so:—she kiss'd her children dear,  
 Beckon'd the boat across the wave—  
 Yielded herself (to share the tear  
 With her lost boy)—a WILLING SLAVE!

\* The law of gravitation.



THE BLIND BOY.

O SAY, what is that thing call'd LIGHT,  
Which I must ne'er enjoy ?

What are the blessings of the SIGHT ?

O, tell your poor blind boy !

You talk of wond'rous things you see,

You say the sun shines bright ;

I feel him warm, but how can he

Or make it day or night ?

My day or night myself I make,

Whene'er I sleep or play ;

And could I ever keep awake,

With me 'twere always day.

With heavy sighs I often hear

You mourn my hapless woe ;

But sure with patience I can bear

A loss I ne'er can know.

Then let not what I cannot have

My cheer of mind destroy ;

While thus I sing, I am a king,

Although a poor blind boy.

INSCRIBED ON A ROSEMARY TREE,

PLANTED IN A COTTAGE GARDEN.

O Thou ! whom love and fancy lead

To wander near this woodland hill,

If ever MUSIC smooth'd thy quill,

Or PITY wak'd thy gentle reed,

Repose beneath my humble tree,

If thou lov'st SIMPLICITY.

Stranger ! if thy lot has laid

In toilsome scenes of busy life,

Full sorely may'st thou rue the strife

Of weary passions ill repaid.

In a GARDEN live with me,

If thou lov'st SIMPLICITY.

Flow'rs have sprung for many a year  
O'er the village-maiden's grave,  
That, one memorial-sprig to save,  
Bore it from a sister's bier;  
And homeward walking, wept o'er me  
The true tears of SIMPLICITY.

And soon, her cottage window near,  
With care my slender stem she plac'd;  
And fondly thus her grief embrac'd,  
And cherish'd sad remembrance dear:  
For LOVE sincere, and FRIENDSHIP free,  
Are children of SIMPLICITY.

When past was many a painful day,  
Slow-pacing o'er the village-green,  
In white were all its maidens seen,  
And bore my guardian friend away.  
Ah, DEATH! what sacrifice to thee,  
The ruins of SIMPLICITY!

One gen'rous swain her heart approv'd,  
A youth whose fond and faithful breast  
With many an artless sigh confess'd,  
In NATURE's language, that he lov'd.  
But stranger! 'tis no tale to thee,  
Unless thou lov'st SIMPLICITY.

He died—and soon her lip was cold,  
And soon her rosy cheek was pale;  
The village wept to hear the tale,  
When for both, the slow bell toll'd.—  
Beneath yon flow'ry turf they lie,  
The lovers of SIMPLICITY.

Yet one boon I have to crave;  
Stranger! if thy PITY bleed,  
Wilt thou do one tender deed,  
And strew my pale flow'rs o'er their grave?  
So lightly lie the turf on thee,  
Because thou lov'st SIMPLICITY!

## THE RURAL RETREAT.

**M**INE be a cot beside the hill;  
 A bee-hive's hum shall sooth my ear;  
 A willowy brook, that turns a mill,  
 With many a fall, shall ling'r near.  
 The swallow, oft, beneath my thatch,  
 Shall twitter from her clay-built nest;  
 Oft shall the pilgrim lift the latch,  
 And share my meal, a welcome guest,  
 Around my ivied porch shall spring,  
 Each fragrant flow'r that drinks the dew;  
 And **LUCY**, at her wheel, shall sing,  
 In russet-gown and apron blue.  
 The village-church, among the trees,  
 Where first our marriage-vows were giv'n,  
 With merry-peals shall swell the breeze,  
 And point with taper spire to heav'n.

## THE REQUEST.

**H**OW short is life's uncertain space;  
 Alas! how quickly done!  
 How swift the wild precarious chase!  
 And yet how difficult the race,  
 How very hard to run!  
**YOUTH** stops at first its wilful ears  
 To **WISDOM**'s prudent voice;  
 Till now arriv'd at riper years,  
 Experienc'd **AGE**, worn out with cares,  
 Repents its earlier choice.  
 What though its prospects now appear  
 So pleasing and refin'd,  
 Yet groundless **HOPE**, and anxious **FEAR**,  
 By turns the busy moments share,  
 And prey upon the mind.  
 Since then false joys our fancy cheat  
 With hopes of real bliss;  
 Ye guardian pow'rs, that rule my fate,  
 The only wish that I create,  
 Is all compriz'd in this:

May I, through life's uncertain tide,  
 Be still from pain exempt ;  
 May all my wants be still supply'd,  
 My state too low t'admit of PRIDE,  
 And yet above CONTEMPT !

But should your providence divine,  
 A greater bliss intend ;  
 May all those blessings you design  
 (If e'er those blessings shall be mine)  
 Be center'd in a FRIEND.

### ON A PROSPECT OF EATON-COLLEGE.

YE distant spires, ye antique tow'rs,  
 That crown the wat'ry glade ;  
 Where graceful science still adores  
 Her HENRY's holy shade ;  
 And ye, that from the stately brow,  
 Of WINDSOR's heights th' expanse below  
 Of grove, of lawn, of mead survey,  
 Whose turf, whose shade, whose flow'rs among,  
 Wanders the hoary THAMES along  
 His silver-winding way !  
 Ah, happy hills ! ah, pleasing shade !  
 Ah, fields belov'd in vain !  
 Where once my careless childhood stray'd,  
 A stranger yet to pain !  
 I feel the gales that from ye blow  
 A momentary bliss bestow ;  
 As, waving fresh their gladsome wing,  
 My weary soul they seem to sooth,  
 And, redolent of joy and youth,  
 To breathe a second SPRING.  
 Say, father THAMES (for thou hast seen  
 Full many a sprightly race,  
 Disporting on thy margin green,  
 The paths of pleasure trace)  
 Who, foremost now delight to cleave  
 With pliant arms, thy glassy wave ?

The captive linnet which enthrall?  
 What idle progeny succeed  
 To chase the rolling circle's speed,  
 Or urge the flying ball?  
 While, some on earnest bus'ness bent,  
 Their murm'ring labours ply,  
 'Gainst graver hours that bring constraint  
 To sweeten LIBERTY;  
 Some bold adventurers disdain  
 The limits of their little reign,  
 And unknown regions dare descry;  
 Still as they run they look behind,  
 They hear a voice in ev'ry wind,  
 And snatch a fearful joy.  
 Gay HOPE is theirs, by fancy fed,  
 Less pleasing when possess'd;  
 The tear forgot as soon as shed,  
 The sun-shine of the breast:  
 Theirs buxom HEALTH, of rosy hue,  
 Wild WIT, INVENTION ever new,  
 And lively CHEER, of VIGOUR born;  
 The thoughtless day, the easy night,  
 The spirits pure, the slumbers light,  
 That fly th' approach of morn.  
 Alas! regardless of their doom,  
 The little victims play!  
 No sense have they of ills to come,  
 Nor care beyond to-day:  
 Yet see, how all around them wait,  
 The ministers of human fate,  
 And black MISFORTUNE's baleful train!  
 Ah! shew them where in ambush stand,  
 To seize their prey the murd'rous band!  
 Ah, tell them they are MEN!  
 These shall the fury PASSIONS tear,  
 The vultures of the mind,  
 Disdainful ANGER, pallid FEAR,  
 And SHAME, that skulks behind;

Or pining LOVE, shall waste their youth,  
Or JEALOUSY, with rankling tooth,  
That inly gnaws the secret heart;  
And ENVY wan, and faded CARE,  
Grim-visag'd, comfortless DESPAIR,  
And SORROW's piercing dart.

AMBITION this shall tempt to rise,  
Then whirl the wretch from high,  
To bitter SCORN a sacrifice,  
And grinning INFAMY.

The stings of FALSEHOOD those shall try,  
And hard UNKINDNESS' alter'd eye,  
That mocks the tear it forc'd to flow;  
And keen REMORSE with blood defil'd,  
And, moody MADNESS, laughing wild,  
Amid severest woe.

Lo! in the vale of years, beneath,  
A grisly troop, are seen.  
The painful family of DEATH,  
More hideous than their queen :  
This racks the joints, this fires the veins;  
That ev'ry lab'ring finew strains,  
Those in the deeper vitals rage :

Lo! POVERTY, to fill the band,  
That numbs the soul with icy hand,  
And slow-consuming age.

To each his suff'rings : all are MEN,  
Condemn'd alike to groan;  
The tender for another's pain,  
Th' unfeeling for his own.

Yet, ah ! why should they know their fate ?  
Since SORROW never comes too late,

And HAPPINESS too swiftly flies :  
THOUGHT would destroy their paradise.  
No more :—where IGNORANCE is bliss,  
'Tis folly to be wise.



## ADAM's MORNING HYMN.

THESE are thy glorious works, parent of good!

Almighty! thine this universal frame:

Thus wond'rous fair! thyself how wond'rous then?

Unspeakable, who sitt'st above these heav'ns,

To us invisible, or dimly seen

In these thy lowest works; yet these declare

Thy goodness beyond thought, and pow'r divine.

Speak ye, who best can tell, ye sons of light,

ANGELS! for ye behold him, and with songs

And choral symphonies, day without night,

Circle his throne rejoicing; ye in heav'n,

On earth, join all ye creatures to extol

Him first, him last, him midst, and without end.

Fairest of stars, last in the train of night,

If better thou belong not to the dawn,

Sure pledge of day, that crown'st the smiling morn

With thy bright circlet, praise him in thy sphere,

While day arises, that sweet hour of prime.

Thou SUN, of this great world both eye and soul,

Acknowledge him thy greater; sound his praise

In thy eternal course, both when thou climb'st,

And when high-noon hast gain'd, and when thou  
fall'st.

MOON, that now meet'st the orient SUN, now fly'st

With the fix'd STARS, fix'd in their orb that flies;

And ye FIVE other wand'ring fires that move

In mystic dance, not without song, resound

His praise, who out of darkness call'd up light;

AIR, and ye ELEMENTS, the eldest birth

Of nature's womb, that in quaternion run,

Perpetual circle, multiform, and mix,

And nourish all things; let your ceaseless change

Vary to our great maker still new praise.

Ye MISTS and EXHALATIONS that now rise

From hill or streaming lake, dusky or gray,

Till the SUN paint your fleecy skirts with gold,

In honour to the world's great author rise!

Whether to deck with clouds th' uncolour'd sky,

Or wet the thirsty earth with falling show'rs,

Rising or falling still advance his praise !  
 His praise, ye WINDS, that from four quarters blow,  
 Breathe soft or loud ; and wave your tops, ye pines,  
 With ev'ry plant, in sign of worship wave !  
 FOUNTAINS, and ye, that warble as ye flow,  
 Melodious murmurs, warbling, tune his praise !  
 Join voices, all ye living souls ; ye BIRDS,  
 That singing up to heav'n's-gate ascend,  
 Bear on your wings and in your notes his praise !  
 Ye that in waters glide, and ye that walk  
 The earth, and stately tread or lowly creep ;  
 Witness if I be silent, morn or even,  
 To hill, or valley, fountain, or fresh shade,  
 Made vocal by my song, and taught his praise,  
 Hail, universal Lord ! be bount'ous still,  
 To give us only good ; and if the night  
 Have gather'd aught of EVIL, or conceal'd,  
 Disperse it, as now light dispels the dark.

#### EPILOGUE.

AN honest crew, dispos'd to be merry,  
 Came to a tavern by, and call'd for wine ;  
 The draw'r brought it (smiling like a cherry)  
 And told them it was pleasant, neat, and fine :  
 Taste it, quoth one : he did ;—oh, fie ! quoth he,  
 “ This wine was good ; now't turns too near the lee.”  
 Another sipp'd, to give the wine its due,  
 And said unto the rest, “ it drank too flat ;”  
 The third, said “ it was old ;” the fourth, “ too new ;”  
 Nay, said the fifth, “ the sharpness likes me not.”  
 Thus, gentlemen, you see, how in one hour,  
 The wine was new, old, flat, sharp, sweet, and sour.  
 These POEMS, to this wine allude we may ;  
 - Which some will think too trivial, some too grave ;  
 You, as our guests, we entertain : and say,  
 You're kindly welcome to the best we have.  
 Excuse us, then ; good wine may be disgrac'd,  
 When ev'ry mouth hath got a diff'rent taste.

